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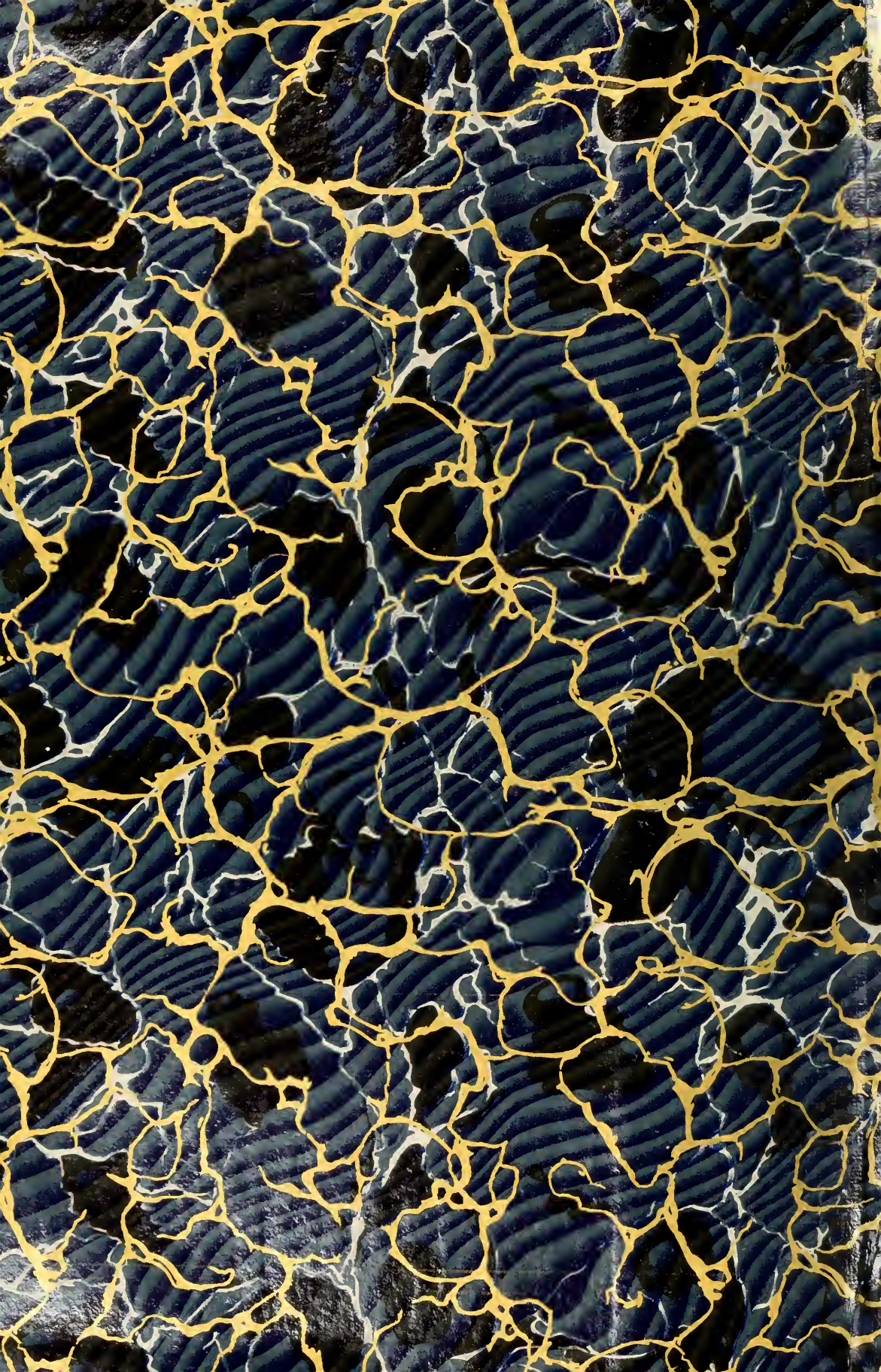

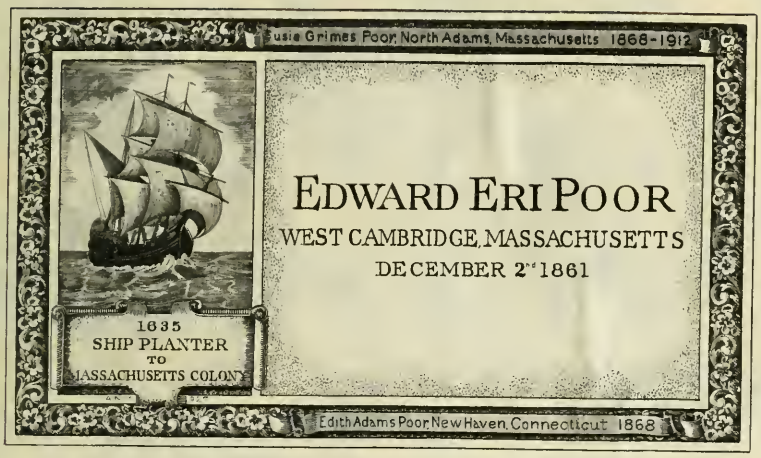
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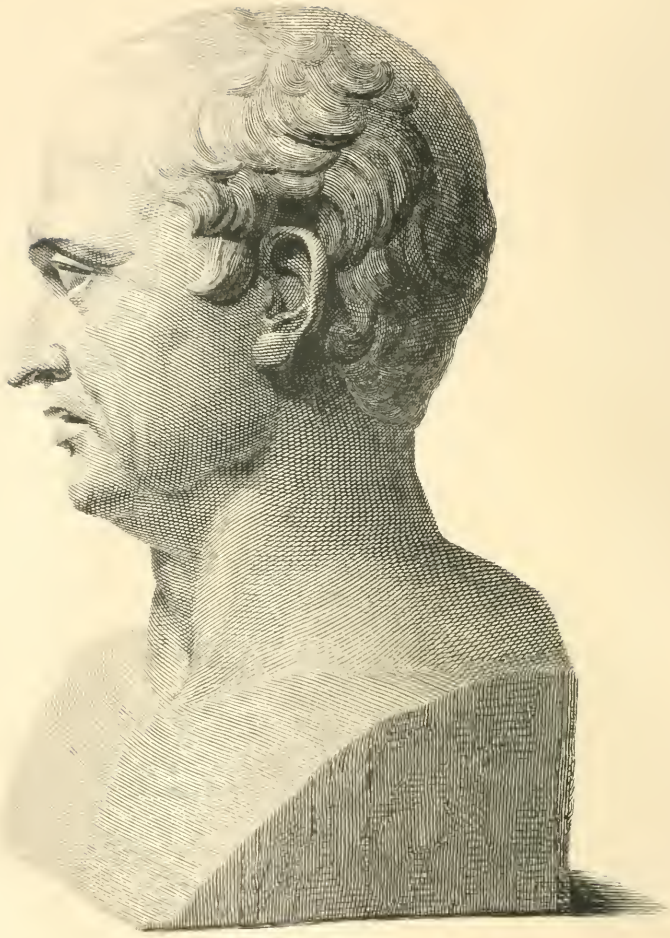

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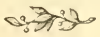

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TEN VOLUMES

VOL. III.

ST. LOUIS

FERD. P. KAISER

1900

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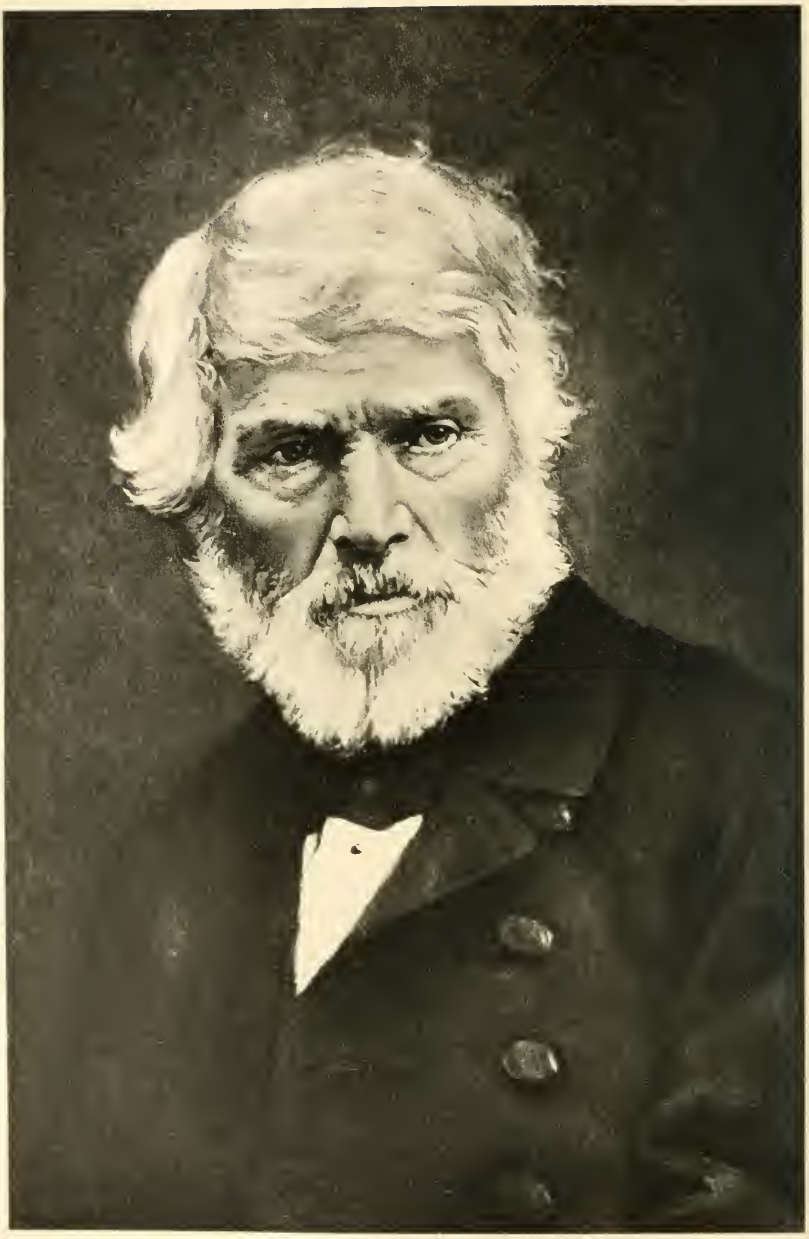

THOMAS CARLYLE.

T is said that at a reception Carlyle once attended, the hostess asked what she could do to increase his comfort and that he begged her to put him in a room to himself and give him a pipe. Evidently this portrait represents the Carlyle of that period—the discoverer of Teufelsdröckh, of the Philosophy of Clothes, and many other things which are visible only through philosophical tobacco smoke.

THOMAS CARLYLE

(1795–1881)

GOETHE died in 1832, and in writing his obituary Carlyle covertly announced his own mission "to live as he counseled and commanded, not commodiously in the Reputable, the Plausible, the Half, but resolutely in the Whole, the Good, the True":—

"*Im Ganzen, Guten, Wahren resolut zu leben.*"

The essay "On the Death of Goethe" is notable among his best works because of the deep sincerity of the admiration it expresses and of the unforced simplicity of its style. This, its closing sentence, suggests what was to Carlyle the beginning of a new life,—a career of protracted struggle in which he was deliberately and resolutely to attempt to live "the whole distracted existence of man in an age of unbelief."

Carlyle was fully under Goethe's influence when he wrote this, and not less imbued with German theories of the meaning of life than when he published "Heroes and Hero Worship" or "Past and Present." In the introductory sketches of his "German Romances," published in 1827, he is still writing the ordinary English prose of the time,—even apologizing (with "at the risk of a truism") for venturing to insist on spiritual meaning at the expense of fact. But very soon he tramples down this feeling of shame; and, because of his consciousness of having felt it, begins to cry out the more loudly in the British market place and in front of all the trading booths of the world that there is actually a God; a God who is not only Real, but the only Reality; that men are supernatural ghosts clothed for the time being in concatenated atoms of miraculous dust, and that everything visible on and under and above the earth is a symbol of supernatural reality. "You are Immortal Souls!" he cried out to the astonished bankers and country squires; to the not less astonished critics and dons, and finally to all "logic choppers and treble-pipe scoffers and professed enemies to wonder"—Immortal Souls! "The thing visible, nay, the thing imagined, the things in any way conceived as visible—what is it but a Garment, a clothing of the higher Celestial Invisible? . . . Thy daily life is girt with wonder and based on wonder; thy very blankets and breeches are miracles."

This style in which as Herr Teufelsdröckh, Carlyle announced his mission as Goethe's successor in comprehending and expressing the realities of "distracted existence," he never afterwards lost; but, gaining fuller assurance in the use of it, he finally assumed it completely as his own and went beyond Teufelsdröckh's utmost boldness in developing its possibilities. In the "Pig's Catechism" of his "Latter-Day Pamphlets" it gives him at last an adequate means of expressing his indignant scorn of the common-place baseness of life, as in his "Captains of Industry" it enabled him to define his highest ideal of practical achievement,—"The Chivalry of Work"; "pity, nobleness, and manly valor," instead of the code of the longest sword and the shortest yardstick.

This was his message, but after it he left the world as he found it. "We have forgotten God," he cries. "We quietly believe this universe to be intrinsically a great unintelligible Perhaps; extrinsically, clear enough it is a great, most extensive cattle-field and workhouse, with extensive kitchen ranges and dining-tables — whereat he is wise who can find a place! All the truth of this universe is uncertain; only the profit and loss of it, the pudding and praise of it, are and remain very visible to the practical man. There is no longer any God for us!"

This is the conclusion of the whole matter with him — the inevitable end of his life work as a prophet that the world should soon cease to regard him and his message as novel and entertaining. In view of the purport of his prophecies, it could not have been otherwise, for the whole of his message was that behind all formalism of genuflection and all cant of repetition lies an Eternal Reality, mercifully tolerant of fools but everlastingly formidable to knaves and hypocrites. In the same spirit Dante made his great discovery at the gate of Hell — that Supreme Love would be a lie without Supreme Justice.

In his political creed Carlyle was as simple as in his religion. He believed in a government by demi-gods and heroes, heaven sent, to save the world from becoming hopelessly a "Swine-trough." As for rights, the only one of which he is sure is that it is everybody's right to be governed by one of these vice-regents of heaven, as it is the highest duty of everybody to search for them with reverent expectation. The discovery of them he leaves wholly to supernatural agencies. As for the ballot box and "Anarchy plus the street constable" in America, he holds it an absurdity because "Democracy, we apprehend, is forever quite impossible," and "it is the everlasting privilege of the foolish to be governed by the wise." This being the conclusion of the whole matter, it is not worth while to do more than point out that in this at least Carlyle's inspiration was accepted

as authentic by those he was most anxious to scold out of the long-established habit of putting their feet as well as their mouths into "the general swine-trough." They differed with him only as to the nature of wisdom and the identity of its possessors.

The soul Taine finds in Carlyle is "violent," "enthusiastic," "savage," "void of taste, order, and measure." "In fact," he says, "many of those who have had this temperament and were his genuine forefathers — the Norse Pirates, the Poets of the Sixteenth Century, the Puritans of the Seventeenth — were madmen, pernicious to others and to themselves, bent on devastating things and ideas, destroying the public security and their own hearts." This is Carlyle, but it is Carlyle as Taine explains, only "when his blood is up." There is another Carlyle, "directed and restrained by the sentiment of actuality which is the positive spirit and of the sublime which makes the religious spirit." By the first "he is turned to real things," and by the spirit of the sublime is made able to interpret them so that "instead of being sickly and visionary he has become a philosopher and a historian."

This is on the whole a just judgment of Carlyle as a man of lofty genius, but Taine's final summing up is less favorable: "If enthusiasm is beautiful," he says, "its results and its origins are sad. It is but a crisis, and a healthy state is better. In this respect Carlyle himself may serve for a proof. There is perhaps less genius in Macaulay than in Carlyle, but when we have fed for some time on this exaggerated and demoniac style, this marvelous and sickly philosophy, this contorted and prophetic history, these sinister and furious politics, we gladly return to the continuous eloquence, to the vigorous reasoning, to the moderate prognostications, to the demonstrated theories of the generous and solid mind which Europe has just lost (1850), who brought honor to England and whose place none can fill."

It is true that no one is likely to value Macaulay the less because of having read Carlyle the more, but it is not against Macaulay that Carlyle should be measured. He could no more have written like a highly cultivated and self-possessed gentleman than Macaulay could have written like an inspired prophet. Macaulay loved his clubs, his dinner, and his books. He believed that it was every man's right to be better governed rather than to be governed by his betters. He believed too that the steam engine as an accomplished fact of soul and mind is better than the hero, the philosopher who has not yet been achieved except as an ideal. Thus far he was right. For every steam engine frees a thousand common men from involuntary servitude in its worst form,—if only because it is capable of direction and draught so much more reliable than theirs. But no matter how

greatly the nineteenth century needed Macaulay, its highest accomplishment would seem almost impossible in retrospect without Carlyle and his heroic attempt "Im Ganzen, Guten, Wahren resolut zu leben." For the only real use of steam engines and all the whole machinery which manifests thought in achievement is to make nobler thought possible by making it more easily possible for an always increasing number of common, unphilosophical, and undistinguished men —

> To choose the Whole, the Good, the True,
> As noble souls alone can do.

W. V. B.

ON THE DEATH OF GOETHE

In the obituary of these days stands one article of quite peculiar import; the time, the place, and particulars of which will have to be often repeated, and re-written, and continue in remembrance many centuries: this, namely, that Johann Wolfgang von Goethe died at Weimar, on the twenty-second of March, 1832. It was about eleven in the morning. "He expired," says the record, "without any apparent suffering, having a few minutes previously called for paper for the purpose of writing, and expressed his delight at the arrival of spring." A beautiful death; like that of a soldier found faithful at his post, and in the cold hand his arms still grasped! The Poet's last words are a greeting of the new-awakened earth; his last movement is to work at his appointed task. Beautiful: what we might call a Classic, sacred death; if it were not rather an Elijah-translation,— in a chariot, not of fire and terror, but of hope and soft vernal sunbeams! It was at Frankfort on the Main, on the twenty-eighth of August, 1749, that this man entered the world — and now, gently welcoming the birthday of his eighty-second spring, he closes his eyes, and takes farewell.

So, then, our greatest has departed. The melody of life, with its cunning tones, which took captive ear and heart, has gone silent; the heavenly force that dwelt here victorious over so much, is here no longer; thus far, not farther, by speech and by act, shall the wise man utter himself forth. The End! What solemn meaning lies in that sound, as it peals mournfully through the soul, when a living friend has passed away! All now is

closed, irrevocable; the changeful life-picture, growing daily into new coherence, under new touches and hues, has suddenly become completed and unchangeable; there, as it lay, it is dipped, from this moment, in the ether of the Heavens, and shines transfigured, to endure even so — forever, Time and Time's Empire; stern, wide devouring, yet not without their grandeur! The week-day man, who was one of us, has put on the garment of Eternity, and become radiant and triumphant; the present is all at once the past; Hope is suddenly cut away, and only the backward vistas of Memory remain, shone on by a light that proceeds not from this earthly sun.

The death of Goethe, even for the many hearts that personally loved him, is not a thing to be lamented over; is to be viewed, in his own spirit, as a thing full of greatness and sacredness. "For all men it is appointed once to die." To this man the full measure of a man's life had been granted, and a course and task such as to only a few in the whole generations of the world; what else could we hope or require but that now he should be called hence and have leave to depart, "having finished the work that was given him to do?" If his course, as we may say of him more justly than of any other, was like the Sun's, so also was his going down. For, indeed, as the material Sun is the eye and revealer of all things, so is Poetry, so is the World-Poet in a spiritual sense. Goethe's life, too, if we examine it, is well represented in that emblem of a solar Day. Beautifully rose our summer sun, gorgeous in the red fervid East, scattering the spectres and sickly damps (of both of which there were enough to scatter)— strong, benignant in his noon-day clearness, walking triumphant through the upper realms; and now, mark also how he sets! *So Stirbt ein Held: anbetungsvoll!* "So dies a hero; sight to be worshiped!"

And yet, when the inanimate, material sun has sunk and disappeared, it will happen that we stand to gaze into the still glowing West; and here rise great, pale, motionless clouds, like coulisses or curtains, to close the flame-theatre within; and then, in that death-pause of the Day, an unspeakable feeling will come over us; it is as if the poor sounds of Time, those hammerings of tired Labor on his anvils, those voices of simple men, had become awful and supernatural; as if in listening, we could hear them "mingle with the ever-pealing tones of old Eternity." In such moments the secrets of Life lie opener to us; mysterious

things flit over the soul; Life itself seems holier, wonderful, and fearful. How much more when our sunset was of a living sun; and *its* bright countenance and shining return to us, not on the morrow, but "no more again, at all, forever!" In such a scene, silence, as over the mysterious great, is for him that has some feeling thereof, the fittest mood. Nevertheless, by silence the distant is not brought into communion: the feeling of each is without response from the bosom of his brother. There are now, what some years ago there were not, English hearts that know something of what those three words, "Death of Goethe," mean; to such men, among their many thoughts on the event, which are not to be translated into speech, may these few, through that imperfect medium, prove acceptable.

"Death," says the Philosopher, "is a commingling of Eternity with Time; in the death of a good man, Eternity is seen looking through Time." With such a sublimity here offered to eye and heart, it is not unnatural to look with new earnestness before and behind, and ask, what space in those years and eons of computed Time this man with his activity may influence; what relation to the world of change and mortality, which the earthly name Life, he who is even now called to the Immortals has borne and may bear.

Goethe, it is commonly said, made a new era in Literature; a Poetic era began with him, the end or ulterior tendencies of which are yet nowise generally visible. This common saying is a true one, and true with a far deeper meaning than, to the most, it conveys. Were the Poet but a sweet sound and singer, solacing the ear of the idle with pleasant songs, and the new Poet one who could sing his idle, pleasant song, to a new air, we should account him a small matter, and his performance small. But this man, it is not unknown to many, was a Poet in such a sense as the late generations have witnessed no other; as it is, in this generation, a kind of distinction to believe in the existence of, in the possibility of. The true Poet is ever, as of old, the Seer; whose eye has been gifted to discern the godlike mystery of God's universe, and decipher some new lines of its celestial writing; we can still call him a *Vates* and Seer; for he *sees* into this greatest of secrets, "the open secret"; hidden things become clear; how the future (both resting on Eternity) is but another phasis of the present; thereby are his words in very truth prophetic; what he has spoken shall be done.

It begins now to be everywhere surmised that the real Force, which in this world all things must obey, is Insight, Spiritual Vision, and Determination. The Thought is parent of the Deed, nay, is living soul of it, and last and continual, as well as first mover of it; is the foundation, and beginning, and essence, therefore, of man's whole existence here below. In this sense, it has been said, the WORD of man (the uttered thoughts of man) is still a magic formula, whereby he rules the world. Do not the winds and waters, and all tumultuous powers, inanimate and animate, obey him? A poor, quite mechanical, magician speaks — and fire-winged ships cross the ocean at his bidding. Or mark, above all, that "raging of the nations," wholly in contention, desperation, and dark chaotic fury; how the meek voice of a Hebrew Martyr and Redeemer stills it into order, and a savage Earth becomes kind and beautiful, and the "habitation of horrid cruelty" a temple of peace. The true sovereign of the world, who molds the world like soft wax, according to his pleasure, is he who lovingly *sees* into the world; the "inspired Thinker," whom in these days we name Poet. The true sovereign is the Wise Man.

However, as the Moon, which can heave up the Atlantic, sends not in her obedient billows at once, but gradually; and, for example, the Tide, which swells to-day on our shores, and washes every creek, rose in the bosom of the great ocean (astronomers assure us) eight and forty hours ago; and indeed all world-movements, by nature deep, are by nature calm, and flow and swell onwards with a certain majestic slowness — so, too, with the impulse of a Great Man, and the effect he has to manifest on other men. To such an one we may grant some generation or two before the celestial impulse he impressed on the world will universally proclaim itself, and become (like the working of the moon) if still not intelligible, yet palpable, to all men; some generation or two more, wherein it has to grow, and expand, and envelop all things, before it can reach its acme; and thereafter mingling with other movements and new impulses, at length cease to require a specific observation or designation. Longer or shorter such period may be, according to the nature of the impulse itself, and of the elements it works in; according, above all, as the impulse was intrinsically great and deep-reaching, or only widespread, superficial, and transient. Thus, if David Hume is at this hour pontiff of the world, and rules most hearts, and

guides most tongues (the hearts and tongues even in those that in vain rebel against him), there are, nevertheless, symptoms that his task draws towards completion; and now in the distance his successor becomes visible. On the other hand, we have seen a Napoleon, like some gunpowder force (with which sort he, indeed, was appointed chiefly to work) explode his whole virtue suddenly, and thunder himself out and silent, in a space of five and twenty years. While again, for a man of true greatness, working with spiritual implements, two centuries is no uncommon period; nay, on this Earth of ours, there have been men, whose impulse had not completed its development till after fifteen hundred years, and might, perhaps, be seen still individually subsistent after two thousand.

But, as was once written, "though our clock strikes when there is a change from hour to hour, no hammer in the horologe of time peals through the universe to proclaim that there is a change from era to era." The true beginning is oftenest unnoticed, and unnoticeable. Thus do men go wrong in their reckoning; and grope hither and thither, not knowing where they are, in what course their history runs. Within this last century, for instance, with its wild doings and destroyings, what hope, grounded in miscalculation, ending in disappointment! How many world-famous victories were gained and lost, dynasties founded and subverted, revolutions accomplished, constitutions sworn to; and ever the "new era" was come, was coming, yet still it came not, but the time continued sick! Alas, all these were but spasmodic convulsions of the death-sick time; the crisis of cure and regeneration to the time was not there indicated. The real new era was when a Wise Man came into the world, with clearness of vision and greatness of soul to accomplish this old high enterprise, amid these new difficulties, yet again: A Life of Wisdom. Such a man became, by Heaven's pre-appointment, in very deed, the Redeemer of the time. Did he not bear the curse of the time? He was filled full with its skepticism, bitterness, hollowness, and thousandfold contradictions, till his heart was like to break; but he subdued all this, rose victorious over this, and manifoldly by word and act showed others that come after, how to do the like. Honor to him who first, "through the impassable, paves a road"! Such indeed is the task of every great man; nay, of every good man in one or the other sphere, since goodness is greatness, and the good man, high or humble,

is ever a martyr, and a "spiritual hero that ventures forward into the gulf for our deliverance." The gulf into which this man ventured, which he tamed and rendered habitable, was the greatest and most perilous of all, wherein truly all others lie included: *The whole distracted Existence of man in an age of unbelief.* Whoso lives, whoso with earnest mind studies to live wisely in that mad element, may yet know, perhaps, too well, what an enterprise was here; and for the chosen of our time, who could prevail in that same, have the higher reverence, and a gratitude such as belong to no other.

How far he prevailed in it, and by what means, with what endurances and achievements, will in due season be estimated; those volumes called Goethe's "Works," will receive no further addition or alteration; and the record of his whole spiritual Endeavor lies written there,— were the man or men but ready who could read it rightly! A glorious record; wherein he that would understand himself and his environment, and struggles for escape out of darkness into light, as for the one thing needful, will long thankfully study. For the whole chaotic time, what it has suffered, attained, and striven after, stands imaged there; interpreted, ennobled into poetic clearness. From the passionate longings and wailings of "Werther" spoken as from the heart of all Europe; onwards through the wild unearthly melody of "Faust" (like the spirit song of falling worlds); to that serenely smiling wisdom of "Meisters Lehrjahre," and the "German Hafiz,"— what an interval; and all enfolded in an ethereal music, as from unknown spheres, harmoniously uniting all! A long interval; and wide as well as long; for this was a universal man. History, Science, Art, human Activity under every aspect; the laws of light in his "Farbenlehre"; the laws of wild Italian life in his "Benvenuto Cellini";— nothing escaped him, nothing that he did not look into, that he did not see into. Consider too the genuineness of whatsoever he did; his hearty, idiomatic way; simplicity with loftiness, and nobleness, and aërial grace. Pure works of art, completed with an antique Grecian polish as "Torquato Tasso," as "Iphigenie," Proverbs; "Xenien"; Patriarchal Sayings, which, since the Hebrew Scriptures were closed, we know not where to match; in whose homely depths lie often the materials for volumes.

To measure and estimate all this, as we said, the time is not come; a century hence will be the fitter time. He who investi-

gates it best will find its meaning greatest, and be the readiest to acknowledge that it transcends him. Let the reader have *seen*, before he attempts to *oversee*. A poor reader, in the meanwhile were he who discerned not here the authentic rudiments of that same New Era whereof we have so often had false warning. Wondrously, the wrecks and pulverized rubbish of ancient things, institutions, religions, forgotten noblenesses, made alive again by the breath of Genius, lie here in new coherence and incipient union, the spirit of Art working creative through the mass: that *chaos*, into which the eighteenth century with its wild war of hypocrites and skeptics had reduced the Past, begins here to be once more a *world*. This, the highest that can be said of written books, is to be said of these; there is in them a new time, the prophecy and beginning of a new time. The corner stone of a new social edifice for mankind is laid there; firmly, as before, on the natural rock, far extending traces of a ground plan we can also see, which future centuries may go on to enlarge, amend, and work into reality. These sayings seem strange to some; nevertheless, they are not empty exaggerations, but expressions, in their way, of a belief, which is not now of yesterday; perhaps when Goethe has been read and meditated for another generation, they will not seem so strange.

Precious is the new light of knowledge which our teacher conquers for us; yet small to the new light of Love which also we derive from him; the most important element of any man's performance is the life he has accomplished. Under the intellectual union of man and man, which works by precept, lies a holier union of affection, working by example: the influences of which latter, mystic, deep-reaching, all-embracing, can still less be computed. For Love is ever the beginning of Knowledge, as fire is of light; works also more in the manner of *fire*. That Goethe was a great teacher of men means already that he was a good man; that he himself learned; in the school of experience had striven and proved victorious. To how many hearers languishing, nigh dead, in the airless dungeon of Unbelief (a true vacuum and nonentity) has the assurance that there was such a man, that such a man was still possible, come like tidings of great joy! He who would learn to reconcile Reverence with clearness, to deny and defy what is false, yet believe and worship what is true; amid raging factions, bent on what is either altogether empty or has substance in it only for a day, which stormfully

convulse and tear hither and thither a distracted, expiring system of society, to adjust himself aright; and, working for the world, and in the world, keep himself unspotted from the world,—let him look here. This man, we may say, became morally great, by being in his own age what in some other ages many might have been—a genuine man. His grand excellency was this, that he was genuine. As his primary faculty, the foundation of all others, was Intellect, depth and force of Vision, so his primary virtue was Justice, was the courage to be just. A giant's strength we admired in him; yet, strength ennobled into softest mildness; even like that "silent rock-bound strength of a world," on whose bosom, that rests on the adamant, grow flowers. The greatest of hearts was also the bravest: fearless, unwearied, peacefully invincible. A completed man; the trembling sensibility, the wild enthusiasm of a Mignon, can assort with the scornful world-mockery of a Mephistophiles; and each side of many sided life receives its due from him.

Goethe reckoned Schiller happy that he died young, in the full vigor of his days: that he could "figure him as a youth forever." To himself a different, higher destiny was appointed. Through all the changes of man's life, onwards to its extreme verge, he was to go; and through them all nobly. In youth, flatterings of fortune, uninterrupted outward prosperity cannot corrupt him; a wise observer must remark, "only a Goethe, at the sum of earthly happiness, can keep his Phœnix wings unsinged." Through manhood, in the most complex relation, as poet, courtier, politician, man of business, man of speculation; in the middle of revolutions and counter-revolutions, outward and spiritual; with the world loudly for him, with the world loudly or silently against him; in all seasons and situations, he holds equally on his way. Old age itself, which is called dark and feeble, he was to render lovely: who that looked upon him there, venerable in himself, and in the world's reverence, ever the clearer, the purer, but could have prayed that he too were such an old man? And did not the kind Heavens continue kind, and grant to a career so glorious the worthiest end?

Such was Goethe's life; such has his departure been—he sleeps now beside his Schiller and his Carl August: so had the Prince willed it, that between these two should be his own final rest. In life they were united, in death they are not divided. The unwearied Workman now rests from his labors; the fruit of these

is left growing, and to grow. His earthly years have been numbered and ended: but of his activity (for it stood rooted in the Eternal) there is no end. All that we mean by the higher Literature of Germany, which is the higher Literature of Europe, already gathers round this man, as its creator; of which grand object, dawning mysterious on a world that hoped not for it, who is there that can assume the significance and far-reaching influences? The Literature of Europe will pass away; Europe itself, the Earth itself will pass away; this little lifeboat of an Earth, with its noisy crew of Mankind, and all their troubled History, will one day have vanished, faded like a cloud-speck from the azure of the All! What then is man? What then is man? He endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith, from the beginning, gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of TIME; that triumphs over Time, and *is*, and will be, when Time shall be no more.

And now we turn back into the world, withdrawing from this new-made grave. The man whom we love lies there: but glorious, worthy; and his spirit yet lives in us with an authentic life. Could each here vow to do his little task, even as the Departed did his great one; in the manner of a true man, not for a Day, but for Eternity! To live, as he counseled and commanded, not commodiously in the Reputable, the Plausible, the Half, but resolutely in the Whole, the Good, the True:—

«*Im Ganzen, Guten, Wahren resolut zu leben!*»

Complete. From the New Monthly Magazine 1832.

CHARACTERISTICS

THE healthy know not of their health, but only the sick: this is the Physician's Aphorism; and applicable in a far wider sense than he gives it. We may say it holds no less in moral, intellectual, political, poetical, than in merely corporeal therapeutics; that wherever, or in what shape soever, powers of the sort which can be named *vital* are at work, herein lies the test of their working right, or working wrong. . . .

Few mortals, it is to be feared, are permanently blessed with that felicity of "having no system": nevertheless, most of us, looking back on young years, may remember seasons of a light, aërial translucency and elasticity, and perfect freedom; the body had not yet become the prison-house of the soul, but was its vehicle and implement, like a creature of the thought, and altogether pliant to its bidding. We knew not that we had limbs, we only lifted, hurled, and leapt; through eye and ear, and all avenues of sense, came clear unimpeded tidings from without, and from within issued clear victorious force; we stood as in the centre of Nature, giving and receiving, in harmony with it all; unlike Virgil's Husbandmen, "too happy *because* we did not know our blessedness." In those days, health and sickness were foreign traditions that did not concern us; our whole being was as yet One, the whole man like an incorporated Will. Such, were Rest, or ever-successful Labor the human lot, might our life continue to be: a pure, perpetual, unregarded music; a beam of perfect white light, rendering all things visible, but itself unseen, even because it was of that perfect whiteness, and no irregular obstruction had yet broken it into colors. The beginning of Inquiry is Disease: all Science, if we consider well, as it must have originated in the feeling of something being wrong, so it is and continues to be but Division, Dismemberment, and partial healing of the wrong. Thus, as was of old written, the Tree of Knowledge springs from a root of evil, and bears fruits of good and evil. Had Adam remained in Paradise, there had been no Anatomy and no Metaphysics.

But, alas, as the Philosopher declares: "Life itself is a disease; a working incited by suffering"; action from passion! The memory of that first state of Freedom and paradisaic Unconsciousness has faded away into an ideal poetic dream. We stand here too conscious of many things: with Knowledge, the symptom of Derangement, we must even do our best to restore a little Order. Life is, in few instances, and at rare intervals, the diapason of a heavenly melody; oftenest the fierce jar of disruptions and convulsions, which, do what we will, there is no disregarding. Nevertheless, such is still the wish of Nature on our behalf; in all vital action, her manifest purpose and effort is, that we should be unconscious of it, and, like the peptic Countryman, never know that we "have a system." For indeed vital action everywhere is emphatically a means, not an end; Life is not given us for the

mere sake of Living, but always with an ulterior external Aim; neither is it on the process, on the means, but rather on the result, that Nature, in any of her doings, is wont to intrust us with insight and volition. Boundless as is the domain of man, it is but a small fractional proportion of it that he rules with Consciousness and by Forethought: what he can contrive, nay, what he can altogether know and comprehend, is essentially the mechanical, small; the great is ever, in one sense or other, the vital; it is essentially the mysterious, and only the surface of it can be understood. But Nature, it might seem, strives, like a kind mother, to hide from us even this, that she is a mystery: she will have us rest on her beautiful and awful bosom as if it were our secure home; on the bottomless, boundless Deep, whereon all human things fearfully and wonderfully swim, she will have us walk and build, as if the film which supported us there (which any scratch of a bare bodkin will rend asunder, any sputter of a pistol shot instantaneously burn up) were no film, but a solid rock-foundation. For ever in the neighborhood of an inevitable Death, man can forget that he is born to die; of his Life, which, strictly meditated, contains in it an Immensity and an Eternity, he can conceive lightly, as of a simple implement wherewith to do day-labor and earn wages. So cunningly does Nature, the mother of all highest art, which only apes her from afar, "body forth the Finite from the Infinite"; and guide man safe on his wondrous path, not more by endowing him with vision, than, at the right place, with blindness! Under all her works, chiefly under her noblest work, Life, lies a basis of Darkness, which she benignantly conceals; in Life, too, the roots and inward circulations which stretch down fearfully to the regions of Death and Night, shall not hint of their existence, and only the fair stem with its leaves and flowers, shone on by the fair sun, disclose itself, and joyfully grow. . . .

To understand man we must look beyond the individual man and his actions or interests, and view him in combination with his fellows. It is in Society that man first feels what he is; first becomes what he can be. In Society an altogether new set of spiritual activities are evolved in him, and the old immeasurably quickened and strengthened. Society is the genial element wherein his nature first lives and grows; the solitary man were but a small portion of himself, and must continue forever folded in, stunted, and only half alive. "Already," says a deep Thinker, with more

meaning than will disclose itself at once, "my opinion, my conviction, gains *infinitely* in strength and sureness the moment a second mind has adopted it." Such, even in its simplest form, is association; so wondrous the communion of soul with soul as directed to the mere act of Knowing! In other higher acts the wonder is still more manifest; as in that portion of our being which we name the Moral: for properly, indeed, all communion is of a moral sort, whereof such intellectual communion (in the act of knowing), is itself an example. But with regard to Morals strictly so called, it is in Society, we might almost say, that Morality begins; here at least it takes an altogether new form, and on every side, as in living growth, expands itself. The Duties of Man to himself, to what is Highest in himself, make but the First Table of the Law: to the First Table is now superadded a Second, with the duties of Man to his Neighbor; whereby also the significance of the first now assumes its true importance. Man has joined himself with man; soul acts and reacts on soul; a mystic, miraculous, unfathomable Union establishes itself; Life, in all its elements, has become intensated, consecrated. The lightning spark of Thought, generated, or say rather heaven-kindled, in the solitary mind, awakens its express likeness in another mind, in a thousand other minds, and all blaze up together in combined fire; reverberated from mind to mind, fed also with fresh fuel in each, it acquires incalculable new Light as Thought, incalculable new Heat as converted into Action. By and by a common store of Thought can accumulate, and be transmitted as an everlasting possession: Literature, whether as preserved in the memory of Bards, in Runes and Hieroglyphs engraved on stone, or in Books of written or printed paper, comes into existence, and begins to play its wondrous part. Politics are formed; the weak submitting to the strong; with a willing loyalty, giving obedience that he may receive guidance; or say rather, in honor of our nature, the ignorant submitting to the wise; for so it is in all even the rudest communities, man never yields himself wholly to brute Force, but always to moral Greatness; thus the universal title of respect, from the Oriental *Scheik*, from the *Sachem* of the red Indians, down to our English *Sir*, implies only that he whom we mean to honor is our *senior*. Last, as the crown and all-supporting keystone of the fabric, Religion arises. The devout meditation of the isolated man, which flitted through his soul like a transient tone of Love and Awe from unknown lands, acquires certainty, contin-

uance, when it is shared in by his brother-men. "Where two or three are gathered together" in the name of the Highest, then first does the Highest, as it is written, "appear among them to bless them"; then first does an Altar and act of united Worship open a way from Earth to Heaven; whereon, were it but a simple Jacob's-ladder, the heavenly Messengers will travel with glad tidings and unspeakable gifts for men. Such is SOCIETY, the vital articulation of many individuals into a new collective individual: greatly the most important of man's attainments on this earth; that in which, and by virtue of which, all his other attainments and attempts find their arena, and have their value. Considered well, Society is the standing wonder of our existence; a true region of the Supernatural; as it were, a second, all-embracing Life, wherein our first individual Life becomes doubly and trebly alive, and whatever of infinitude was in us bodies itself forth, and becomes visible and active. . . .

On the outward, or, as it were, Physical diseases of Society, it were beside our purpose to insist here. These are diseases which he who runs may read; and sorrow over, with or without hope. Wealth has accumulated itself into masses; and Poverty, also in accumulation enough, lies impassably separated from it; opposed, uncommunicating, like forces in positive and negative poles. The gods of this lower world sit aloft on glittering thrones, less happy than Epicurus's gods, but as indolent, as impotent; while the boundless living chaos of Ignorance and Hunger welters terrific in its dark fury under their feet. How much among us might be likened to a whited sepulchre,—outwardly all Pomp and Strength, but inwardly full of horror and despair and dead men's bones! Iron highways, with their wains fire-winged, are uniting all ends of the firm Land; quays and moles, with their innumerable stately fleets, tame the Ocean into our pliant bearer of burdens; Labor's thousand arms, of sinew and of metal, all-conquering, everywhere, from the tops of the mountain down to the depths of the mine and the caverns of the sea, ply unweariedly for the service of man: Yet man remains unserved. He has subdued this Planet, his habitation and inheritance, yet reaps no profit from the victory. Sad to look upon, in the highest stage of civilization, nine-tenths of mankind must struggle in the lowest battle of savage or even animal man, the battle against Famine. Countries are rich, prosperous in all manner of increase, beyond example: but the Men of those countries

are poor, needier than ever of all sustenance outward and inward; of Belief, of Knowledge, of Money, of Food. The rule, *Sic vos non vobis*, never altogether to be got rid of in men's Industry, now presses with such incubus weight, that Industry must shake it off, or utterly be strangled under it; and, alas, can as yet but gasp and rave, and aimlessly struggle, like one in the final deliration. Thus Change, or the inevitable approach of Change, is manifest everywhere. In one Country we have seen lava torrents of fever frenzy envelope all things; Government succeed Government, like the phantasms of a dying brain: in another Country, we can even now see, in maddest alternation, the Peasant governed by such guidance as this: To labor earnestly one month in raising wheat, and the next month labor earnestly in burning it. So that Society, were it not by nature immortal, and its death ever a new-birth, might appear, as it does in the eyes of some, to be sick to dissolution, and even now writhing in its last agony. Sick enough we must admit it to be, with disease enough, a whole nosology of diseases; wherein he perhaps is happiest that is not called to prescribe as physician; — wherein, however, one small piece of policy, that of summoning the Wisest in the Commonwealth, by the sole method yet known or thought of, to come together and with their whole soul consult for it, might, but for late tedious experiences, have seemed unquestionable enough. . . .

Nevertheless, doubt as we will, man is actually Here; not to ask questions, but to do work: in this time, as in all times, it must be the heaviest evil for him, if his faculty of Action lie dormant, and only that of skeptical Inquiry exert itself. Accordingly, whoever looks abroad upon the world, comparing the Past with the Present, may find that the practical condition of man, in these days, is one of the saddest; burdened with miseries which are in a considerable degree peculiar. In no time was man's life what he calls a happy one; in no time can it be so. A perpetual dream there has been of Paradises, and some luxurious Lubberland, where the brooks should run wine, and the trees bend with ready-baked viands; but it was a dream merely, an impossible dream. Suffering, Contradiction, Error, have their quite perennial, and even indispensable, abode in this Earth. Is not Labor the inheritance of man? And what Labor for the present is joyous and not grievous? Labor, Effort, is the very interruption of that Ease which man foolishly enough fancies to be

his Happiness: and yet without Labor there were no Ease, no Rest, so much as conceivable. Thus Evil, what we call Evil, must ever exist while man exists: Evil, in the widest sense we can give it, is precisely the dark, disordered material out of which man's Free-will has to create an edifice of order and Good. Ever must Pain urge us to Labor; and only in free Effort can any blessedness be imagined for us.

But if man has, in all ages, had enough to encounter, there has, in most civilized ages, been an inward force vouchsafed him, whereby the pressure of things outward might be withstood. Obstruction abounded; but Faith also was not wanting. It is by Faith that man removes mountains: while he had Faith, his limbs might be wearied with toiling, his back galled with bearing; but the heart within him was peaceable and resolved. In the thickest gloom there burnt a lamp to guide him. If he struggled and suffered, he felt that it even should be so; knew for what he was suffering and struggling. Faith gave him an inward Willingness; a world of Strength wherewith to front a world of Difficulty. The true wretchedness lies here: that the Difficulty remain and the Strength be lost; that Pain cannot relieve itself in free Effort; that we have the Labor, and want the Willingness. Faith strengthens us, enlightens us, for all endeavors and endurances; with Faith we can do all, and dare all, and life itself has a thousand times been joyfully given away. But the sum of man's misery is even this, that he feel himself crushed under the Juggernaut wheels and know that Juggernaut is no divinity, but a dead mechanical idol.

Now this is specially the misery which has fallen on man in our Era. Belief, Faith has well-nigh vanished from the world. The youth, on awakening in this wondrous Universe, no longer finds a competent theory of its wonders. Time was when, if he asked himself: What is man; what are the duties of man? the answer stood ready written for him. But now the ancient "ground plan of the All" belies itself when brought into contact with reality; Mother Church has, to the most, become a superannuated Stepmother, whose lessons go disregarded; or are spurned at, and scornfully gainsayed. For young Valor and thirst of Action no ideal Chivalry invites to heroism, prescribes what is heroic: the old ideal of Manhood has grown obsolete, and the new is still invisible to us, and we grope after it in darkness, one clutching this phantom, another that; Werterism, Byronism,

even Brummelism, each has its day. For contemplation and love of Wisdom no Cloister now opens its religious shades; the Thinker must, in all senses, wander homeless, too often aimless, looking up to a Heaven which is dead for him, round to an Earth which is deaf. Action, in those old days, was easy, was voluntary, for the divine worth of human things lay acknowledged; Speculation was wholesome, for it ranged itself as the handmaid of Action; what could not so range itself died out by its natural death, by neglect. Loyalty still hallowed obedience, and made rule noble; there was still something to be loyal to; the Godlike stood embodied under many a symbol in men's interests and business; the Finite shadowed forth the Infinite; Eternity looked through Time. The Life of man was encompassed and overcanopied by a glory of Heaven, even as his dwelling place by the azure vault. . . .

Remarkable it is, truly, how everywhere the eternal fact begins again to be recognized, that there is a Godlike in human affairs: that God not only made us and beholds us, but is in us and around us; that the Age of Miracles, as it ever was, now is. Such recognition we discern on all hands, and in all countries: in each country after its own fashion. In France, among the younger nobler minds, strangely enough; where, in their loud contention with the Actual and Conscious, the Ideal or Unconscious is, for the time, without exponent; where Religion means not the parent of Polity, as of all that is highest, but Polity itself; and this and the other earnest man has not been wanting, who could whisper audibly: "Go to, I will make a religion." In England still more strangely; as in all things, worthy England will have its way: by the shrieking of hysterical women casting out of devils, and other "gifts of the Holy Ghost." Well might Jean Paul say, in this his twelfth hour of the Night, "the living dream"; well might he say, "the dead walk." Meanwhile let us rejoice rather that so much has been seen into, were it through never so diffracting media, and never so madly distorted; that in all dialects, though but half-articulately, this high Gospel begins to be preached: "Man is still Man." The genius of Mechanism, as was once before predicted, will not always sit like a choking incubus on our soul; but at length, when by a new magic Word the old spell is broken, become our slave, and as familiar-spirit do all our bidding. "We are near awakening when we dream that we dream."

He that has an eye and a heart can even now say: Why should I falter? Light has come into the world; to such as love Light, so as Light must be loved, with a boundless all-doing, all-enduring love. For the rest, let that vain struggle to read the mystery of the Infinite cease to harass us. It is a mystery which, through all ages, we shall only read here a line of, there another line of. Do we not already know that the name of the Infinite is GOOD, is GOD? Here on Earth we are as Soldiers fighting in a foreign land; that understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it; seeing well what is at our hand to be done. Let us do it like Soldiers, with submission, with courage, with a heroic joy. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Behind us, behind each one of us, lie Six Thousand years of human effort, human conquest: before us is the boundless Time, with its as yet uncreated and unconquered Continents and Eldorados, which we, even we, have to conquer, to create: and from the bosom of Eternity shine for us celestial guiding stars.

"My inheritance how wide and fair!
Time is my fair seed-field, of Time I'm heir."

From the Edinburgh Review, 1831.

"GEDENKE ZU LEBEN"

(On "Goethe's Portrait" by Stieler of Munich)

READER! thou here beholdest the Eidolon of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. So looks and lives, now in his eighty-third year, afar in the bright little friendly circle of Weimar, "the clearest, most universal man of his time." Strange enough is the cunning that resides in the ten fingers, especially what they bring to pass by pencil and pen! Him who never saw England, England now sees: from Fraser's "Gallery" he looks forth here, wondering, doubtless, how *he* came into such *Lichtstrasse* ("light-street," or galaxy); yet with kind recognition of all neighbors, even as the moon looks kindly on lesser lights, and, were they but fish-oil cressets, or terrestrial Vauxhall stars (of clipped tin), forbids not their shining. Nay, the very soul of the man thou canst likewise behold. Do but look well in those forty vol-

umes of "musical wisdom," which, under the title of *Goethe's Werke*, Cotta of Tübingen, or Black and Young of Covent Garden — once offer them a trifle of drink-money — will cheerfully hand thee: greater sight, or more profitable, thou wilt not meet with in this generation. The German language, it is presumable, thou knowest; if not, shouldst thou undertake the study thereof for that sole end, it were well worth thy while.

Croquis (a man otherwise of rather satirical turn) surprises us, on this occasion, with a fit of enthusiasm. He declares often, that here is the finest of all living heads; speaks much of blended passion and repose; serene depths of eyes; the brow, the temples, royally arched, a very palace of thought; — and so forth.

The writer of these Notices is not without decision of character, and can believe what he knows. He answers Brother Croquis, that it is no wonder the head should be royal and a palace; for a most royal work was appointed to be done therein. Reader! within that head the whole world lies mirrored, in such clear, ethereal harmony, as it has done in none since Shakespeare left us: even *this* Rag-fair of a world, wherein thou painfully strugglest, and (as is like) stumblest — all lies transfigured here, and revealed authentically to be still holy, still divine. What alchemy was that: to find a mad universe full of skepticism, discord, desperation; and *transmute* it into a wise universe of belief, and melody, and reverence! Was not *there* an *opus magnum*, if one ever was? This, then, is he who, heroically doing and enduring, has accomplished it.

In this distracted time of ours, wherein men have lost their old loadstars, and wandered after night-fires and foolish will-o'-the-wisps; and all things, in that "shaking of the nations," have been tumbled into chaos, the high made low and the low high, and ever and anon some duke of this, and king of that, is gurgled aloft, to float there for moments; and fancies himself the governor and head-director of it all, and *is* but the topmost froth-bell, to burst again and mingle with the wild fermenting mass, — in this so despicable time, we say, there were nevertheless — be the bounteous heavens ever thanked for it! — *two great men* sent among us. The one, in the island of St. Helena now sleeps "dark and lone, amid the ocean's everlasting lullaby"; the other still rejoices in the blessed sunlight, on the banks of the Ilme.

Great was the part allotted each, great the talent given him for the same; yet, mark the contrast! Bonaparte walked through

the war-convulsed world like an all-devouring earthquake, heaving, thundering, hurling kingdom over kingdom; Goethe was as the mild-shining, inaudible light, which, notwithstanding, can again make that chaos into a creation. Thus, too, we see Napoleon, with his Austerlitzes, Waterloos, and Borodinos, is quite gone — all departed, sunk to silence like a tavern brawl. While this other! — *he* still shines with his direct radiance; his inspired words are to abide in living hearts, as the life and inspiration of thinkers, born and still unborn. Some fifty years hence, his thinking will be found translated, and ground down, even to the capacity of the diurnal press; acts of parliament will be passed in virtue of him: — this man, if we well consider of it, is appointed to be ruler of the world.

Reader! to thee thyself, even now, he has one counsel to give, the secret of his whole poetic alchemy: GEDENKE ZU LEBEN. Yes, "think of living!" Thy life, wert thou the "pitifulest of all the sons of earth," is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work, then, even as he has done, and does — "LIKE A STAR UNHASTING, YET UNRESTING." — *Sic valeas.*

Complete. From Fraser's Magazine 1832.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

IF I believed that Mammonism with its adjuncts was to continue henceforth the one serious principle of our existence, I should reckon it idle to solicit remedial measures from any Government, the disease being insusceptible of remedy. Government can do much, but it can in no wise do all. Government, as the most conspicuous object in Society, is called upon to give signal of what shall be done; and, in many ways, to preside over, further, and command the doing of it. But the Government cannot do, by all its signaling and commanding, what the society is radically indisposed to do. In the long run every Government is the exact symbol of its People, with their wisdom and unwisdom; we have to say, Like People like Government. The main substance of this immense Problem of Organizing Labor, and first of all of Managing the Working Classes, will, it is very clear, have to be solved by those who stand practically in the middle of it; by those who themselves work and preside over work. Of all that can be

enacted by any Parliament in regard to it, the germs must already lie potentially extant in those two classes who are to obey such enactment. A Human Chaos in which there is no light, you vainly attempt to irradiate by light shed on it; order never can arise there.

But it is my firm conviction that the "Hell of England" will cease to be that of "not making money"; that we shall get a nobler Hell and a nobler Heaven! I anticipate light in the Human Chaos, glimmering, shining more and more; under manifold true signals from without That light shall shine. Our deity no longer being Mammon,—O Heavens, each man will then say to himself: "Why such deadly haste to make money? I shall not go to Hell, even if I do not make money! There is another Hell, I am told!" Competition, at railway speed, in all branches of commerce and work will then abate:—good felt hats for the head, in every sense, instead of seven-feet lath and plaster hats on wheels, will then be discoverable! Bubble-periods, with their panics and commercial crises, will again become infrequent; steady modest industry will take the place of gambling speculation. To be a noble Master, among noble Workers, will again be the first ambition with some few; to be a rich master only the second. How the Inventive Genius of England, with the whir of its bobbins and billy-rollers shoved somewhat into the backgrounds of the brain, will contrive and devise, not cheaper produce exclusively, but fairer distribution of the produce at its present cheapness! By degrees, we shall again have a Society with something of Heroism in it, something of Heaven's Blessing on it; we shall again have, as my German friend asserts, "instead of Mammon-Feudalism with unsold cotton shirts and preservation of the Game, noble just industrialism and Government by the Wisest!"

It is with the hope of awakening here and there a British man to know himself for a man and divine soul, that a few words of parting admonition, to all persons to whom the Heavenly Powers have lent power of any kind in this land, may now be addressed. And first to those same Master-Workers, Leaders of Industry, who stand nearest, and in fact powerfulest, though not most prominent, being as yet in too many senses a Virtuality rather than an Actuality.

The Leaders of Industry, if industry is ever to be led, are virtually the Captains of the World; if there be no nobleness in them, there will never be an Aristocracy more. But let the Cap-

tains of Industry consider: once again, are they born of other clay than the old Captains of Slaughter; doomed forever to be no Chivalry, but a mere gold-plated Doggery,— what the French well name Canaille, "Doggery" with more or less gold carrion at its disposal? Captains of Industry are the true fighters, henceforth recognizable as the only true ones; Fighters against Chaos, Necessity and the Devils and Jotuns; and lead on Mankind in that great, and alone true, and universal warfare; the stars in their courses fighting for them, and all Heaven and all Earth saying audibly, Well done! Let the Captains of Industry retire into their own hearts, and ask solemnly if there is nothing but vulturous hunger for fine wines, valet reputation, and gilt carriages, discoverable there? Of hearts made by the Almighty God I will not believe such a thing. Deep-hidden under wretchedest God-forgetting Cants, Epicurisms, Dead-Sea Apisms; forgotten as under foulest fat Lethe mud and weeds, there is yet, in all hearts born into this God's-World, a spark of the God-like slumbering. Awake, O nightmare sleepers; awake, arise, or be forever fallen! This is not playhouse poetry; it is sober fact. Our England, our world cannot live as it is. It will connect itself with a God again, or go down with nameless throes and fire-consummation to the Devils. Thou who feelest aught of such a God-like stirring in thee, any faintest intimation of it, as through heavy-laden dreams, follow it, I conjure thee. Arise, save thyself, be one of those that save thy country.

Buccaneers, Choctaw Indians, whose supreme aim in fighting is that they may get the scalps, the money, that they may amass scalps and money; out of such came no Chivalry, and never will! Out of such came only gore and wreck, infernal rage and misery; desperation quenched in annihilation. Behold it, I bid thee, behold there, and consider! What is it that thou have a hundred thousand-pound bills laid up in thy strong-rooms, a hundred scalps hung up in thy wigwam? I value not them or thee. Thy scalps and thy thousand-pound bills are as yet nothing, if no nobleness from within irradiate them; if no Chivalry, in action, or in embryo ever struggling towards birth and action, be there.

Love of men cannot be bought by cash payment; and without love men cannot endure to be together. You cannot lead a Fighting World without having it regimented, chivalried; the thing in a day becomes impossible; all men in it, the highest at first, the very lowest at last, discern consciously, or by a noble

instinct, this necessity. And can you any more continue to lead a Working World unregimented, anarchic? I answer, and the Heavens and Earth are now answering, No! The thing becomes not "in a day" impossible: but in some two generations it does. Yes, when fathers and mothers, in Stock-port hunger-cellars, begin to eat their children, and Irish widows have to prove their relationship by dying of typhus fever; and amid Governing "Corporations of the Best and Bravest," busy to preserve their game by "bushing," dark millions of God's human creatures start up in mad Chartisms, impracticable Sacred-Months, and Manchester Insurrections; and there is a virtual Industrial Aristocracy as yet only half-alive, spellbound amid money-bags and ledgers; and an actual Idle Aristocracy seemingly near dead in somnolent delusions, in trespasses and double-barrels; "sliding," as on inclined planes, which every new year they soap with new Hansard's-jargon under God's sky, and so are "sliding" ever faster towards a "scale" and balance-scale whereon is written, Thou art found Wanting: — in such days, after a generation or two, I say, it does become, even to the low and simple, very palpably impossible! No Working World, any more than a Fighting World, can be led on without a noble Chivalry of Work, and laws and fixed rules which follow out of that, — far nobler than any Chivalry of Fighting was. As an anarchic multitude on mere Supply-and-Demand, it is becoming inevitable that we dwindle in horrid suicidal convulsion, and self-abrasion, frightful to the imagination, into Choctaw Workers. With wigwams and scalps, — with palaces and thousand-pound bills; with savagery, depopulation, chaotic desolation! Good Heavens, will not one French Revolution and Reign of Terror suffice us, but must there be two? There will be two if needed; there will be twenty if needed; there will be precisely as many as are needed. The Laws of Nature will have themselves fulfilled. That is a thing certain to me.

Your gallant battle-hosts and work-hosts, as the others did, will need to be made loyally yours; they must and will be regulated, methodically secured in their just share of conquest under you; — joined with you in veritable brotherhood, sonhood, by quite other and deeper ties than those of temporary day's wages! How would mere red-coated regiments, to say nothing of chivalries, fight for you, if you could discharge them on the evening of the battle, on payment of the stipulated shillings, — and they discharge you on the morning of it! Chelsea Hospitals, pensions,

promotions, rigorous lasting covenant on the one side and on the other, are indispensable even for a hired fighter. The Feudal Baron, much more,— how could he subsist with mere temporary mercenaries round him, at sixpence a day; ready to go over to the other side, if sevenpence were offered? He could not have subsisted; — and his noble instinct saved him from the necessity of even trying! The Feudal Baron had a man's soul in him! to which anarchy, mutiny, and the other fruits of temporary mercenaries, were intolerable; he had never been a Baron otherwise, but had continued a Choctaw and Buccaneer. He felt it precious, and at last it became habitual, and his fruitful enlarged existence included it as a necessity, to have men around him who in heart loved him; whose life he watched over with rigor, yet with love; who were prepared to give their life for him, if need came. It was beautiful; it was human! Man lives not otherwise, nor can live contented, anywhere or anywhen. Isolation is the sum-total of wretchedness to man. To be cut off, to be left solitary; to have a world alien, not your world; all a hostile camp for you; not a home at all, of hearts and faces who are yours, whose you are! It is the frightfulest enchantment; too truly a work of the evil one. To have neither superior, nor inferior, nor equal, united manlike to you. Without father, without child, without brother. Man knows no sadder destiny. "How is each of us," exclaims Jean Paul, "so lonely, in the wide bosom of the All!" Encased each as in his transparent "ice-palace"; our brother visibly in his, making signals and gesticulations to us; — visible, but forever unattainable; on his bosom we shall never rest, nor he on ours. It was not a God that did this; no!

Awake, ye noble Workers, warriors in the one true war; all this must be remedied. It is you, who are already half-alive, whom I will welcome into life; whom I will conjure in God's name to shake off your enchanted sleep and live wholly! Cease to count scalps, gold purses; not in these lies your or our salvation. Even these, if you count only these, will not long be left. Let buccaneering be put far from you; alter, speedily abrogate all laws of the buccaneers, if you would gain any victory that shall endure. Let God's justice, let pity, nobleness, and manly valor, with more gold purses or with fewer, testify themselves in this your brief Life-transit to all the Eternities, the Gods, and Silences. It is to you I call; for ye are not dead, ye are already half-alive; there is in you a sleepless, dauntless energy, the

prime-matter of all nobleness in man. Honor to you in your kind. It is to you I call; ye know at least this, That the mandate of God to His creature man is, Work! The future Epic of the World rests not with those that are near dead, but with those that are alive, and those that are coming into life.

Look around you. Your world-hosts are all in mutiny, in confusion, destitution; on the eve of fiery wreck and madness! They will not march farther for you, on the sixpence a day and supply-and-demand principle; they will not; nor ought they, nor can they. Ye shall reduce them to order; begin reducing them. To order, to just subordination; noble loyalty in return for noble guidance. Their souls are driven nigh mad; let yours be sane and ever saner. Not as a bewildered bewildering mob; but as a firm regimented mass, with real captains over them, will these men march any more. All human interests, combined human endeavors, and social growths in this world, have, at a certain stage of their development, required organizing; and Work, the grandest of human interests, does now require it.

God knows the task will be hard; but no noble task was ever easy. This task will wear away your lives, and the lives of your sons and grandsons; but for what purpose, if not for tasks like this, were lives given to men? Ye shall cease to count your thousand-pound scalps, the noble of you shall cease! Nay the very scalps, as I say, will not long be left if you count only these. Ye shall cease wholly to be barbarous vulturous Choctaws and become noble European Nineteenth-Century Men. Ye shall know that Mammon, in never such gigs and flunkey "respectabilities," is not the alone God; that of himself he is but a Devil, and even a Brute-god.

Difficult? Yes, it will be difficult. The short-fibre Cotton; that too was difficult. The waste cotton-shrub, long useless, disobedient, as the thistle by the wayside,—have ye not conquered it; made it into beautiful bandana webs; white woven shirts for men; bright-tinted air-garments wherein flit goddesses? Ye have shivered mountains asunder, made the hard iron pliant to you as soft putty; the Forest-giants, Marsh-jotuns bear sheaves of golden grain; Aegir the Sea-demon himself stretches his back for a sleek highway to you, and on Firehorses and Windhorses ye career. Ye are most strong. Thor red-bearded, with his blue sun-eyes, with his cheery heart and strong thunder-hammer, he and you have prevailed. Ye are most strong, ye Sons of the icy

North, of the far East,—far marching from your rugged Eastern Wildernesses, hitherward from the gray dawn of Time! Ye are sons of the Jotun-land; the land of Difficulties Conquered. Difficult? You must try this thing. Once try it with the understanding that it will and shall have to be done. Try it as ye try the paltrier thing, making of money! I will bet on you once more, against all Jotuns, Tailor-gods, Double-barreled Lawwards, and Denizens of Chaos whatsoever!

Complete. From «Past and Present.»

THE CHARACTER OF ROBERT BURNS

BURNS was born poor; and born also to continue poor, for he would not endeavor to be otherwise: this it had been well could he have once for all admitted and considered as finally settled. He was poor, truly; but hundreds even of his own class and order of minds have been poorer, yet have suffered nothing deadly from it: nay, his own father had a far sorer battle with ungrateful destiny than his was; and he did not yield to it, but died courageously warring, and to all moral intents prevailing, against it. True, Burns had little means, had even little time for poetry, his only real pursuit and vocation; but so much the more precious was what little he had. In all these external respects his case was hard, but very far from the hardest. Poverty, incessant drudgery, and much worse evils, it has often been the lot of poets and wise men to strive with, and their glory to conquer. Locke was banished as a traitor, and wrote his «Essay on the Human Understanding» sheltering himself in a Dutch garret. Was Milton rich, or at his ease, when he composed «Paradise Lost»? Not only low, but fallen from a height; not only poor, but impoverished; in darkness and with dangers compassed round, he sang his immortal song, and found fit audience, though few. Did not Cervantes finish his work a maimed soldier and in prison? Nay, was not the «Araucana,» which Spain acknowledges as its Epic, written without even the aid of paper—on scraps of leather, as the stout fighter and voyager snatched any moment from that wild warfare?

And what then had these men which Burns wanted? Two things, both which, it seems to us, are indispensable for such

men. They had a true, religious principle of morals; and a single not a double aim in their activity. They were not self-seekers and self-worshipers; but seekers and worshipers of something far better than Self. Not personal enjoyment was their object; but a high, heroic idea of Religion, of Patriotism, of heavenly Wisdom, in one or the other form, ever hovered before them; in which cause they neither shrunk from suffering, nor called on the earth to witness it as something wonderful; but patiently endured, counting it blessedness enough so to spend and be spent. Thus the "golden calf of Self-love," however curiously carved, was not their Deity; but the Invisible Goodness, which alone is man's reasonable service. This feeling was as a celestial fountain, whose streams refreshed into gladness and beauty all the provinces of their otherwise too desolate existence. In a word, they willed one thing, to which all other things were subordinated and made subservient: and therefore they accomplished it. The wedge will rend rocks; but its edge must be sharp and single; if it be double, the wedge is bruised in pieces and will rend nothing.

Part of this superiority these men owed to their age; in which heroism and devotedness were still practiced, or at least not yet disbelieved in; but much of it likewise they owed to themselves. With Burns again it was different. His morality, in most of its practical points, is that of a mere worldly man; enjoyment, in a finer or a coarser shape, is the only thing he longs and strives for. A noble instinct sometimes raises him above this; but an instinct only, and acting only for moments. He has no Religion; in the shallow age, where his days were cast, Religion was not discriminated from the New and Old Light *forms* of Religion; and was, with these, becoming obsolete in the minds of men. His heart, indeed, is alive with a trembling adoration, but there is no temple in his understanding. He lives in darkness and in the shadow of doubt. His religion, at best, is an anxious wish; like that of Rabelais, "a great Perhaps."

He loved Poetry warmly, and in his heart; could he but have loved it purely, and with his whole undivided heart, it had been well. For Poetry, as Burns could have followed it, is but another form of Wisdom, of Religion; is itself Wisdom and Religion. But this also was denied him. His poetry is a stray, vagrant gleam, which will not be extinguished within him, yet rises not

to be the true light of his path, but is often a wildfire that misleads him. It was not necessary for Burns to be rich, to be or to seem "independent"; but *it was* necessary for him to be at one with his own heart; to place what was highest in his nature, highest also in his life; "to seek within himself for that consistency and sequence which external events would forever refuse him." He was born a poet; poetry was the celestial element of his being, and should have been the soul of his whole endeavors. Lifted into that serene ether, whither he had wings given him to mount, he would have needed no other elevation: Poverty, neglect, and all evil, save the desecration of himself and his Art, were a small matter to him: the pride and the passions of the world lay far beneath his feet; and he looked down alike on noble and slave, on prince and beggar, and all that wore the stamp of man, with clear recognition, with brotherly affection, with sympathy, with pity. Nay, we question whether for his culture as a Poet, poverty, and much suffering for a season, were not absolutely advantageous. Great men, in looking back over their lives, have testified to that effect. "I would not for much," says Jean Paul, "that I had been born richer." And yet Paul's birth was poor enough; for in another place he adds: "The prisoner's allowance is bread and water; and I had often only the latter." But the gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out the purest; or, as he has himself expressed it, "The canary bird sings sweeter the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage."

A man like Burns might have divided his hours between poetry and virtuous industry; industry which all true feeling sanctions, nay, prescribes, and which has a beauty, for that cause, beyond the pomp of thrones; but to divide his hours between poetry and rich men's banquets was an ill-starred and inauspicious attempt. How could he be at ease at such banquets? What had he to do there, mingling his music with the coarse roar of altogether earthly voices, and brightening the thick smoke of intoxication with fire lent him from heaven? Was it his aim to *enjoy* life? To-morrow he must go drudge as an Exciseman! We wonder not that Burns became moody, indignant, and at times an offender against certain rules of society; but rather that he did not grow utterly frantic, and run *a-muck* against them all. How could a man, so falsely placed, by his own or others' fault, ever know contentment or peaceable diligence for an hour?

What he did, under such perverse guidance, and what he forbore to do, alike fill us with astonishment at the natural strength and worth of his character.

Doubtless there was a remedy for this perverseness: but not in others, only in himself; least of all in simple increase of wealth and worldly "respectability." We hope we have now heard enough about the efficacy of wealth for poetry, and to make poets happy. Nay, have we not seen another instance of it in these very days? Byron, a man of endowment considerably less ethereal than that of Burns, is born in the rank not of a Scottish plowman, but of an English peer: the highest worldly honors, the fairest worldly career, are his by inheritance: the richest harvest of fame he soon reaps, in another province, by his own hand. And what does all this avail him? Is he happy, is he good, is he true? Alas, he has a poet's soul, and strives towards the Infinite and the Eternal; and soon feels that all this is but mounting to the housetop to reach the stars! Like Burns, he is only a proud man; might like him have "purchased a pocket copy of Milton to study the character of Satan"; for Satan also is Byron's grand exemplar, the hero of his poetry, and the model apparently of his conduct. As in Burns's case, too, the celestial element will not mingle with the clay of earth; both poet and man of the world he must not be; vulgar Ambition will not live kindly with poetic Adoration; he *cannot* serve God and Mammon. Byron, like Burns, is not happy; nay, he is the most wretched of all men. His life is falsely arranged: the fire that is in him is not a strong, still, central fire, warming into beauty the products of a world; but it is the mad fire of a volcano; and now — we look sadly into the ashes of a crater, which ere long will fill itself with snow!

Byron and Burns were sent forth as missionaries to their generation, to teach it a higher doctrine, a purer truth: they had a message to deliver, which left them no rest till it was accomplished; in dim throes of pain, this divine behest lay smoldering within them; for they knew not what it meant, and felt it only in mysterious anticipation, and they had to die without articulately uttering it. They are in the camp of the Unconverted. Yet not as high messengers of rigorous though benignant truth, but of soft flattering singers, and in pleasant fellowship, will they live there; they are first adulated, then persecuted; they accomplished little for others; they find no peace for themselves, but only death and the peace of the grave. We confess, it is not

without a certain mournful awe that we view the fate of these noble souls, so richly gifted, yet ruined to so little purpose with all their gifts. It seems to us there is a stern moral taught in this piece of history — *twice* told us in our own time! Surely to men of like genius, if there be any such, it carries with it a lesson of deep impressive significance. Surely it would become such a man furnished for the highest of all enterprises, that of being the Poet of his Age, to consider well what it is that he attempts, and in what spirit he attempts it. For the words of Milton are true in all times, and were never truer than in this: "He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem."

If he cannot first so make his life, then let him hasten from this arena; for neither its lofty glories nor its fearful perils are for him. Let him dwindle into a modish ballad monger; let him worship and be-sing the idols of the time, and the time will not fail to reward him — if, indeed, he can endure to live in that capacity! Byron and Burns could not live as idol-priests, but the fire of their own hearts consumed them; and better it was for them that they could not. For it is not in the favor of the great or of the small, but in a life of truth, and in the inexpugnable citadel of his own soul, that a Bryon's or a Burns's strength must lie. Let the great stand aloof from him, or know how to reverence him. Beautiful is the union of wealth with favor and furtherance for literature, like the costliest flower-jar inclosing the loveliest amaranth. Yet let not the relation be mistaken. A true poet is not one whom they can hire by money or flattery to be a minister of their pleasures, their writer of occasional verses, their purveyor of table wit; he cannot be their menial, he cannot even be their partisan. At the peril of both parties, let no such union be attempted! Will a Courser of the Sun work softly in the harness of a Dray-horse? His hoofs are of fire, and his path is through the heavens, bringing light to all lands; will he lumber on mud highways, dragging ale for earthly appetites, from door to door?

But we must stop short in these considerations, which would lead us to boundless lengths. We had something to say on the public moral character of Burns; but this also we must forbear. We are far from regarding him as guilty before the world, as guiltier than the average; nay, from doubting that he is less guilty than one of ten thousand. Tried at a tribunal far more

rigid than that where the *Plebiscita* of common civic reputations are pronounced, he has seemed to us even there less worthy of blame than of pity and wonder. But the world is habitually unjust in its judgments of such men; unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance: it decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes; and not positively but negatively; less on what is done right than on what is or is not done wrong. Not the few inches of reflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the *ratio* of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system; or it may be a city hippodrome; nay, the circle of the ginhorse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured; and it is assumed that the diameter of the ginhorse and that of the planet will yield the same ratio when compared with them. Here lies the root of many a blind, cruel condemnation of Burnses, Swifts, Rousseaus, which one never listens to with approval. Granted, the ship comes into harbor with shrouds and tackle damaged; and the pilot is therefore blameworthy; for he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know *how* blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the Globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs.

With our readers in general, with men of right feeling anywhere, we are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration, he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble; neither will his Works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of man. While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves, this little Valclusa Fountain will also arrest our eye: for this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full gushing current, into the light of day; and often will the traveler turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines!

From a Review of Lockhart's «Life of Burns.»

DANTE AND SHAKESPEARE

As Dante, the Italian man, was sent into our world to embody musically the Religion of the Middle Ages, the Religion of our Modern Europe, its Inner Life; so Shakespeare, we may say, embodies for us the Outer Life of our Europe as developed then, its chivalries, courtesies, humors, ambitions, what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world, men then had. As in Homer we may still construe Old Greece; so in Shakespeare and Dante, after thousands of years, what our modern Europe was, in Faith and in Practice, will still be legible. Dante has given us the Faith or soul; Shakespeare, in a not less noble way, has given us the Practice or body. This latter also we were to have; a man was sent for it, the man Shakespeare. Just when that chivalric way of life had reached its last finish, and was on the point of breaking down into slow or swift dissolution, as we now see it everywhere, this other sovereign Poet, with his seeing eye, with his perennial singing voice, was sent to take note of it, to give long-enduring record of it. Two fit men: Dante, deep, fierce, as the central fire of the world; Shakespeare, wide, placid, far-seeing, as the Sun, the upper light of the world. Italy produced the one world-voice; we English had the honor of producing the other.

Curious enough how, as it were by mere accident, this man came to us. I think always, so great, quiet, complete and self-sufficing is this Shakespeare, had the Warwickshire Squire not prosecuted him for deer-stealing, we had perhaps never heard of him as a Poet! The woods and skies, the rustic Life of Man in Stratford there, had been enough for this man! But indeed that strange outbudding of our whole English Existence, which we call the Elizabethan Era, did not it too come as of its own accord? The "Tree Igdrasil" buds and withers by its own laws,—too deep for our scanning. Yet it does bud and wither, and every bough and leaf of it is there, by fixed eternal laws; not a Sir Thomas Lucy but comes at the hour fit for him. Curious, I say, and not sufficiently considered: how every thing does co-operate with all; not a leaf rotting on the highway but is an indissoluble portion of solar and stellar systems; no thought, word, or act of man but has sprung withal out of all men, and works sooner or later, recognizably or irrecognizably, on all men! It is

all a Tree: circulation of sap and influences, mutual communication of every minutest leaf with the lowest talon of a root, with every other greatest and minutest portion of the whole,—the Tree Igdrasil, that has its roots down in the Kingdoms of Hela and Death, and whose boughs overspread the highest Heaven!—

In some sense it may be said that this glorious Elizabethan Era with its Shakespeare, as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. The Christian Faith, which was the theme of Dante's Song, had produced this Practical Life which Shakespeare was to sing. For Religion then, as it now and always is, was the soul of Practice; the primary vital fact in men's lives. And remark here, as rather curious, that Middle-Age Catholicism was abolished, so far as Acts of Parliament could abolish it, before Shakespeare, the noblest product of it, made his appearance. He did make his appearance nevertheless. Nature at her own time, with Catholicism or what else might be necessary, sent him forth; taking small thought of Acts of Parliament. King-Henrys, Queen-Elizabeths, go their way; and Nature too goes hers. Acts of Parliament, on the whole, are small, notwithstanding the noise they make. What Act of Parliament, debate at St. Stephen's, on the hustings or elsewhere, was it that brought this Shakespeare into being? No dining at Freemasons' Tavern, opening subscription-lists, selling of shares, and infinite other jangling and true or false endeavoring! This Elizabethan Era, and all its nobleness and blessedness, came without proclamation, preparation, of ours. Priceless Shakespeare was the free gift of Nature; given altogether silently;—received altogether silently, as if it had been a thing of little account. And yet, very literally, it is a priceless thing. One should look at that side of matters too.

Of this Shakespeare of ours, perhaps the opinion one sometimes hears a little idolatrously expressed is, in fact, the right one; I think the best judgment not of this country only, but of Europe at large, is slowly pointing to the conclusion that Shakespeare is the chief of all Poets hitherto; the greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left record of himself in the way of Literature. On the whole, I know not such a power of vision, such a faculty of thought, if we take all the characters of it, in any other man. Such a calmness of depth; placid joyous strength; all things imagined in that great soul of his so true and clear, as in a tranquil unfathomable sea! It has been

said that in the constructing of Shakespeare's Dramas there is, apart from all other "faculties," as they are called, an understanding manifested, equal to that in Bacon's "Novum Organum." That is true; and it is not a truth that strikes every one. It would become more apparent if we tried, any of us for himself, how, out of Shakespeare's dramatic materials, *we* could fashion such a result! The built house seems all so fit,— every way as it should be, as if it came there by its own law and the nature of things,— we forget the rude disorderly quarry it was shaped from. The very perfection of the house, as if Nature herself had made it, hides the builder's merit. Perfect, more perfect than any other man, we may call Shakespeare in this: he discerns, knows as by instinct, what condition he works under, what his materials are, what his own force and its relation to them is. It is not a transitory glance of insight that will suffice; it is deliberate illumination of the whole matter; it is a calmly *seeing* eye; a great intellect, in short. How a man, of some wide thing that he has witnessed, will construct a narrative, what kind of picture and delineation he will give of it,— is the best measure you could get of what intellect is in the man. Which circumstance is vital and shall stand prominent; which unessential, fit to be suppressed; where is the true *beginning*, the true sequence and ending? To find out this, you task the whole force of insight that is in the man. He must *understand* the thing; according to the depth of his understanding, will the fitness of his answer be. You will try him so. Does like join itself to like; does the spirit of method stir in that confusion, so that its embroilment becomes order? Can the man say, *Fiat lux*, Let there be light; and out of chaos make a world? Precisely as there is *light* in himself, will he accomplish this.

Or, indeed, we may say again, it is in what I called Portrait-painting, delineating of men and things, especially of men, that Shakespeare is great. All the greatness of the man comes out decisively here. It is unexampled, I think, that calm creative perspicacity of Shakespeare. The thing he looks at reveals not this or that face of it, but its inmost heart, and generic secret: it dissolves itself as in light before him, so that he discerns the perfect structure of it. Creative, we said: poetic creation, what is this too but *seeing* the thing sufficiently? The *word* that will describe the thing follows of itself from such clear intense sight of the thing. And is not Shakespeare's *morality*, his valor, can-

dor, tolerance, truthfulness,—his whole victorious strength and greatness, which can triumph over such obstructions, visible there too? Great as the world! No *twisted*, poor convex-concave mirror, reflecting all objects with its own convexities and concavities; a perfectly *level* mirror;—that is to say withal, if we will understand it, a man justly related to all things and men, a good man. It is truly a lordly spectacle how this great soul takes in all kinds of men and objects, a Falstaff, an Othello, a Juliet, a Coriolanus; sets them all forth to us in their round completeness; loving, just, the equal brother of all. "Novum Organum," and all the intellect you will find in Bacon, is of a quite secondary order; earthy, material, poor, in comparison with this. Among modern men, one finds, in strictness, almost nothing of the same rank. Goethe alone, since the days of Shakespeare, reminds me of it. Of him too you say that he *saw* the object; you may say what he himself says of Shakespeare: "His characters are like watches with dial plates of transparent crystal; they show you the hour like others, and the inward mechanism also is all visible."

The seeing eye! It is this that discloses the inner harmony of things; what Nature meant, what musical idea Nature has wrapped up in these often rough embodiments. Something she did mean. To the seeing eye that something were discernible. Are they base, miserable things? You can laugh over them, you can weep over them; you can in some way or other genially relate yourself to them;—you can, at lowest, hold your peace about them, turn away your own and others' face from them, till the hour come for practically exterminating and extinguishing them! At bottom, it is the Poet's first gift, as it is all men's, that he have intellect enough. He will be a Poet if he have: a Poet in word; or failing that, perhaps still better, a Poet in act. Whether he write at all; and if so, whether in prose or in verse, will depend on accidents: who knows on what extremely trivial accidents,—perhaps on his having had a singing-master, on his being taught to sing in his boyhood! But the faculty which enables him to discern the inner heart of things, and the harmony that dwells there (for whatsoever exists has a harmony in the heart of it, or it would not hold together and exist), is not the result of habits or accidents, but the gift of Nature herself; the primary outfit for a Heroic Man in what sort soever. To the Poet, as to every other, we say first of all, *See*. If you cannot do that, it is of no use to keep stringing rhymes together,

jingling sensibilities against each other, and *name* yourself a Poet; there is no hope for you. If you can, there is, in prose or verse, in action or speculation, all manner of hope. The crabbed old Schoolmaster used to ask, when they brought him a new pupil, "But are ye sure he's *not a dunce?*" Why, really one might ask the same thing, in regard to every man proposed for whatsoever function; and consider it as the one inquiry needful: Are ye sure he's not a dunce? There is, in this world, no other entirely fatal person. . . .

Whoever looks intelligently at this Shakespeare may recognize that he too was a *Prophet*, in his way; of an insight analogous to the Prophetic, though he took it up in another strain. Nature seemed to this man also divine; *un*speakable, deep as Tophet, high as Heaven: "We are such stuff as Dreams are made of!" That scroll in Westminster Abbey, which few read with understanding, is of the depth of any seer. But the man sang; did not preach, except musically. We called Dante the melodious Priest of Middle-Age Catholicism. May we not call Shakespeare the still more melodious Priest of a *true* Catholicism, the "Universal Church" of the Future and of all times? No narrow superstition, harsh asceticism, intolerance, fanatical fierceness or perversion: a Revelation, so far as it goes, that such a thousandfold hidden beauty and divineness dwells in all Nature; which let all men worship as they can! We may say without offense, that there rises a kind of universal Psalm out of this Shakespeare too; not unfit to make itself heard among the still more sacred Psalms. Not in disharmony with these, if we understood them, but in harmony! — I cannot call this Shakespeare a "Skeptic," as some do; his indifference to the creeds and theological quarrels of his time misleading them. No: neither unpatriotic, though he says little about his Patriotism; nor skeptic, though he says little about his Faith. Such "indifference" was the fruit of his greatness withal: his whole heart was in his own grand sphere of worship (we may call it such); these other controversies, vitally important to other men, were not vital to him.

But call it worship, call it what you will, is it not a right glorious thing, and set of things, this that Shakespeare has brought us? For myself, I feel that there is actually a kind of sacredness in the fact of such a man being sent into this Earth. Is he not an eye to us all; a blessed heaven-sent Bringer of light? And, at bottom, was it not perhaps far better that this

Shakespeare, every way an unconscious man, was *conscious* of no Heavenly message? He did not feel, like Mahomet, because he saw into those internal Splendors, that he specially was the "Prophet of God": and was he not greater than Mahomet in that? Greater; and also, if we compute strictly, as we did in Dante's case, more successful. It was intrinsically an error that notion of Mahomet's, of his supreme Prophethood; and has come down to us inextricably involved in error to this day; dragging along with it such a coil of fables, impurities, intolerances, as makes it a questionable step for me here and now to say, as I have done, that Mahomet was a true Speaker at all, and not rather an ambitious charlatan, perversity, and simulacrum; no Speaker, but a Babbler! Even in Arabia, as I compute, Mahomet will have exhausted himself and become obsolete, while this Shakespeare, this Dante, may still be young;—while this Shakespeare may still pretend to be a Priest of Mankind, of Arabia as of other places, for unlimited periods to come!

From "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

NAPOLEON AND CROMWELL

NAPOLEON does by no means seem to me so great a man as Cromwell. His enormous victories which reached over all Europe, while Cromwell abode mainly in our little England, are but as the high *stilts* on which the man is seen standing; the stature of the man is not altered thereby. I find in him no such *sincerity* as in Cromwell; only a far inferior sort. No silent walking, through long years, with the Awful Unnamable of this Universe; "walking with God," as he called it; and faith and strength in that alone: *latent* thought and valor, content to lie latent, then burst out as in blaze of Heaven's lightning! Napoleon lived in an age when God was no longer believed; the meaning of all Silence, Latency, was thought to be Nonentity: he had to begin not out of the Puritan Bible, but out of poor Skeptical *Encyclopédies*. This was the length the man carried it. Meritorious to get so far! His compact, prompt, every way articulate character is in itself perhaps small, compared with our great chaotic *in*articulate Cromwell's. Instead of "*dumb* Prophet struggling to speak," we have a portentous mixture of the Quack withal! Hume's notion of the Fanatic-Hypocrite, with such truth as it has, will apply much better to

Napoleon than it did to Cromwell, to Mahomet, or the like,—where indeed taken strictly it has hardly any truth at all. An element of blamable ambition shows itself, from the first, in this man; gets the victory over him at last, and involves him and his work in ruin.

"False as a bulletin" became a proverb in Napoleon's time. He makes what excuse he could for it: that it was necessary to mislead the enemy, to keep up his own men's courage, and so forth. On the whole, there are no excuses. A man in no case has liberty to tell lies. It had been, in the long run, *better* for Napoleon too if he had not told any. In fact, if a man have any purpose reaching beyond the hour and day, meant to be found extant *next* day, what good can it ever be to promulgate lies? The lies are found out; ruinous penalty is exacted for them. No man will believe the liar next time even when he speaks truth, when it is of the last importance that he be believed. The old cry of wolf!—A Lie is *no*-thing; you cannot of nothing make something; you make *nothing* at last, and lose your labor into the bargain.

Yet Napoleon *had* a sincerity: we are to distinguish between what is superficial and what is fundamental in insincerity. Across these outer manœuvrings and quackeries of his, which were many and most blamable, let us discern withal that the man had a certain instinctive ineradicable feeling for reality; and did base himself upon fact, so long as he had any basis. He has an instinct of Nature better than his culture was. His *savans*, Bourrienne tells us, in that voyage to Egypt were one evening busily occupied arguing that there could be no God. They had proved it, to their satisfaction, by all manner of logic. Napoleon looking up into the stars answers, "Very ingenious, Messieurs: but *who made* all that?" The Atheistic logic runs off from him like water; the great Fact stares him in the face: "Who made all that?" So too in Practice: he, as every man that can be great, or have victory in this world, sees, through all entanglements, the practical heart of the matter; drives straight towards that. When the steward of his Tuileries Palace was exhibiting the new upholstery, with praises, and demonstrating how glorious it was, and how cheap withal, Napoleon, making little answer, asked for a pair of scissors, clipt one of the gold tassels from a window curtain, put it in his pocket, and walked on. Some days afterwards he produced it at the right moment, to the horror of his

upholstery functionary; it was not gold, but tinsel! In St. Helena, it is notable how he still, to his last days, insists on the practical, the real. "Why talk and complain; above all, why quarrel with one another? There is no *result* in it; it comes to nothing that one can *do*. Say nothing, if one man can do nothing!" He speaks often so, to his poor discontented followers· he is like a piece of silent strength in the middle of their morbid querulousness there.

And accordingly was there not what we call a *faith* in him, genuine so far as it went? That this new enormous Democracy asserting itself here in the French Revolution is an insuppressible Fact, which the whole world, with its old forces and institutions, cannot put down; this was a true insight of his, and took his conscience and enthusiasm along with it, — a *faith*. And did he not interpret the dim purport of it well? "*La carrière ouverte aux talens*, The implements to him who can handle them": this actually is the truth, and even the whole truth; it includes whatever the French Revolution, or any Revolution, could mean. Napoleon, in his first period, was a true Democrat. And yet by the nature of him, fostered too by his military trade, he knew that Democracy, if it were a true thing at all, could not be an anarchy: the man had a heart-hatred for anarchy. On that Twentieth of June (1792), Bourrienne and he sat in a coffeehouse, as the mob rolled by: Napoleon expresses the deepest contempt for persons in authority that they do not restrain this rabble. On the Tenth of August he wonders why there is no man to command these poor Swiss; they would conquer if there were. Such a faith in Democracy, yet hatred of anarchy, it is that carries Napoleon through all his great work. Through his brilliant Italian Campaigns, onwards to the Peace of Leoben, one would say, his inspiration is: "Triumph to the French Revolution; assertion of it against these Austrian Simulacra that pretend to call it a Simulacrum!" Withal, however, he feels, and has a right to feel, how necessary a strong Authority is; how the Revolution cannot prosper or last without such. To bridle in that great devouring, self-devouring French Revolution; to *tame* it, so that its intrinsic purpose can be made good, that it may become *organic*, and be able to live among other organisms and *formed* things, not as a wasting destruction alone: is not this still what he partly aimed at, as the true purport of his life; nay what he actually managed to do? through Wagrams, Austerlitzes; triumph after triumph,—

he triumphed so far. There was an eye to see in this man, a soul to dare and do. He rose naturally to be the King. All men saw that he *was* such. The common soldiers used to say on the march: "These babbling *Avocats*, up at Paris; all talk and no work. What wonder it runs all wrong? We shall have to go and put our *Petit Caporal* there!" They went, and put him there; they and France at large. Chief-consulship, Emperorship, victory over Europe; — till the poor Lieutenant of *La Fère*, not unnaturally, might seem to himself the greatest of all men that had been in the world for some ages.

But at this point, I think, the fatal charlatan-element got the upper hand. He apostatized from his old faith in Facts, took to believing in Semblances; strove to connect himself with Austrian Dynasties, Popedoms, with the old false Feudalities which he once saw clearly to be false; — considered that *he* would found "his Dynasty," and so forth; that the enormous French Revolution meant only that! The man was "given up to strong delusion, that he should believe a lie"; a fearful but most sure thing. He did not know true from false now when he looked at them, — the fearfulest penalty a man pays for yielding to untruth of heart. *Self* and false ambition had now become his god: *self*-deception once yielded to, *all* other deceptions follow naturally more and more. What a paltry patchwork of theatrical paper-mantles, tinsel, and mummery, had this man wrapt his own great reality in, thinking to make it more real thereby! His hollow Pope's-*Concordat*, pretending to be a re-establishment of Catholicism, felt by himself to be the method of extirpating it, *la vaccine de la religion:* his ceremonial Coronations, consecrations by the old Italian Chimera in Notre-Dame, — "wanting nothing to complete the pomp of it," as Augereau said, "nothing but the half-million of men who had died to put an end to all that!" Cromwell's Inauguration was by the Sword and Bible; what we must call a genuinely *true* one. Sword and Bible were borne before him, without any chimera: were not these the *real* emblems of Puritanism; its true decoration and insignia? It had used them both in a very real manner, and pretended to stand by them now! But this poor Napoleon mistook: he believed too much in the *Dupeability* of men; saw no fact deeper in man than Hunger and this! He was mistaken. Like a man that should build upon cloud, his house and he fall down in confused wreck, and depart out of the world.

Alas, in all of us this charlatan-element exists; and *might* be developed, were the temptation strong enough. "Lead us not into temptation!" But it is fatal, I say, that it *be* developed. The thing into which it enters as a cognizable ingredient is doomed to be altogether transitory; and, however huge it may *look*, is in itself small. Napoleon's working, accordingly, what was it with all the noise it made? A flash as of gunpowder widespread; a blazing-up as of dry heath. For an hour the whole Universe seems wrapt in smoke and flame: but only for an hour. It goes out: the Universe with its old mountains and streams, its stars above and kind soil beneath, is still there.

The Duke of Weimar told his friends always, To be of courage; this Napoleonism was *unjust*, a falsehood, and could not last. It is true doctrine. The heavier this Napoleon trampled on the world, holding it tyrannously down, the fiercer would the world's recoil against him be one day. Injustice pays itself with frightful compound-interest. I am not sure but he had better have lost his best park of artillery or had his best regiment drowned in the sea, than shot that poor German Bookseller, Palm! It was a palpable tyrannous murderous injustice, which no man, let him paint an inch thick, could make out to be other. It burnt deep into the hearts of men, it and the like of it; suppressed fire flashed in the eyes of men as they thought of it,—waiting their day! Which day *came:* Germany rose round him. What Napoleon *did* will in the long run amount to what he did *justly;* what Nature with her laws will sanction. To what of reality was in him; to that and nothing more. The rest was all smoke and waste. *La carrière ouverte aux talens:* that great true Message, which has yet to articulate and fulfill itself everywhere, he left in a most inarticulate state. He was a great *ébauche*, a rude-draught never completed; as indeed what great man is other? Left in *too* rude a state, alas!

His notions of the world, as he expresses them there at St. Helena, are almost tragical to consider. He seems to feel the most unaffected surprise that it has all gone so; that he is flung out on the rock there, and the World is still moving on its axis. France is great, and all-great; and at bottom, he is France. England itself, he says, is by Nature only an appendage of France; "another Isle of Oleron to France." So it was *by Nature*, by Napoleon-Nature; and yet look how in fact — HERE AM I! He

cannot understand it: inconceivable that the reality has not corresponded to his program of it; that France was not all-great, that he was not France. "Strong delusion," that he should believe the thing to be which *is* not! The compact, clear-seeing, decisive Italian nature of him, strong, genuine, which he once had, has enveloped itself, half-dissolved itself, in a turbid atmosphere of French fanfaronade. The world was not disposed to be trodden down under foot; to be bound into masses, and built together, as *he* liked, for a pedestal to France and him: the world had quite other purposes in view! Napoleon's astonishment is extreme. But alas, what help now? He had gone that way of his; and Nature also had gone her way. Having once parted with Reality, he tumbles helpless in Vacuity; no rescue for him. He had to sink there, mournfully as man seldom did; and break his great heart and die,—this poor Napoleon: a great implement too soon wasted, till it was useless; our last Great Man!

From "Heroes and Hero-Worship"—
The Hero as King.

TEUFELSDRÖCKH ON "THE OMNIVOROUS BIPED IN BREECHES"

To the eye of vulgar Logic, what is man? An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches. To the eye of Pure Reason what is he? A soul, a Spirit, and Divine Apparition. Round his mysterious Me there lies, under all those wool-rags, a Garment of Flesh (or of Senses), contextured in the Loom of Heaven; whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in Union and Division; and sees and fashions for himself a Universe, with azure Starry Spaces, and long Thousands of Years. Deep-hidden is he under that strange Garment; amid Sounds and Colors and Forms, as it were, swathed in, and inextricably overshrouded; yet it is skywoven, and worthy of a God. Stands he not thereby in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities? He feels; power has been given him to Know, to Believe; nay, does not the spirit of Love, free in its celestial primeval brightness, even here, though but for moments, look through? Well said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, "the true Shekinah is man": where else is the God's-Presence manifested not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our fellowman?

In such passages, unhappily too rare the high Platonic Mysticism of our Author, which is perhaps the fundamental element of his nature, bursts forth, as it were, in full flood; and, through all the vapor and tarnish of what is often so perverse, so mean in his exterior and environment, we seem to look into a whole inward Sea of Light and Love,—though, alas, the grim, coppery clouds soon roll together again, and hide it from view.

Such tendency to Mysticism is everywhere traceable in this man; and, indeed, to attentive readers, must have been long ago apparent. Nothing that he sees but has more than a common meaning, but has two meanings: thus, if in the highest Imperial Sceptre and Charlemagne-Mantle, as well as in the poorest Ox-Goad and Gipsy-Blanket, he finds Prose, Decay, Contemptibility; there is in each sort Poetry also, and a reverend Worth. For Matter, were it never so despicable, is Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit: were it never so honorable, can it be more? The thing Visible, nay the thing imagined, the thing in any way conceived as Visible, what is it but a Garment, a Clothing of the higher celestial Invisible; "unimaginable, formless, dark with excess of bright"? Under which point of view the following passage, so strange in purport, so strange in phrase, seems characteristic enough:—

"The beginning of all Wisdom is to look fixedly on Clothes, or even with armed eyesight, till they become *transparent.*" "The Philosopher," says the wisest of this age, "must station himself in the middle": how true! The Philosopher is he to whom the Highest has descended, and the Lowest has mounted up; who is the equal and kindly brother of all.

Shall we tremble before clothwebs and cobwebs, whether woven in Arkwright looms or by the silent Arachnes that weave unrestingly in our Imagination? Or, on the other hand, what is there that we cannot love; since all was created by God?

Happy he who can look through the Clothes of a Man (the woolen and fleshly and official Bank-paper and State-paper Clothes), into the Man himself; and discern, it may be, in this or the other Dread Potentate, a more or less incompetent Digestive apparatus; yet also an inscrutable venerable Mystery in the meanest Tinker that sees with eyes!

For the rest, as is natural to a man of this kind, he deals much in the feeling of Wonder; insists on the necessity and high worth of universal Wonder; which he holds to be the only

reasonable temper for the denizen of so singular a Planet as ours. "Wonder," says he, "is the basis of Worship: the region of wonder is perennial, indestructible in Man; only at certain stages (as the present) it is, for some short season, a reign *in partibus infidelium*. That progress of Science, which is to destroy Wonder, and in its stead substitute Mensuration and Numeration, finds small favor with Teufelsdröckh, much as he otherwise venerates these two latter processes.

"Shall your Science," exclaims he, "proceed in the small chink-lighted, or even oil-lighted, underground workshop of Logic alone; and man's mind become an Arithmetical Mill, whereof Memory is the Hopper, and mere Tables of Sines and Tangents, Codification, and Treatises of what you call Political Economy, are the Meal? And what is that Science, which the scientific head alone, were it screwed off, and (like the Doctor's in the Arabian Tale) set in a basin to keep it alive, could prosecute without shadow of a heart,— but one other of the mechanical and menial handicrafts, for which the Scientific Head (having a Soul in it) is too noble an organ? I mean that Thought without Reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous; at best, dies like Cookery with the day that called it forth; does not live, like sowing, in successive tilths and wider-spreading harvests, bringing food and plenteous increase to all Time."

In such wise does Teufelsdröckh deal hits, harder or softer, according to ability; yet ever, as we would fain persuade ourselves, with charitable intent. Above all, that class of "Logic-choppers, and treble-pipe Scoffers, and professed Enemies to Wonder:" who, in these days, so numerously patrol as night-constables about the Mechanics' Institute of Science, and cackle, like true Old-Roman geese and goslings round their Capitol, on any alarm, or on none; nay, who often, as illuminated Skeptics, walk abroad into peaceable society, in full daylight, with rattle and lantern, and insist on guiding you and guarding you therewith, though the Sun be shining, and the street populous with mere justice-loving men; that whole class is inexpressibly wearisome to him. Hear with what uncommon animation he perorates:—

"The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mécanique Céleste* and *Hegel's Philosophy*, and the epitome of all Laboratories and Observatories with their results, in his single head,— is but a Pair of Spectacles

behind which there is no Eye. Let those who have Eyes look through him, then he may be useful.

«Thou wilt have no Mystery and Mysticism; wilt walk through thy world by the sunshine of what thou callest Truth, or even by the Hand-lamp of what I call Attorney-Logic; and 'explain' all, 'account' for all, or believe nothing of it? Nay, thou wilt attempt laughter; whoso recognizes the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of Mystery, which is everywhere under our feet and among our hands; to whom the Universe is an Oracle and Temple, as well as a Kitchen and Cattle-stall,—he shall be a delirious Mystic; to him thou, with sniffing charity, wilt protrusively proffer thy Hand-lamp, and shriek, as one injured, when he kicks his foot through it!—*Armer Teufel!* Doth not thy Cow calve, doth not thy Bull gender? Thou thyself, wert thou not Born, wilt thou not Die? 'Explain' me all this, or do one of two things: Retire into private places with thy foolish cackle; or, what were better, give it up, and weep, not that the reign of wonder is done, and God's world all disembellished and prosaic, but that thou hitherto art a Dilettante and sand-blind Pedant.»

«ANARCHY PLUS THE STREET-CONSTABLE» IN AMERICA

Of America it would ill beseem any Englishman, and me perhaps as little as another, to speak unkindly, to speak *unpatriotically*, if any of us even felt so. Sure enough, America is a great, and in many respects a blessed and hopeful phenomenon. Sure enough, these hardy millions of Anglo-Saxon men prove themselves worthy of their genealogy; and, with the ax and plow and hammer, if not yet with any much finer kind of implements, are triumphantly clearing out wide spaces, seed fields for the sustenance and refuge of mankind, arenas for the future history of the world;—doing, in their day and generation, a creditable and cheering feat under the sun. But as to a Model Republic, or a model anything, the wise among themselves know too well that there is nothing to be said. Nay, the title hitherto to be a Commonwealth or Nation at all, among the ἔθνοι of the world, is, strictly considered, still a thing they are but striving for, and indeed have not yet done much towards attaining. Their Constitution, such as it may be, was made here,

not there; went over with them from the Old-Puritan English workshop, ready-made. Deduct what they carried with them from England ready-made,—their common English Language, and that same Constitution, or rather elixir of constitutions, their inveterate and now, as it were, inborn reverence for the Constable's Staff; two quite immense attainments, which England had to spend much blood, and valiant sweat of brow and brain, for centuries long, in achieving;—and what new elements of polity or nationhood, what noble new phasis of human arrangement, or social device worthy of Prometheus or of Epimetheus, yet comes to light in America? Cotton crops and Indian corn and dollars come to light; and half a world of untilled land, where populations that respect the constable can live, for the present, *without* Government: this comes to light; and the profound sorrow of all nobler hearts, here uttering itself as silent, patient, unspeakable ennui, there coming out as vague elegiac wailings, that there is still next to nothing more. "Anarchy *plus* a street-constable": that also is anarchic to me, and other than quite lovely!

I foresee too that, long before the waste lands are full, the very street-constable, on these poor terms, will have become impossible: without the waste lands, as here in our Europe, I do not see how he could continue possible many weeks. Cease to brag to me of America, and its model institutions and constitutions. To men in their sleep there is nothing granted in this world: nothing, or as good as nothing, to men that sit idly *caucusing* and ballot-boxing on the graves of their heroic ancestors, saying, "It is well, it is well!" Corn and bacon are granted: not a very sublime boon, on such conditions; a boon moreover which, on such conditions, cannot last! No: America too will have to strain its energies, in quite other fashion than this; to crack its sinews, and all but break its heart, as the rest of us have had to do, in thousandfold wrestle with the Pythons and mud-demons, before it can become a habitation for the gods. America's battle is yet to fight; and we, sorrowful though nothing doubting, will wish her strength for it. New Spiritual Pythons, plenty of them; enormous Megatherions, as ugly as were ever born of mud, loom huge and hideous out of the twilight Future on America; and she will have her own agony, and her own victory, but on other terms than she is yet quite aware of. Hitherto she but ploughs and hammers, in a very successful

manner; hitherto, in spite of her "roast goose with apple sauce," she is not much. "Roast goose with apple sauce for the poorest workingman": well surely that is something,—thanks to your respect for the street-constable, and to your continents of fertile waste land;—but that, even if it could continue, is by no means enough; that is not even an installment towards what will be required of you. My friend, brag not yet of our American cousins! Their quantity of cotton, dollars, industry, and resources, I believe to be almost unspeakable; but I can by no means worship the like of these. What great human soul, what great thought, what great noble thing that one could worship, or loyally admire, has yet been produced there? None; the American cousins have yet done none of these things. "What they have done?" growls Smelfungus, tired of the subject: "They have doubled their population every twenty years. They have begotten, with a rapidity beyond recorded example, Eighteen Millions of the greatest *bores* ever seen in this world before:—that, hitherto, is their feat in History!" And so we leave them, for the present; and cannot predict the success of Democracy, on this side of the Atlantic, from their example.

Alas, on this side of the Atlantic and on that, Democracy, we apprehend, is forever impossible! . . . I say, it is the everlasting privilege of the foolish to be governed by the wise; to be guided in the right path by those who know it better than they. This is the first "right of man"; compared with which all other rights are as nothing,—mere superfluities, corollaries which will follow of their own accord out of this; if they be not contradictions to this and less than nothing! To the wise it is not a privilege; far other indeed. Doubtless, as bringing preservation to their country, it implies preservation of themselves withal; but intrinsically it is the harshest duty a wise man, if he be indeed wise, has laid to his hand. A duty which he would fain enough shirk; which accordingly, in these sad times of doubt and cowardly sloth, he has long everywhere been endeavoring to reduce to its minimum, and has in fact in most cases nearly escaped altogether. It is an ungoverned world; a world which we flatter ourselves will henceforth need no governing. On the dust of our heroic ancestors we too sit ballot-boxing, saying to one another, It is well, it is well! By inheritance of their noble struggles, we have been permitted to sit slothful so long. By noble toil, not by shallow laughter and vain talk, they made this

English Existence from a savage forest into an arable inhabitable field for us; and we,—idly dreaming it would grow spontaneous crops forever,—find it now in a too questionable state; peremptorily requiring real labor and agriculture again. Real "agriculture" is not pleasant; much pleasanter to reap and winnow (with ballot-box or otherwise) than to plough!

Who would govern that can get along without governing? He that is fittest for it is of all men the unwillingest unless constrained. By multifarious devices we have been endeavoring to dispense with governing; and by very superficial speculations, of *laissez-faire*, supply-and-demand, etc., etc., to persuade ourselves that it is best so. The Real Captain, unless it be some Captain of mechanical Industry hired by Mammon, where is he in these days? Most likely, in silence, in sad isolation somewhere, in remote obscurity; trying if, in an evil ungoverned time, he cannot at least govern himself. The Real Captain undiscoverable; the Phantasm Captain everywhere very conspicuous:—it is thought Phantasm Captains, aided by ballot-boxes, are the true method, after all. They are much the pleasantest for the time being! And so no *Dux* or Duke of any sort, in any province of our affairs, now *leads:* the Duke's Bailiff *leads*, what little leading is required for getting in the rents; and the Duke merely rides in the state coach. It is everywhere so: and now at last we see a world all rushing towards strange consummations, because it is and has long been so!

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THE GOSPEL OF WORK

The latest Gospel in this world is, know thy work and do it. "Know thyself"; long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual; know what thou canst work at, and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written "an endless significance lies in work"; as man perfects himself by writing. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome

desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but as he bends himself with free valor against his task, all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring afar off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame?

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round, compacted World What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel, one of the venerablest objects; old as the prophet Ezekiel, and far older? Rude lumps of clay; how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel, reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enameling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch, a mere enameled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How as the free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear, flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great

or small! Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all an hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone."

From "Past and Present."

THE SUPREME LAW OF JUSTICE

In this God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew for ever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, No!" Thy "success"? Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark — all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, dingdong of bells, or leading articles visible or audible to thee again at all for ever. What kind of success is that? It is true all goes by approximation in this world; with any not insupportable approximation we must be patient. There is a noble Conservatism as well as an ignoble. Would to Heaven, for the

sake of Conservatism itself, the noble alone were left, and the ignoble, by some kind severe hand, were ruthlessly lopped away, forbidden any more to show itself! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement, and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media and vortices, has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating: "See, your Heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed.

From "Past and Present."

ON SAMUEL JOHNSON

In a world which exists by the balance of Antagonisms, the respective merit of the Conservator and the Innovator must ever remain debatable. Great, in the meanwhile, and undoubted, for both sides, is the merit of him who, in a day of Change, walks wisely, honestly. Johnson's aim was in itself an impossible one; this of stemming the eternal Flood of Time; of clutching all things, and anchoring them down, and saying, Move not!—how could it, or should it, ever have success? The strongest man can but retard the current partially and for a short hour. Yet even in such shortest retardation, may not an estimable value lie? If England has escaped the blood-bath of a French Revolution; and may yet, in virtue of this delay and of the experience it has given, work out her deliverance calmly into a new Era, let Samuel Johnson, beyond all contemporary or succeeding men, have the praise for it. We said above that he was appointed to

be Ruler of the British nation for a season: whoso will look beyond the surface, into the heart of the world's movements, may find that all Pitt Administrations, and Continental Subsidies, and Waterloo victories, rested on the possibility of making England, yet a little while, *Toryish*, Loyal to the Old; and this again on the anterior reality, that the Wise had found such Loyalty still practicable and recommendable. England had its Hume, as France had its Voltaires and Diderots; but the Johnson was peculiar to us.

If we ask now by what endowment it mainly was that Johnson realized such a Life for himself and others; what quality of character the main phenomena of his Life may be most naturally deduced from, and his other qualities most naturally subordinated to, in our conception of him, perhaps the answer were: The quality of Courage, of Valor; that Johnson was a Brave Man. The Courage that can go forth, once and away, to Chalk-Farm, and have itself shot, and snuffed out, with decency, is nowise wholly what we mean here. Such Courage we indeed esteem an exceeding small matter; capable of coexisting with a life full of falsehood, feebleness, poltroonery, and despicability. Nay, oftener it is Cowardice rather that produces the result: for consider, Is the Chalk-Farm Pistoleer inspired with any reasonable Belief and Determination; or is he hounded on by haggard, indefinable Fear,—how he will be *cut* at public places, and "plucked geese of the neighborhood" will wag their tongues at him a plucked goose? If he go then, and be shot without shrieking, or audible uproar, it is well for him: nevertheless, there is nothing amazing in it. Courage to manage all this has not perhaps been denied to any man or to any woman. Thus, do not recruiting sergeants drum through the streets of manufacturing towns, and collect ragged losels enough; every one of whom, if once dressed in red and trained a little, will receive fire cheerfully for the small sum of one shilling *per diem*, and have the soul blown out of him at last, with perfect propriety. The Courage that dares only *die* is on the whole no sublime affair; necessary indeed, yet universal: pitiful when it begins to parade itself. On this Globe of ours, there are some thirty-six persons that manifest it, seldom with the smallest failure, during every second of time. Nay, look at Newgate: do not the offscourings of Creation, when condemned to the gallows, as if they were not men but vermin, walk thither

with decency, and even to the scowls and hootings of the whole Universe give their stern good-night in silence? What is to be undergone only once, we may undergo; what must be, comes almost of its own accord. Considered as Duelist, what a poor figure does the fiercest Irish Whiskerando make, compared with any English Game-cock, such as you may buy for fifteen-pence!

The Courage we desire and prize is not the Courage to die decently, but to live manfully. This, when by God's grace it has been given, lies deep in the soul; like genial heat, fosters all other virtues and gifts; without it they could not live. In spite of our innumerable Waterloos and Peterloos, and such campaigning as there has been, this Courage we allude to, and call the only true one, is perhaps rarer in these last ages than it has been in any other since the Saxon Invasion under Hengist. Altogether extinct it can never be among men; otherwise the species Man were no longer for this world: here and there, in all times, under various guises, men are sent hither not only to demonstrate, but exhibit it, and testify, as from heart to heart, that it is still possible, still practicable.

Johnson, in the eighteenth century, and as Man of Letters, was one of such; and, in good truth, "the bravest of the brave." What mortal could have more to war with? Yet, as we saw, he yielded not, faltered not; he fought, and even, such was his blessedness, prevailed. Whoso will understand what it is to have a man's heart, may find that, since the time of John Milton, no braver heart had beat in any English bosom than Samuel Johnson now bore. Observe too that he never called himself brave, never felt himself to be so; the more completely *was* so. No Giant Despair, no Golgotha-Death-dance or Sorcerer's-Sabbath of "Literary Life in London," appalls this pilgrim; he works resolutely for deliverance; in still defiance steps stoutly along. The thing that is given him to do he can make himself do; what is to be endured he can endure in silence.

How the great soul of old Samuel, consuming daily his own bitter unalleviable allotment of misery and toil, shows beside the poor flimsy little soul of young Boswell; one day flaunting in the ring of vanity, tarrying by the wine cup, and crying, Aha! the wine is red; the next day deploring his down-pressed, night-shaded, quite poor estate; and thinking it unkind that the whole movement of the Universe should go on, while *his* digestive-apparatus had stopped! We reckon Johnson's "talent of silence" to be

among his great and too rare gifts. Where there is nothing farther to be done, there shall nothing farther be said: like his own poor blind Welshwoman, he accomplished somewhat, and also "endured fifty years of wretchedness with unshaken fortitude." How grim was Life to him; a sick Prison-house and Doubting-castle! "His great business," he would profess, "was to escape from himself." Yet towards all this he has taken his position and resolution; can dismiss it all "with frigid indifference, having little to hope or to fear." Friends are stupid and pusillanimous and parsimonious; "wearied of his stay, yet offended at his departure": it is the manner of the world. "By popular delusion," remarks he with a gigantic calmness, "illiterate writers will rise into renown": it is portion of the History of English Literature; a perennial thing, this same popular delusion; and will — alter the character of the Language.

Closely connected with this quality of Valor, partly as springing from it, partly as protected by it, are the more recognizable qualities of Truthfulness in word and thought, and Honesty in action. There is a reciprocity of influence here: for as the realizing of Truthfulness and Honesty is the Life-light and great aim of Valor, so without Valor they cannot, in anywise, be realized. Now, in spite of all practical shortcomings, no one that sees into the significance of Johnson will say that his prime object was not Truth. In conversation, doubtless, you may observe him, on occasion, fighting as if for victory; — and must pardon these ebulliences of a careless hour, which were not without temptation and provocation. Remark likewise two things; that such prize-arguings were ever on merely superficial debatable questions; and then that they were argued generally by the fair laws of battle, and logic-fence, by one cunning in that same. If their purpose was excusable, their effect was harmless, perhaps beneficial: that of taming noisy mediocrity, and showing it another side of a debatable matter; to see *both* sides of which was, for the first time, to see the Truth of it. In his Writings themselves, are errors enough, crabbed prepossessions enough, yet these also of a quite extraneous and accidental nature; nowhere a willful shutting of the eyes to the Truth. Nay, is there not everywhere a heartfelt discernment, singular, almost admirable, if we consider through what confused conflicting lights and hallucinations it had to be attained, of the highest everlasting Truth, and beginning of all Truths: this, namely, that man is ever, and even in the age of

Wilkes and Whitefield, a Revelation of God to man; and lives, moves, and has his being in Truth only; is either true, or, in strict speech, *is* not at all?

Quite spotless, on the other hand, is Johnson's love of Truth, if we look at it as expressed in Practice, as what we have named Honesty of action. "Clear your mind of Cant"; *clear* it, throw Cant utterly away: such was his emphatic, repeated precept; and did not he himself faithfully conform to it? The Life of this man has been, as it were, turned inside out, and examined with microscopes by friend and foe; yet was there no Lie found in him. His Doings and Writings are not *shows*, but *performances:* you may weigh them in the balance, and they will stand weight. Not a line, not a sentence is dishonestly done, is other than it pretends to be. Alas! and he wrote not out of inward inspiration, but to earn his wages: and with that grand perennial tide of "popular delusion" flowing by; in whose waters he nevertheless refused to fish, to whose rich oyster-beds the dive was too muddy for him. Observe, again, with what innate hatred of Cant, he takes for himself, and offers to others the lowest possible view of his business, which he followed with such nobleness. Motive for writing he had none, as he often said, but money; and yet he wrote *so.* Into the region of Poetic Art he indeed never rose; there was no *ideal* without him avowing itself in his work: the nobler was that unavowed *ideal* which lay within him, and commanded, saying, Work out thy Artisanship in the spirit of an Artist! They who talk loudest about the dignity of Art, and fancy that they too are Artistic guild-brethren, and of the Celestials,—let them consider well what manner of man this was, who felt himself to be only a hired day-laborer. A laborer that was worthy of his hire; that has labored not as an eye-servant, but as one found faithful! Neither was Johnson in those days perhaps wholly a unique. Time was when, for money, you might have ware: and needed not, in all departments, in that of the Epic Poem, in that of the Blacking Bottle, to rest content with the mere *persuasion* that you had ware. It was a happier time. But as yet the seventh Apocalyptic Bladder (of PUFFERY) had not been rent open,—to whirl and grind, as in a West-Indian Tornado, all earthly trades and things into wreck, and dust, and consummation,—and regeneration. Be it quickly, since it must be!

That Mercy can dwell only with Valor, is an old sentiment or proposition; which, in Johnson, again receives confirmation.

Few men on record have had a more merciful, tenderly affectionate nature than old Samuel. He was called the Bear; and did indeed too often look, and roar, like one; being forced to it in his own defense: yet within that shaggy exterior of his, there beat a heart warm as a mother's, soft as a little child's. Nay, generally, his very roaring was but the anger of affection: the rage of a Bear, if you will; but of a Bear bereaved of her whelps. Touch his Religion, glance at the Church of England, or the Divine Right; and he was upon you! These things were his Symbols of all that was good, and precious for men; his very Ark of the Covenant: whoso laid hand on them tore asunder his heart of hearts. Not out of hatred to the opponent, but of love to the thing opposed, did Johnson grow cruel, fiercely contradictory: this is an important distinction; never to be forgotten in our censure of his conversational outrages. But observe also with what humanity, what openness of love, he can attach himself to all things: to a blind old woman, to a Doctor Levett, to a Cat "Hodge." His thoughts in the latter part of his life were frequently employed on his deceased friends; he often muttered these or such-like sentences: "Poor man! and then he died." How he patiently converts his poor home into a Lazaretto; endures, for long years, the contradiction of the miserable and unreasonable; with him unconnected, save that they had no other to yield them refuge! Generous old man! Worldly possession he has little; yet of this he gives freely; from his own hard-earned shilling, the half-pence for the poor, that "waited his coming out," are not withheld: the poor "waited the coming out" of one not quite so poor! A Sterne can write sentimentalities on Dead Asses: Johnson has a rough voice; but he finds the wretched Daughter of Vice fallen down in the streets; carries her home, on his own shoulders, and like a good Samaritan, gives help to the help-needing, worthy or unworthy. Ought not Charity, even in that sense, to cover a multitude of Sins? No Penny-a-week Committee-Lady, no manager of Soup-Kitchens, dancer at Charity Balls, was this rugged, stern-visaged man: but where, in all England, could there have been found another soul so full of Pity, a hand so heaven-like bounteous as his? The widow's mite, we know, was greater than all the other gifts.

Perhaps it is this divine feeling of Affection, throughout manifested, that principally attracts us towards Johnson. A true brother of men is he; and filial lover of the Earth; who, with

little bright spots of Attachment, "where lives and works some loved one," has beautified "this rough, solitary Earth into a peopled garden."

From a Review of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Fraser's Magazine 1832.

AN ETHICAL PIG'S CATECHISM

SUPPOSING swine (I mean four-footed swine) of sensibility and superior logical parts had attained culture; and could, after survey and reflection, jot down for us their notion of the Universe, and of their interest and duties there,—might it not well interest a discerning public, perhaps in unexpected ways, and give a stimulus to the languishing book-trade? The votes of all creatures, it is understood at present, ought to be had; that you may "legislate" for them with better insight. "How can you govern a thing," say many, "without first asking its vote?" Unless, indeed, you already chance to know its vote,—and even something more, namely, what you are to think of its vote; what *it* wants by its vote; and, still more important, what Nature wants,—which latter, at the end of the account,—the only thing that will be got!—Pig Propositions, in a rough form, are somewhat as follows:—

1. The Universe, so far as sane conjecture can go, is an immeasurable Swine's-trough, consisting of solid and liquid, and of other contrasts and kinds;—especially consisting of attainable and unattainable, the latter in immensely greater quantities for most pigs.

2. Moral evil is unattainability of Pig's-wash; moral good, attainability of ditto.

3. "What is Paradise, or the State of Innocence?" Paradise, called also State of Innocence, Age of Gold, and other names, *was* (according to Pigs of weak judgment) unlimited attainability of Pig's-wash; perfect fulfillment of one's wishes, so that the Pig's imagination could not outrun reality; a fable and an impossibility, as Pigs of sense now see.

4. "Define the Whole Duty of Pigs." It is the mission of universal Pighood, and the duty of all Pigs, at all times, to diminish the quantity of unattainable and increase that of attainable. All knowledge and device and effort ought to be directed

thither and thither only: Pig science, Pig enthusiasm and Devotion have this one aim. It is the Whole Duty of Pigs.

5. Pig Poetry ought to consist of universal recognition of the excellence of Pig's-wash and ground barley, and the felicity of Pigs whose trough is in order, and who have had enough: Hrumph!

6. The Pig knows the weather; he ought to look out what kind of weather it will be.

7. "Who made the Pig?" Unknown — perhaps the Pork-butcher.

8. "Have you Law and Justice in Pigdom?" Pigs of observation have discerned that there is, or was once supposed to be, a thing called justice. Undeniably at least there is a sentiment in Pig-nature called indignation, revenge, etc., which, if one Pig provoke another, comes out in a more or less destructive manner: hence laws are necessary, amazing quantities of laws. For quarreling is attended with loss of blood, of life, at any rate with frightful effusion of the general stock of Hog's-wash, and ruin (temporary ruin) to large sections of the universal Swine's-trough: wherefore let justice be observed, that so quarreling be avoided.

9. "What is justice?" Your own share of the general Swine's-trough, not any portion of my share.

10. "But what is 'my' share?" Ah! there, in fact, lies the grand difficulty; upon which Pig science, meditating this long while, can settle absolutely nothing. My share — hrumph! — my share is, on the whole, whatever I can contrive to get without being hanged or sent to the hulks.

From "Latter-Day Pamphlets" (1850).

EDWARD CARPENTER

(1844–)

"Civilization — Its Cause and Cure," published by Edward Carpenter in 1889, at once attracted the attention of the English-speaking world. The promise of marked originality given by the title was fully honored in the book itself. It proved to be one of the strongest pleas ever made in English for Rousseau's "return to nature" as a remedy for the evils of luxury and sensuousness. Its author was himself a convert, for it is said that he left the cities for "simple, yet artistic, farm life." He was born at Brighton in 1844, and educated at Cambridge for the Church of England, in which he took orders and served for several years as a curate at St. Edwards, Cambridge. Retiring from the ministry, he became a University Extension lecturer and author. Among his works are "Towards Democracy," 1883; "England's Ideal," 1887; and "Civilization — Its Cause and Cure," 1889.

CIVILIZATION — ITS CURE

To the early man the notion of his having a separate individuality could only with difficulty occur; hence he troubled himself not with the suicidal questionings concerning the whence and whither which now vex the modern mind. For what causes these questions to be asked is simply the wretched feeling of isolation, actual or prospective, which man necessarily has when he contemplates himself as a separate atom in this immense universe — the gulf which lies below seemingly ready to swallow him, and the anxiety to find some mode of escape. But when he feels once more that he, that he himself, is absolutely indivisibly and indestructibly a part of this great whole — why then there is no gulf into which he can possibly fall; when he is sensible of the fact, why then the how of its realization, though losing none of its interest, becomes a matter for whose solution he can wait and work in faith and contentment of mind. The Sun or Sol, visible image of his very Soul, closest and most vital to him

of all mortal things, occupying the illimitable heaven, feeding all with its life; the Moon, emblem and nurse of his own reflective thought, the conscious Man, measurer of Time, mirror of the Sun; the planetary passions wandering to and fro, yet within bounds; the starry destinies; the changes of the earth, and the seasons; the upward growth and unfoldment of all organic life; the emergence of the perfect Man, towards whose birth all creation groans and travails — all these things will return to become realities, and to be the frame or setting of his supra-mundane life. The meaning of the old religions will come back to him. On the high tops once more gathering he will celebrate with naked dances the glory of the human form and the great processions of the stars, or greet the bright horn of the young moon which now after a hundred centuries comes back laden with such wondrous associations — all the yearnings and the dreams and the wonderment of the generations of mankind — the worship of Astarte and of Diana, of Isis or the Virgin Mary; once more in sacred groves will he reunite the passion and the delight of human love with his deepest feelings of the sanctity and beauty of Nature; or in the open, standing uncovered to the sun, will adore the emblem of the everlasting splendor which shines within. The same sense of vital perfection and exaltation which can be traced in the early and pre-civilization peoples — only a thousand times intensified, defined, illustrated, and purified — will return to irradiate the redeemed and delivered Man.

In suggesting thus the part which Civilization has played in history, I am aware that the word itself is difficult to define — is at best only one of those phantom-generalizations which the mind is forced to employ; also that the account I have given of it is sadly imperfect, leaning perhaps too much to the merely negative and destructive aspect of this thousand-year long lapse of human evolution. I would also remind the reader that though it is perfectly true that under the dissolving influence of civilization empire after empire has gone under and disappeared, and the current of human progress time after time has only been restored again by a fresh influx of savagery, yet its corruptive tendency has never had a quite unlimited fling; but that all down the ages of its dominance over the earth we can trace the tradition of a healing and redeeming power at work in the human breast and an anticipation of the second advent of the son of man. Certain institutions, too, such as Art and the Family

(though it seems not unlikely that both of these will greatly change when the special conditions of their present existence have disappeared), have served to keep the sacred flame alive; the latter preserving in island miniatures, as it were, the ancient communal humanity when the seas of individualism and greed covered the general face of the earth; the former keeping up, so to speak, a navel cord of contact with Nature, and a means of utterance of primal emotions else unsatisfiable in the world around.

And if it seem extravagant to suppose that Society will ever emerge from the chaotic condition of strife and perplexity in which we find it all down the lapse of historical time, or to hope that the civilization process which has terminated fatally so invariably in the past will ever eventuate in the establishment of a higher and more perfect health condition, we may for our consolation remember that to-day there are features in the problem which have never been present before. In the first place, to-day Civilization is no longer isolated, as in the ancient world, in surrounding floods of savagery and barbarism, but it practically covers the globe, and the outlying savagery is so feeble as not possibly to be a menace to it. This may at first appear a drawback, for (it will be said) if Civilization be not renovated by the influx of eternal Savagery, its own inherent flaws will destroy society all the sooner. And there would be some truth in this if it were not for the following consideration; namely, that while for the first time in history Civilization is now practically continuous over the globe, now also for the first time we can descry forming in continuous line within its very structure the forces which are destined to destroy it and to bring about the new order. While hitherto isolated communisms, as suggested, have existed here and there and from time to time, now for the first time in History both the masses and the thinkers of all the advanced nations of the world are consciously feeling their way towards the establishment of a socialistic and communal life on a vast scale. The present competitive society is more and more rapidly becoming a mere dead formula and husk within which the outlines of the new and human society are already discernible. Simultaneously and as if to match this growth, a move towards Nature and Savagery is for the first time taking place from within, instead of being forced upon society from without. The nature movement begun years ago in literature and art is

now among the more advanced sections of the civilized world rapidly realizing itself in actual life, going so far even as a denial, among some, of machinery and the complex products of Civilization, and developing among others into a gospel of salvation by sandals and sunbaths! It is in these two movements — towards a complex human Communism and towards individual freedom and Savagery — in some sort balancing and correcting each other, and both visibly growing up within — though utterly foreign to — our present-day Civilization, that we have fair grounds I think for looking forward to its cure.

From «Civilization — Its Cause and Cure.»

SIR WILLIAM BENJAMIN CARPENTER

(1813–1885)

SIR WILLIAM CARPENTER, one of the most attractive scientific writers of his day, was born at Exeter, England, October 29th, 1813. His father, Rev. Lant Carpenter, was a theological writer of distinction, and his eldest sister, Mary, showed the force of inherited intellect by making an international reputation as a writer and philanthropist. After studying medicine at the Universities of London and Edinburgh, Carpenter became Fullerian professor of physiology at the Royal Institution in 1844. His subsequent career was one of increasing distinction. He took part in several scientific exploring expeditions, notably in that of "The Challenger," and wrote numerous books and essays, chiefly on biological subjects. His "Mental Physiology" is a work of absorbing interest, remarkable for the brilliancy of its style and the variety of the incident with which it deals. Carpenter died at London, November 19th, 1885.

HUMAN AUTOMATISM

THE moral judgments which we form of the actions of other men are necessarily as imperfect as our predictions of their conduct; since no one can fully estimate the relative potency of heredity and environments, on the one side, and of the sense of duty and capacity of willing, on the other; and the consciousness of our own weakness in resisting the temptations which we feel most attractive to ourselves, should lead us to make large allowance for the frailties and shortcomings of others. There are too many, who, as old Butler pithily said: —

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

Kindly allowance for the offender ("considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted") is perfectly consistent with reprobation of the offense. And thus the "charity" which "beareth all things,

believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," is in strict accordance with the results of pyschological inquiry into the influences which form the character and determine the relative potency of motives.

It seems to me (as to Mr. Sidgwick, op. cit., p. 50) quite clear that on the automatist or determinist theory, such words as "ought," "duty," "responsibility," have to be used, if used at all, in new significations. The welfare of that aggregate of automata which we call society may require that every individual automaton shall be prevented from doing what is injurious to it; and punishment for offenses actually committed may be reasonably inflicted as a deterrent from the repetition of such offenses by the individual or by others. But if the individual has in himself no power either to do the right or to avoid the wrong, and if the potency of that aggregate of feelings about actions as being "right or wrong" which is termed conscience, entirely depends upon "circumstances" over which he neither has, nor ever has had any control, I fail to see in what other sense he should be held "responsible" for doing what he knows that he "ought not" to have done, or for doing what he knows that he "ought" to have done, than a steam-engine, which breaks away from its "governor" in consequence of a sudden increase of steam pressure, or which comes to a stop through the bursting of its steam pipe, can be accounted responsible for the damage thence arising.

The idea of "responsibility," on the other hand, which is entertained by mankind at large, rests upon the assumption, not only that each Ego has a conscience which recognizes a distinction between right and wrong, and which (according to the training it has received) decides what is right and what is wrong in each individual case, but also that he has a volitional power which enables him to intensify his sense of "duty" by fixing his attention upon it, and thus gives it a potency in determining his conduct which it might not have otherwise possessed. That this power is a part of the Ego's "formed character," and that it can only be exerted within certain limits, is fully admitted on the doctrine I advocate; but the responsibility of the Ego is shifted backwards to the share he has had in the formation of his character and in the determination of those limits. And here, again, the results of scientific investigation are in complete harmony with the precepts of the greatest of all religious teachers. For

no one can study these with care, without perceiving that Jesus and Paul addressed themselves rather to the formation of the character than to the laying down rules for conduct; that they endeavored rather to cultivate the dispositions which should lead to right action than to fix rigid lines of duty, the enforcement of which under other circumstances might be not only unsuitable, but actually mischievous; and that they not only most fully recognize the power of each individual to direct the habitual course of his thoughts to cherish his nobler affections, and to repress his sensual inclinations, but made the possession of that power the basis of the entire system of Christian morality.

That system has been found to harmonize with the experience of the best and wisest of our race; which has proved its capability of strengthening every virtuous effort, of giving force to every noble aspiration, of aiding the resistance to the allurements of self-interest, and of keeping at bay the stronger temptations of vicious indulgence. The tendency of the automatist philosophy, on the other hand, which represents man as nothing but "a part of the great series of causes and effects, which, in unbroken continuity, compose that which is, and has been, and shall be,— the sum of existence," seems to be no less certainly towards the discouragment of all determinate effort, either for individual self-improvement, or for the general welfare of the race. For though it fully recognizes, as factors in human action, the most elevated as well as the most degraded classes of motives, and gives all the encouragement to the culture of the one and to the repression of the other that faith in the uniformity of causation can afford, yet, by refusing to the Ego any capability of himself modifying the potency of those factors, it dries up the source of that sense of independence which springs from the conviction that man's "volition counts for something as a condition in the course of events," and leaves him a mere instrument in the hands of an inexorable fate.

To myself it seems as if nothing was wanting either in my own self-consciousness, or in what I know of the conscious experience of other men, to establish the existence of the "self-determining power" for which I contend. I cannot conceive of any kind of evidence of its existence more cogent than that which I already possess. And feeling assured that the sources of my belief in it lie deep down in the nature of every normally

constituted human being, I cannot anticipate the time when that belief will be eliminated from the thought of mankind; when the words "ought," "duty," "responsibility," "choice," "self-control," and the like, will cease to have the meaning we at present attach to them;—and when we shall really treat each other as automata who cannot help doing whatever our "heredity" and "environments" necessitate.

From "Essays Scientific and Philosophical."

ELIZABETH CARTER

(1717–1806)

MISS ELIZABETH CARTER, described in the footnotes to the early reprints of the Rambler as "Mrs. Carter of Deal" was one of the celebrated "bluestockings" of the eighteenth century. She translated Epictetus and, besides her Greek and Latin, knew Hebrew, French, German, and most of the European languages. Doctor Johnson admired her greatly for her ability and the use she made of it, and it was to him that she owed the publication of several of her essays in the Rambler. She was born at Deal, December 6th, 1717. Her father was a clergyman, who educated his girls as thoroughly as he did his boys. In her anxiety to learn, Elizabeth "took snuff and learned to chew green tea to keep awake at night." Her health was thus impaired and she never married, but in spite of the damage to her nerves from snuff, green tea, and education, she lived until 1806, and for the last twelve years of her father's life gave him a home in a house she had bought with her own earnings.

A "RAMBLER" ESSAY

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.
— Persius.

Horace, with sly, insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face;
Would raise a blush where secret vice he found,
And tickle while he gently probed the wound.
With seeming innocence the crowd beguiled;
But made the desperate passes when he smiled.
— Dryden.

To the Rambler: Sir:—

AS VERY many well-disposed persons, by the unavoidable necessity of their affairs, are so unfortunate as to be totally buried in the country, where they labor under the most deplorable ignorance of what is transacting among the polite part of mankind, I cannot help thinking that, as a public writer, you should take the case of these truly compassionable objects under your consideration.

These unhappy languishers in obscurity should be furnished with such accounts of the employments of people of the world as may engage them in their several remote corners to a laudable imitation; or at least so far inform and prepare them that if by any joyful change of situation they should be suddenly transported into the gay scene, they may not gape and wonder and stare, and be utterly at a loss how to behave and make a proper appearance in it.

It is inconceivable how much the welfare of all the country towns in the kingdom might be promoted if you would use your charitable endeavors to raise in them a noble emulation of the manners and customs of higher life.

For this purpose you should give a very clear and ample description of the whole set of polite acquirements; a complete history of forms, fashions, frolics, of routs, drums, hurricanes, balls, assemblies, ridottos, masquerades, auctions, plays, operas, puppet shows, and bear gardens; of all those delights which profitably engage the attention of the most sublime characters, and by which they have brought to such amazing perfection the whole art and mystery of passing day after day, week after week, and year after year, without the heavy assistance of any one thing that formal creatures are pleased to call useful and necessary.

In giving due instructions through what steps to attain this summit of human excellence, you may add such irresistible arguments in its favor as must convince numbers, who in other instances do not seem to want natural understanding, of the unaccountable error of supposing they were sent into the world for any other purpose but to flutter, sport, and shine. For, after all, nothing can be clearer than that an everlasting round of diversion, and the more lively and hurrying the better, is the most important end of human life.

It is really prodigious, so much as the world is improved, that there should in these days be persons so ignorant and stupid as to think it necessary to misspend their time and trouble their heads about anything else than pursuing the present fancy; for what else is worth living for?

It is time enough surely to think of consequences when they come; and as for the antiquated notions of duty, they are not to be met with in any French Novel, or any book one ever looks into, but derived almost wholly from the writings of authors who

lived a vast many ages ago; and who, as they were totally without any idea of those accomplishments which now characterize people of distinction, have been for some time sinking apace into utter contempt. It does not appear that even their most zealous admirers, for some partisans of his own sort every writer will have, can pretend to say they were ever at one ridotto.

In the important article of diversions, the ceremonial of visits, the ecstatic delight of unfriendly intimacies, and unmeaning civilities, they are absolutely silent. Blunt truth, and downright honesty, plain clothes, staying at home, hard work, few words, and those unenlivened with censure or double meaning, are what they recommend as the ornaments and pleasures of life. Little oaths, polite dissimulation, tea-table scandal, delightful indolence, the glitter of finery, the triumph of precedence, the enchantments of flattery, they seem to have had no notion of, and I cannot but laugh to think what a figure they would have made in a drawing-room, and how frighted they would have looked at a gaming table.

The noble zeal of patriotism that disdains authority and tramples on laws for sport was absolutely the aversion of these tame wretches.

Indeed, one cannot discover any one thing they pretend to teach people, but to be wise and good; acquirements infinitely below the consideration of persons of taste and spirit, who know how to spend their time to so much better purpose.

Among other admirable improvements, pray, Mr. Rambler, do not forget to enlarge on the very extensive benefit of playing at cards on Sundays; a practice of such infinite use, that we may modestly expect to see it prevail universally in all parts of this kingdom.

To persons of fashion, the advantage is obvious; because, as for some strange reason or other, which no fine gentleman or fine lady has yet been able to penetrate, there is neither play nor masquerade nor bottled conjurer nor any other thing worth living for, to be had on a Sunday; if it were not for the charitable assistance of whist or brag, the genteel part of mankind must, one day in seven, necessarily suffer a total extinction of being.

Nor are the persons of high rank the only gainers by so salutary a custom, which extends its good influence, in some degree, to the lower orders of people; but were it quite general, how much better and happier would the world be than it is even now?

It is hard upon poor creatures, be they ever so mean, to deny them those enjoyments and liberties which are equally open for all. Yet if servants were taught to go to church on this day, spend some part of it in reading or receiving instruction in a family way, and the rest in mere friendly conversation, the poor wretches would infallibly take it into their heads that they were obliged to be sober, modest, diligent, and faithful to their masters and mistresses.

Now surely no one of common prudence or humanity would wish their domestics infected with such strange and primitive notions, or laid under such unmerciful restraints: all which may, in a great measure, be prevented by the prevalence of the good-humored fashion that I would have you recommend. For when the lower kind of people see their betters, with a truly laudable spirit, insulting and flying in the face of those rude, ill-bred dictators, piety and the laws, they are thereby excited and admonished, as far as actions can admonish and excite, and taught that they too have an equal right of setting them at defiance in such instances as their particular necessities and inclinations may require; and thus is the liberty of the whole human species mightily improved and enlarged.

In short, Mr. Rambler, by a faithful representation of the numberless benefits of a modish life, you will have done your part in promoting what everybody seems to confess the true purpose of human existence, perpetual dissipation.

By encouraging people to employ their whole attention on trifles, and make amusement their sole study, you will teach them how to avoid many very uneasy reflections.

All the soft feelings of humanity, the sympathies of friendship, all natural temptations to the care of a family, and solicitude about the good or ill of others, with the whole train of domestic and social affections, which create such daily anxieties and embarrassments, will be happily stifled and suppressed in a round of perpetual delights; and all serious thoughts, but particularly that of *hereafter*, be banished out of the world; a most perplexing apprehension, but luckily a most groundless one too, as it is so very clear a case, that nobody ever dies.

I am, etc.,

CHARIESSA.

Complete. Number 100 of the Rambler.

EMILIO CASTELAR

(1832–1899)

IN LITERATURE as in statesmanship, Castelar was easily the greatest Spaniard of the nineteenth century. He was a man of universal sympathy. His intellect took in the movement of his age, in his own country and in every other. He knew the history of American politics better than most Americans, and few Englishmen were equal to him in his knowledge of the great masterpieces of English literature. His whole life was a strenuous struggle for progress. He was born at Cadiz, September 8th, 1832. One of the Republican leaders in the rising of 1866, he fled from Spain; but returning after a brief exile, he became minister of foreign affairs in 1873 and later in the same year chief executive of Spain. His history, "Civilization in the First Five Centuries of the Christian Era," appeared in 1865, and he followed it with numerous volumes, many of which were translated into English and widely read. He died in 1899. His style as an essayist is admirable.

THE HEROIC IN MODERN JOURNALISM

WHEN I take a newspaper in my hand, and glance over its columns; when I consider the diversity of its matter and the riches of its contents, I cannot help feeling a rapturous pride in my epoch, and a thrill of compassion toward the ages which were unacquainted with this powerful channel for human intelligence, this most extraordinary of human creations.

I can comprehend societies without steam engines, without the electric telegraph, without the thousand marvels which modern industry has sown in the triumphal path of progress, adorned by so many immortal monuments. But I cannot understand a society without this immense volume of the daily press, in which is registered by a legion of writers, who should be held in honor by the people, our troubles, our vacillations, our apprehensions, and the degree of perfection at which we have arrived in the work of realizing an ideal of justice upon the face of the earth.

I can understand the monastic life, even to the isolation of a man who renounces the intellectual pleasures of society and the delight to be found in family affection, in order to consecrate himself to religion, to science, to charity, to meditation, to idleness, if he will, in one of those moral islands which we call monasteries. But I cannot understand this man resigning the reading of newspapers, giving up his daily co-operation in thought with the brain of all humanity, his sympathy with the hearts of his fellows, the mingling of his life with the great ocean of human existence, his interest in the agitation of its waves by the breath of new ideas. The ancient Chinese had a powerful institution,—that of historians. Shut up in a palace surrounded by gardens, the Chinese historians devoted themselves in silence to the task of writing down daily events, with the severe majesty of the judges of those times, of the dispensers of immortality. Beside the celestial dynasty of emperors was placed this severe dynasty of tribunals. They formed something more than a magistracy—they were a priesthood; and they dealt with all as if they were the representatives of the human conscience, and the emissaries of the divine justice. Their ministry consisted in engraving on immortal pages, to be preserved as the heritage of generations, the most important acts of the empire. No people ever honored their priesthood as the Chinese, who have lived in perpetual infancy, honored these historians.

I think that modern peoples ought in a similar manner to honor their journalists. For these exceptional witnesses know what rays of light cross each other on our horizon; these public judges prescribe rules which form the judgment of the human conscience upon all actions. The passion of parties is of small importance; without it perhaps we should not be able to comprehend this prodigious work, which, like all human works, necessitates the steam of a great passion to set it in motion. The studied silence upon some subjects matters little, nor the partiality shown on others, nor the injustice, even to falsehood, so often manifested; for from this battle of spiritual forces results the total life, as from the shadows we perceive the harmony of a picture. It would be better if we had not these evils, so we should be happier if we had not either physical infirmities or moral misfortunes; but it is as difficult to rectify society as nature, and its laws are as complicated as the mechanical laws of the universe, and at times as fatal. And it is a fatality of the

social organism that progress encounters obstacles in the great efforts designed to advance it; the past, with its errors, rises against all kinds of advancement, and makes the utmost efforts to destroy it. But from the cloudy and intricate world of falsehood arises a luminous ether, which forms the world of truth. However, if all the different institutions of which people are so proud were one day called to judgment, and if each of them showed both the good and the evil they have done, perhaps not one of them could retire from the trial as pure as the press, and none would more justly merit a blessing from humanity.

What a wonderful work is a newspaper — a work of art and science! Six ages have not been enough to complete the Cathedral of Cologne, and one day suffices to finish the immense labor of a newspaper. We are unable to measure the degrees of life, of light, of progress that are to be found in each leaf of the immortal book which forms the press. We find in a journal everything, from the notices relating to the most obscure individuals, to the speech which is delivered from the highest tribunal, and which affects all intelligences; from the passing thought excited by the account of a ball, to the criticism on those works of art destined to immortality. This marvelous sheet is the encyclopædia of our time; an encyclopædia which necessitates an incalculable knowledge — a knowledge whose power our generation cannot deny — a knowledge which is as the condensation of the learning of a century.

When I picture to myself Athens, I fancy her resplendent with her legions of sculptors and poets; with her assemblies, where each discourse was a hymn; with her singers; with that theatre whence were visible the bright waves of the Mediterranean; with those processions in which Grecian virgins, crowned with flowers, danced to the music of the citherns; with those statues, which almost realized the perfect idea of plastic beauty; with those Olympic games, in which snowy steeds drew in gilded cars the players armed with lances, as Jupiter with his lightning; with her schools, in which were taught at the same time metaphysics, gymnastics, music, and geometry; with all her life, which was the divine worship of art and beauty! But, alas! all that luxury and civilization saddens me. It was worthless, in that it had no newspapers; and for the sake of the newspaper let us cease to be inhabitants of a city, and be citizens of the world.

Laborers of the press, modest and obscure writers! You have never been able to measure the great importance of your occupation, because you live in the midst of it, and consider it almost as a portion of your own being. But, alas! without you the most illustrious personages would be lost, the most glorious works would be as bells sounding in space. You bear to each individual the sorrows of all others; you bring to the afflicted the hopes of all humanity. Your pens are like the electric wires, which unite the most distant regions of our planet. Your ideas resemble the atoms of air in which our souls respire; they are the moral atmosphere of the globe. It is necessary to weigh well all the gravity of such a ministry in order to exercise it with becoming grandeur and dignity. It is one of the most sublime works of which the human understanding is capable.

From an essay on «Émile de Girardin.»

THE GENIUS AND PASSION OF BYRON

The genius and beauty of Byron were fatal gifts for himself. These endowments, which would have been for other men a continual source of happiness, were for him but the cause of constant sorrow. He compared himself to his grandfather, who, being a great traveler, never embarked without seeing the elements unchained and being exposed to the fury of a tempest; so Byron never gained a heart without afflicting it and himself. All the sweetness of his rich fancy turned to bitterness at the presence of reality. Aloes were mingled in his cup, and there was a sort of fatality in his life, so that his affections seemed less to comfort than to wither their object. He was like one of those Greek heroes — youthful, resplendent, as skillful with the sword as with the lyre — beloved by a beautiful woman, conqueror alike in sports as in battles; and yet condemned from the cradle by a cruel destiny to the infernal deities. Against this tragic fatality of his existence there was but one remedy; to renounce a life of adventure, and to enter into the conditions of domestic life; to make for himself a home sheltered from the tempest of passion — to unite himself to a woman whom he should love tenderly and tranquilly, with that serene, calm affection under whose wings alone marriage can be happy. . . .

Without doubt, this idea of marriage was one which, had it been successfully carried out, would have saved Lord Byron. He arrived at it from a thoughtful study of his past life, and from the imperious promptings of his conscience. At last he found the woman to whom he was to resign his destiny. The only daughter of a distinguished family, educated with Puritanic strictness, learned in metaphysics and in mathematics, cold in temperament, proud of her aristocratic name and of her lofty virtues, encompassed by English customs and the social laws of her time.

Lady Byron had little capacity to govern, and much to be governed. Her regular life and habits openly clashed with the irregularities of her husband. She was offended if he was not present at the solemn hour of tea; she was in despair because he did not eat after the English fashion; she kept the books and the library under lock and key; she could not endure his being awake while she slept, nor that he should sleep while she was waking. The light reflected from his eyes when possessed by inspiration terrified her like the glance of a tiger. The incoherent words which issued from his lips in the hours in which he composed his poems filled her with the impression that he was insane. The different political opinions held by them as to the future of human society widened the gulf between them. The contempt which Lord Byron expressed for British etiquette appeared to the education and temperament of his wife little short of sacrilege. His blunt saying in the midst of such formality shocked and irritated her. She calculated all her words and actions, and he improvised his own; she was an advanced scholar in mathematics; he was a great master of poetry — and naturally the two could not harmonize. Her virtue, severe but cold, could not consent to the moral disorder nor to the immoral actions described by the poet. She felt she had fallen from the unalterable serenity and dignity of her existence into chaos. Her terror went so far that she consulted lawyers and doctors, instructing them to put searching questions to her husband, in order to be enabled to confine him to a lunatic asylum, though he deserved an Olympus. Her natural reserve and his natural frankness were the occasion of continual jarring. Some of the later adventures of Byron, which passed like shadows across her horizon, drove her to desperation. At last, feeling herself about to become a mother, and cruelly choosing that moment of hope

and love — that period in which life has some value and some definite purpose, in which the heart expands with an unknown and pure affection, in which a woman becomes the sanctuary of a new existence — she chose that time of transfiguration to contrive her criminal project of abandoning her husband!

She gave birth to a daughter, and was scarcely recovered when she expressed a wish to visit her parents. Lord Byron consented; and when she had arrived at her father's house she wrote him a letter to say that her departure was a flight and not a visit, and that they were separated forever before God and men.

It is not possible to express the indignation with which England regarded her illustrious son. History has no example of similar anger. All the reputations he had wounded, all the jealousies he had sown with his genius, all the old customs he had scorched and ridiculed with his satire, all the privileges he had combated with his eloquence — the Protestant clergy, the British aristocracy, private society, literary men, the ministers, the court, the people, so easily deceived; in fine, all English prejudices arose against Lord Byron like so many vipers. The doors of all classes of society were closed against him. The hands which had woven him crowns now recoil from his touch, as if fearing to be burned with some poison. The street boys flung mud upon him. In the theatres he was hissed. The most obscene libels attributed to him most shameful vices. The daily papers represented him with horrible caricature. Fathers hid their daughters from his basilisk glances. Women, so jealous of the prerogatives of their sex, were dismayed on seeing such a monster. To the eyes of society he was a devil illumined with genius, the better to show he had neither heart nor conscience. For these troubles there was but one remedy; after having lost his home, he lost his country; he fled, an exile without glory, a martyr without his crown, unhappy among the most miserable — a fallen angel, covered with the mire of London streets, flung upon his sculptured brow by a people intoxicated with hatred.

Poet! mighty poet! men know not the impossibility of having grand qualities without having also great defects. They know not that all extraordinary virtue, all surpassing merit, is born of a disproportion between human faculties. They know not that the perfect sense of hearing has a relation with the imperfect sense of vision; and at times, the perfection of imagination with the imperfection of conscience. They do not reflect that as the

organs of animals are proportioned to their destiny in creation, so the faculties of giant minds are proportioned to their destiny in history. Demand of the Creator why the eagle sings not like the nightingale. Ask him why the horse has not the strength of the bull. Let us not desire to discover too closely the physical fatalities which surround us, and which trouble us within and without our organism. Talent is in the soul, but it throws its influence on the body. All supernatural genius is an internal infirmity. The singing which enchants us, the melody which transports us to the world of dreams, has often been the consequence of an aneurism; the poem which inspires us with lofty ideas, great aspirations, has been written with bile; that wondrous work which leaves an indelible track in history devours and destroys an organism; that discourse which awakens a generation to new ideas is but a nervous crisis; that powerful intellect, able to weigh the stars, and to trace as on a map the limits of human reason, is for the body weakness and sterility; and all genius is a mortal infirmity.

Believe not in the impassibility of great men like Goethe and Rossini; believe not that with Olympian indifference they could pass from the torments of life to the heaven of immortality, as if in this world they were of marble instead of the flesh which burns the bones, and of the blood which is mingled with fire. Genius is a divine infirmity; genius is a martyrdom. The poet seizes upon the light, the stars, the mountains, the seas, to convert them into ideas, into canticles. The poet dissolves the universe to mingle the colors for his pictures. But he cannot undertake the Titanic work without insuring his own destruction. He cannot go into the fire without being burned; he cannot mount to the extreme heights of the atmosphere without being frozen; he cannot enter the thundercloud without receiving in that conductor, his body, the shock of electricity. Those privileged souls which, flinging off the clay of this world, force their way upward till they become like bright stars in the firmament, almost approaching the angels; those beings — who from the rock of their own shipwreck hold forth the light to future generations — have fed the divine splendor burning in the lamp of their own brain with tears from their eyes and with blood from their hearts!

From the «Life of Byron and Other Sketches.»

GEORGE CATLIN

(1796–1872)

GEORGE CATLIN, whose studies of the Indians of North America gave him well-deserved and enduring reputation, was born at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, June 26th, 1796. After seven years (from 1832 to 1839) spent among them, he published his "Illustrations of the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians," and followed it with "Life among the Indians." Part of his method of studying Indian character consisted in painting portraits of typical Indians from life. More than five hundred of these are now preserved by the United States government. Their scientific value is inestimable. Catlin died in Jersey City, December 23d, 1872.

CHARACTER OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

THE native races of man, occupying every part of North and South America at the time of the first discovery of the American continent by Columbus, and still existing over great portions of those regions, have generally been denominated "Indians," from that day to the present, from the somewhat curious fact that the American continent, when first discovered, was supposed to be a part of the coast of India, which the Spanish and Portuguese navigators were expecting to find, in steering their vessels to the West, across the Atlantic.

To an appellation so long, though erroneously applied, no exception will be taken in this work, in which these races will be spoken of as Indians, or savages, neither of which terms will be intended necessarily to imply the character generally conveyed by the term "Savage," but literally what the word signifies, wild (or wild man), and no more.

These numerous races (at that time consisting of many millions of human beings, divided into some hundreds of tribes, and speaking mostly different languages; whose past history is sunk in oblivion from want of books and records; three-fourths of whom, at least, have already perished by firearms, by dissipation, and

pestilence introduced amongst them by civilized people; and the remainder of them from similar causes, with no better prospect than certain extinction in a short time) present to the scientific and the sympathizing world one of the most deeply interesting subjects for contemplation that can possibly come under their consideration; and I feel assured that parents will justify the inculcation of just notions of these simple and abused people, into the minds of their children, as forming a legitimate part of the foundation of their education. . . .

The civilized races in the present enlightened age are too much in the habit of regarding all people more ignorant than themselves as anomalies (or "oddities," as they have been called), because they do not live and act and look like themselves. They are therefore mostly in the habit of treating the character of the American Indians — which, from the distance they are from them, is more or less wrapped in obscurity — as a profound mystery; but there, owing to their ignorance of them, they judge decidedly wrong; for, like everything else nearest to nature, they are the most simple and easy of all the human family to be appreciated and dealt with, if the right mode be adopted. . . .

Distributed over every part, and in every nook and corner of North and South, and Central America, we find these people living in their rude huts or "wigwams," at present numbering something like four millions, though in all probability their numbers were nearer twelve or fourteen millions at the time of the discovery of America by Columbus; and yet the world is left (and probably will remain) in profound ignorance of their origin, for want of historical proof to show from whence they came.

It seems to be the popular belief that the two Americas have been peopled from the Eastern Continent by the way of Bering's Strait. Of this there is a possibility, but no proof; and I think there is much and very strong presumptive proof against its probability. The subject has been one of great interest to me for many years past, and of so exciting a nature that I have recently made a tedious and expensive tour to Eastern Siberia, to the Koriaks and the Kamchatkas, the Aleutians, — equidistant between the two continents,— and the natives on the American coast opposite to them, and from all that I could learn there has been a mutual intercourse across the strait, sufficiently proved by the resemblances in language and in physiological traits; but no proof of the peopling of a continent either way.

In the progressive character with which the Creator has endowed mankind, as distinguished above the brute creations, the American savages have, in several instances, made the intended uses of their reason, in advancing by themselves to a high state of civilization; but from this they have been thrown back by more than savage invaders — as seen in the histories of Mexico and Peru — and by the hand of Providence, in some way not yet explained, in the more ancient destruction of the ruined cities of Palenque and Uxmal, in Central America.

All history on the subject goes to prove (and without an exception to the contrary) that, when first visited by civilized people, the American Indians have been found friendly and hospitable; and my own testimony, when I have visited nearly two millions of them, and most of the time unprotected, without having received any personal injury or insult, or loss of my property by theft, should go a great way to corroborate the fact that, if properly treated, the American Indians are amongst the most honest, and honorable, and hospitable people in the world.

In their primitive and natural state they have always been found living quite independently and happily, though poor; with an abundance of animals and fish in their country for food, which seems to bound nearly all their earthly wishes. As they know nothing of commerce, and are totally ignorant of the meaning and value of money, they live and act without those dangerous inducements to crime; and stimulated to honesty by rules of honor belonging to their society, they practice honesty without any "dread of the law"; for there is no punishment amongst them for theft or fraud, except the disgrace that attaches to their character in case they are convicted of such crimes. . . .

The contemptuous epithets of "the poor, naked, and drunken Indians," are often habitually applied to these people by those who know but little or nothing about them. And these epithets are sometimes correctly applied; but only so to those classes of Indian society who, to the shame and disgrace of civilized people, have been reduced to these conditions by the iniquitous teachings of white men, who, with the aid of rum and whisky, have introduced dissipation and vices amongst them, which lead directly to poverty, and nakedness, and diseases which end in their destruction.

In their primitive state, these people are all temperate — all "teetotalers"; and sufficiently clad for the latitudes they live in;

and their poverty, properly speaking, with their other misfortunes, only begins when the treacherous hand of white man's commerce and the jug are extended to them.

To estimate the Indian character properly, it should be constantly borne in mind that these people invariably have, as their first civilized neighbors, the most wicked and unprincipled part of civilized society to deal with; and these white people use rum, and whisky, and firearms, in a country where they are amenable to no law; and amongst a people who have no newspapers to explain their wrongs to the world.

It should also be known that there are two classes of Indian society; the one nearest to civilization, where they have become degraded and impoverished, and their character changed by civilized teaching, and their worst passions inflamed, and jealousies excited by the abuses practiced amongst them. This district being the first and most easily reached by the tourist, who fears to go further, he too often contents himself by what he can there see, the semicivilized and degraded condition of the savage; and too often indorses what he sees, as the true definition of the appearance and modes of the American Indians; thus doing injustice to the character of the people, and less than justice to those who read for information.

My labors have generally commenced where that state of civilization leaves off; and, as I have always believed, I have been in the greatest safety when in the primitive state of Indian society. It has been there and there chiefly, where my ambition has led me, and there where I have labored, as the only legitimate place to portray the true character of Indian life.

The American Indians, as a race, a great and national family, have a national character and appearance very different from the other native races of the earth. They differ in language, in expression, and in color; and in their native simplicity they have many high and honorable and humane traits of character. . . .

There are no people on earth more loving and kind to their friends and the poor; and yet, like all savage races, they are correctly denominated cruel; and what people are not so? There is an excuse for the cruelty of savages. Cruelty is a necessity in savage life; and who else has so good an excuse for it?

Indian society has to be maintained, and personal rights to be protected, without the aid of laws; and for those ends each individual is looked upon as the avenger of his own wrongs; and if

he does not punish with cruelty and with certainty there is no security to person or property. In the exercise of this right, he not only uses a privilege, but does what the tribe compels him to do, or be subjected to a disgrace which he cannot outlive; so that cruelty is at the same time a right and a duty — the law of their land.

The Indian's "cruelty and treachery in warfare" we hear much of, but cruelty and treachery in Indian and civilized warfare are much alike.

The Creator has also endowed the North American Indians, everywhere, with a high moral and religious principle, with reason, with humanity, with courage, with ingenuity, and the other intellectual qualities bestowed on the rest of mankind.

They all worship the Great Spirit, and have a belief in a spiritual existence after death. Idolatry is nowhere practiced by them, nor cannibalism, though you may read of many instances of both to the contrary.

From "Life and Adventures among the American Indians."

"*DUMMY WHIST.*"

After the Painting by W. D. Sadler.

"CAVENDISH"

(HENRY JONES)

(1831–1899)

THE Socratic theory of the "daimon" which controls men is well illustrated in the case of Henry Jones. Rightly understood the Socratic "demon" is what a man really knows in opposition to everything else in him. After Jones had carefully educated himself at King's College School and St. Bartholomew's Hospital as a surgeon, a man of his intellectual rank had a right to expect usefulness and eminence in his profession; but when he began writing occasional, furtive essays on Whist under the pseudonym of "Cavendish," it soon developed that he was not to be allowed to choose his career. Perhaps he might have become the highest living authority on surgery, but as he was already the highest living authority on cards he was forced out of surgery into the editorship of the card and amusement columns of such periodicals as the London Field and the Queen. He was born at London, November 2d, 1831. From 1852 to 1869 he was a practicing surgeon, but, owing to the celebrity given him by his book on Whist published in 1862, he was obliged to give up either whist or surgery, and he gave up surgery. He published books on billiards and other games, but his reputation rests securely on his "Card Essays" and on "Cavendish on Whist." He died in 1899.

THE DUFFER'S WHIST MAXIMS

Printed for the benefit of families, and to prevent scolding.
— *Bob Short.*

DO NOT confuse your mind by reading a parcel of books. Surely you've a right to play your own game, if you like. Who are the people that wrote these books? What business have they to set up their views as superior to yours? Many of these writers lay down this rule: "Lead originally from your strongest suit"; don't you do it unless it suits your hand. It may be good in some hands, but it doesn't follow that it should be in all. Lead a single card sometimes, or, at any rate,

from your weakest suit, so as to make your little trumps when the suit is returned. By following this course in leads, you will nine times out of ten ruin both your own and your partner's hand; but the tenth time you will perhaps make several little trumps, which would have been useless otherwise. In addition to this, if sometimes you lead from your strongest suit, and sometimes from your weakest, it puzzles the adversaries, and they never can tell what you have led from.

2. Seldom return your partner's lead: you have as many cards in your hand as he has, it is a free country, and why should you submit to his dictation? Play the suit you deem best without regard to any preconceived theories. It is an excellent plan to lead out first one suit and then another. This mode of play is extremely perplexing to the whole table. If you have a fancy for books, you will find this system approved by «J. C.» He says: «You mystify alike your adversaries and your partner. You turn the game upside down, reduce it to one of chance, and, in the scramble, may have as good a chance as your neighbors.»

3. Especially do not return your partner's lead in trumps, for not doing so now and then turns out to be advantageous. Who knows but you may make a trump by holding up, which you certainly cannot do if all your trumps are out? Never mind the fact that you will generally lose tricks by refusing to play your partner's game. Whenever you succeed in making a trump by your refusal, be sure to point out to your partner how fortunate it was that you played as you did. Perhaps your partner is a much better player than you, and he may on some former occasion, with an exceptional hand, have declined to return your lead of trumps. Make a note of this. Remind him of it if he complain of your neglecting to return his lead. It is an unanswerable argument.

4. There are a lot of rules to which, however, you need pay no attention, about leading from sequences. What can it matter which card of a sequence you lead? The sequence cards are all of the same value, and one of them is as likely to win the trick as another. Besides, if you look at the books, you'll find the writers don't even know their own minds. They advise in some cases that you should lead the highest, in others the lowest of the sequence; and in leading from ace, king, queen, they actually recommend you to begin with the middle card. Any person of

common sense must infer from this that it doesn't matter which card of a sequence you lead.

5. There are also a number of rules about the play of the second, third, and fourth hands, but they are quite unworthy serious consideration. The exceptions are almost as numerous as the rules, so if you play by no rule at all you are about as likely to be right as wrong.

6. Before leading trumps always first get rid of all the winning cards in your plain suit. You will not then be bothered with the lead after trumps are out, and you thus shift all the responsibility of mistakes onto your partner. But if your partner has led a suit, be careful when you lead trumps to keep in your hand the best card of his lead. By this means, if he go on with his suit, you are more likely to get the lead after trumps are out, which, the books say, is a great advantage.

7. Take every opportunity of playing false cards, both high and low. For by deceiving all round you will now and then win an extra trick. It is often said: "Oh, but you deceive your partner." That is very true. But then, as you have two adversaries and only one partner, it is obvious that by running dark you play two to one in your own favor. Besides this, it is very gratifying, when your trick succeeds, to have taken in your opponents, and to have won the applause of an ignorant gallery. If you play in a common-place way, even your partner scarcely thanks you. Anybody could have done the same.

8. Whatever you do, never attend to the score, and don't watch the fall of the cards. There is no earthly reason for doing either of these. As for the score, your object is to make as many as you can. The game is five, but, if you play to score six or seven, small blame to you. Never mind running the risk of not getting another chance of making even five. Keep as many pictures and winning cards as you can in your hand. They are pretty to look at, and if you remain with the best of each suit you effectually prevent the adversaries from bringing in a lot of small cards at the end of the hand. As to the fall of the cards, it is quite clear that it is of no use to watch them; for, if everybody at the table is trying to deceive you, in accordance with Maxim 7, the less you notice the cards they play the less you will be taken in.

9. Whenever you have ruined your hand and your partner's by playing in the way here recommended, you should always say that it "made no difference." It sometimes happens that it has

made no difference, and then your excuse is clearly valid. And it will often happen that your partner does not care to argue the point with you, in which case your remark will make it clear to everybody that you have a profound insight into the game. If, however, your partner choose to be disagreeable, and succeed in proving you to be utterly ignorant of the first elements of whist, stick to it that you played right, that good play will sometimes turn out unfortunately, and accuse your partner of judging by results. This will generally silence him.

10. Invariably blow up your partner at the end of every hand. It is not only a most gentlemanlike employment of spare time, but it gains you the reputation of being a first-rate player.

Complete. From «Card Essays.»

ON WHIST AND CHESS

WHIST is sometimes called an unsocial game, because lookers-on are not allowed to speak. But chess equally loves "retirement and the mute silence," and there is no interval at chess, as there is at whist between the hands, when conversation may be freely indulged in. There is no cutting in and cutting out, and consequently no frequent change of adversaries. Chess, again, only engages two players instead of four. And the fact that whist is a game of partnership introduces social elements which are altogether wanting at chess. Owing to this cause, the practice of whist tends to fit the players for grappling with the affairs of life. This characteristic of whist has been noticed by several eminent writers. Bulwer, himself an accomplished whist player, refers to it in his novel of "Alice." He says: "Fate has cut and shuffled the cards for you; the game is yours unless you revoke; — pardon my metaphor, — it is a favorite one; — I have worn it threadbare; — but life is so like a rubber at whist."

Doctor Pole, in illustration of this point, says whist is "a perfect microcosm, — a complete miniature society in itself. Each player has one friend, to whom he is bound by the strongest ties of mutual interest and sympathy; but he has twice the number of enemies against whose machinations he is obliged to keep perpetual guard. He must give strict adherence to the established laws and conventional courtesies of his social circle; he is called

upon for candid and ingenuous behavior; he must exercise moderation in prosperity, patience in adversity, hope in doubtful fortune, humility when in error, forbearance to the faults of his friends, self-sacrifice for his allies, equanimity under the success of his adversaries, and general good-temper throughout all his transactions. His best efforts will sometimes fail, and fortune will favor his inferiors; but sound principles will triumph in the end. Is there nothing in all this analogous to the social conditions of ordinary life»? And again the same writer remarks: «Does not the proverb represent the clever, successful man as 'playing his cards well'»?

Sir George Lewis, in «Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics,» says: «We hear of the game of politics, and of moves being made on the political board. Practical politics, however, do not so much resemble a game of chess as a game of whist. In chess, the position of the pieces at the beginning of the game is precisely similar for both contending parties, and every move is made by the deliberate choice of the players. The result depends, therefore, exclusively on their comparative skill; chance is altogether excluded. In whist, on the other hand, the distribution of the cards depends upon chance; that is to say, it depends upon circumstances not within the control of any of the players; but, with the cards so casually dealt out, each player plays according to his free choice. The result, therefore, depends partly upon chance, or luck as it is called, and partly upon skill. This is exactly analogous to the state of things in politics. A large number of circumstances upon which the practical politician has to act are beyond his control. They are, like a hand at cards, dealt out to him by a power which he cannot regulate. But he can guide those circumstances which are within his power, and the ultimate result will depend partly upon the character of the circumstances upon which he has to act, and partly upon the wisdom, skill, and prudence with which he conducts himself in reference to them. If the circumstances be very adverse, the utmost skill may be unavailing to produce a successful result. If they be propitious, he may be successful with a moderate amount of good management. If the circumstances should be unfavorable, good management will only meet with checkered success, and will be no effectual security against occasional reverses, though it will be successful in the long run, and taking together both favorable and unfavorable circumstances.»

From these extracts it would seem that whist possesses higher claims than chess, from a social point of view.

Lastly, as to fitness for the purposes of recreation. In simplicity of construction whist is peculiarly fortunate. All that is necessary to be known before attempting to play is the order of the cards, and the facts that the highest card wins the trick and that trumps win other suits. Admiral Burney tells a story of a young man who was desirous of learning whist. On being informed of the construction of the game, he said: «Oh! if that is all, I shall be able to play as well as any one in half an hour.» If he had said he could learn the *mise en scene* of the game in a few minutes he would have been right.

Chess, though not a game of extreme complexity, requires more preliminary instruction than whist. To know the moves is considered by some persons to be an accomplishment; and as regards the amount of «book» requisite to play one or the other game fairly well, whist is a long way to the front.

Then as to the comparative interest excited by the two games. To arrive at a just estimate on this head, we must divide games into three classes: —

1. Games of chance, such as rouge-et-noir, roulette, and pitch-and-toss. These are mere vehicles for gambling, and excite scarcely any interest unless played for money.

2. Games into which both skill and chance enter, or mixed games, such as whist, piquet, and backgammon. These excite more interest than games of chance.

3. Games of skill, such as chess and draughts. These excite too much interest. To play well at chess is too hard work. The game of chess — not skittling chess, but chess as it should be — instead of being resorted to as a distraction and a relief from toil, is, in the hands of real artists, the business of their lives, and, in this sense, it can hardly be regarded as a game at all.

It is, then, to mixed games that we must look for the happy medium which excites sufficient, but not too great, interest. To be candid, it must be admitted that chance enters too largely into whist to render it a perfect game, owing to the preponderance of honors. Clay observes on this point that short whist is «in full vigor, in spite of at least one very glaring defect — the undue value of the honors, which are pure luck, as compared with that of the tricks, which greatly depend on skill. Short

whist bears this mark of its hasty and accidental origin. If the change had been carefully considered, the honors would have been cut in half, as well as the points. Two by honors would have counted one point. Four by honors would have counted two. Had this been so, the game would be perfect, but the advantage of skill would be so great as to limit considerably the number of players." Clay then explains the circumstances of the "hasty and accidental origin" of short whist. He continues: "Some sixty or seventy years back," that would be about the beginning of this century, "Lord Peterborough having one night lost a large sum of money, the friends with whom he was playing proposed to make the game five points instead of ten, in order to give the loser a chance, at a quicker game, of recovering his loss."

It is no secret that the committee appointed in 1863 to revise the laws of whist had the question of the reduction of honors brought before them; but they feared to make so large an alteration in the game, lest the new laws should only meet with partial adoption.

Nevertheless, whist, with its imperfectly balanced complements of skill and chance, goes very near to exciting the proper amount of interest. The entry of chance into whist diminishes the labor of playing, and varies the faculties of the mind called into operation. The combinations that ensue afford numerous openings for the employment of skill, and watching the chances keeps the mental powers pleasantly occupied, while the cessation of play between the hands, like the pause between the beats of the heart, obviates the ill effect of long-continued effort.

The objection sometimes brought against whist, that it is a card game, and that therefore it may lead to gambling, does not require serious refutation. Chess may be, and often is, played for money; but it is no discredit to any game that it may be abused instead of being used.

Has it not been shown that whist, as a game, possesses claims to be ranked above chess? Has it not been shown that whist is calculated to promote to the utmost the amusement and relaxation of those employed? The game of whist may fairly be said to combine the means of innocent recreation, of healthy excitement, and of appropriate mental exercise, and thus to fulfill, in the highest degree, the purposes for which it was designed.

From «Card Essays.»

WILLIAM CAXTON

(*c.* 1422–1491)

CAXTON influenced the English language and its literature greatly, not merely by introducing the printing press to England, but by his own style as a writer. Obliged to translate from the French for his own press, he had to choose between "old and homely" English, which he found "more like Dutch," and the courtly language of the time, which was more like French. He compromised by using an English vocabulary which shows a close relation to the literary English of the age of Queen Anne. Caxton was born in the "Weald" of Kent about 1422. After serving as a mercer's apprentice in London, he established himself in business in Bruges and became governor of the English "Association of Merchant Adventurers." While in "the Low Countries," he translated from the French the "Recueil des Histoires de Troye," and learned to set type in order to supply the large demand for it. In 1476 he left Bruges and established his press in England, where he printed at (Westminster) Woodville's "Dictes and Notable, Wise Sayings of the Philosophers," the first book ever printed in England. Caxton died in 1491. He says of his own style: "I learned mine English in Kent, in the Weald, where I doubt not is spoken as broad and rude English as in any place of England." But his constant work as a translator made him master of a much better English than the average of his time, in or out of Kent.

CONCERNING NOBILITY AND TRUE CHIVALRY

THE knight ought to be made all armed upon an apt horse, in such wise that he have an helmet on his head, and a spear in his right hand, and covered with his shield; a sword and a mace on his left side; clad with an hauberk and plates before his breast; leg harness on his legs; spurs on his heels; on his hands his gauntlets. His horse well broken and taught, and apt to battle, and covered with his arms. When the knights be made, they be *bayned* or bathed. That is the sign that they should

lead a new life and new manners; also they wake all the night in prayers and orisons unto God that he will give them grace that they may get that thing that they may not get by nature. The king or prince girdeth about them a sword, in sign that they should abide and keep him of whom they take their dispences and dignity.

Also a knight ought to be wise, liberal, true, strong, and full of mercy and pity, and keeper of the people and of the law, and right as chivalry passeth other in virtue, in dignity, in honor, and in reverence, right so ought he to surmount all other in virtue; for honor is nothing else but to do reverence to another person for the good and virtuous disposition that is in him. A noble knight ought to be wise and proved before he be made knight; it behoveth him that he had long time used the war and arms; that he may be expert and wise for to govern others. For sith that a knight is captain of a battle, the life of them that shall be under him lieth in his hand, and therefore behooveth him to be wise and well advised. For sometimes art, craft, and *engine* is more worth than strength or hardiness of a man that is not proved in arms, for otherwhile it happeth that when the prince of the battle *affyeth* and trusteth in his hardiness and strength, and will not use wisdom and *engine* for to run upon his enemies, he is vanquished and his people slain. Therefore saith the philosopher that no man should choose young people to be captains and governors, forasmuch as there is no certainty in their wisdom. Alexander of Macedon vanquished and conquered Egypt, Judæa, Chaldee, Africa, and Assyria unto the marches of *Bragmans* more by the counsel of old men than by the strength of the young men. . . .

The very true love of the common weal and profit nowadays is seldom found. Where shalt thou find a man in these days that will expose himself for the worship and honor of his friend or for the common weal. Seldom or never shall he be found. Also the knights should be large and liberal, for when a knight hath regard unto his singular profit by his covetousness, he despoileth his people. For when the soldiers see that they put them in peril, and their master will not pay them their wages liberally, but intendeth to his own proper gain and profit, then, when the enemies come, they turn soon their backs and flee oftentimes. And thus it happeth by him that intendeth more to get money than victory, that his avarice is ofttimes cause of his confusion.

Then let every knight take heed to be liberal, in such wise that he ween not nor suppose that his scarcity be to him a great winning or gain. And for this cause he be the less loved of his people, and that his adversary withdraw to him them by large giving. For ofttime battle is advanced more for getting of silver than by the force and strength of men. For men see all day that such things as may not be achieved by force of nature be gotten and achieved by force of money. And forsomuch it behooveth to see well to that when the time of battle cometh, that he borrow not, nor make no *taillage*. For no man may be rich that leaveth his own, hoping to get and take of others. Then alway all their gain and winning ought to be common among them except their arms. For in like wise as the victory is common, so should the despoil and booty be common unto them. And therefore David, that gentle knight in the first book of Kings in the last chapter, made a law: that he that abode behind by malady or sickness in the tents should have as much part of the booty as he that had been in the battle. And for the love of this law he was made afterward king of Israel. Alexander of Macedon came in a time like a simple knight unto the court of Porus, king of Ind, for to espy the estate of the king and of the knights of the court. And the king received him right worshipfully, and demanded of him many things of Alexander and of his constancy and strength, nothing weening that he had been Alexander, but Antigone, one of his knights. And after he had him to dinner; and when they had served Alexander in vessel of gold and silver with diverse meats, after that he had eaten such as pleased him, he voided the meat and took the vessel and held it to himself and put it in his bosom or sleeves. Whereof he was accused unto the king. After dinner then the king called him and demanded him wherefore he had taken his vessel, and he answered: Sir King, my lord, I pray thee to understand and take heed thyself and also thy knights. I have heard much of thy great highness, and that thou art more mighty and puissant in chivalry and in dispences than is Alexander, and therefore I am come to thee, a poor knight, which am named Antigone, for to serve thee. Then it is the custom in the court of Alexander that what thing a knight is served with, all is his, meat and vessel and cup. And therefore I had supposed that this custom had been kept in thy court, for thou art richer than he. When the knights heard this, anon they left Porus, and went to serve Alexander, and thus he

drew to him the hearts of them by gifts, which afterward slew Porus that was king of Ind, and they made Alexander king thereof. Therefore remember, knight, alway that with a closed and shut purse shalt thou never have victory. Ovid saith that he that taketh gifts, he is glad therewith, for they win with gifts the hearts of the gods and of men.

From «The Game and Play of Chess» translated by Caxton from the French.

RICHARD CECIL

(1748–1810)

RICHARD CECIL was born in London, November 8th, 1748, and educated for the ministry of the Church of England. He began his work at St. John's Chapel in London, but in 1800 removed to Surrey, where he remained in charge of the livings of Bisley and Chobham until his death in 1810. His "Remains" are a series of short essays which, though they show at times the *ex cathedra* style, are characterized by frequent passages of profound wisdom, the result of deep, original thought.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PARENTAL CHARACTER

THE influence of the parental character on children is not to be calculated. Everything around has an influence on us. Indeed, the influence of things is so great that, by familiarity with them, they insensibly urge us on principles and feelings which we before abhorred. I knew a man who took in a democratical paper only to laugh at it. But, at length, he had read the same things again and again so often that he began to think there must be some truth in them; and that men and measures were really such as they were so often said to be. A drop of water seems to have no influence on the stone; but it will, in the end, wear its way through. If there be, therefore, such a mighty influence in everything around us, the parental influence must be great indeed.

Consistency is the great character, in good parents, which impresses children. They may witness much temper; but if they see their father "keep the even tenor of his way," his imperfections will be understood and allowed for, as reason opens. The child will see and reflect on his parent's intention: and this will have great influence on his mind. This influence may, indeed, be afterwards counteracted; but that only proves that contrary

currents may arise and carry the child another way. Old Adam may be too strong for young Melanchthon.

The implantation of principles is of unspeakable importance, especially when culled from time to time out of the Bible. The child feels his parent's authority supported by the Bible, and the authority of the Bible supported by his parent's weight and influence. Here are data — fixed data. A man can very seldom get rid of these principles. They stand in his way. He wishes to forget them, perhaps; but it is impossible.

Where parental influence does not convert, it hampers. It hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel: but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than when alone. I was wretched when by myself. These principles and maxims and data spoiled my jollity. With my companions I could sometimes stifle them: like embers, we kept one another warm. Besides, I was here a sort of hero. I had beguiled several of my associates into my own opinions, and I had to maintain a character before them. But I could not divest myself of my better principles. . . . Parental influence thus cleaves to a man: it harasses him — it throws itself continually in his way.

I find in myself another evidence of the greatness of parental influence. I detect myself to this day in laying down maxims in my family, which I took up at three or four years of age, before I could possibly know the reason of the thing.

It is of incalculable importance to obtain a hold on the conscience. Children have a conscience; and it is not seared, though it is evil. Bringing the eternal world into their view — planning and acting with that world before us — this gains, at length, such a hold on them, that, with all the infidel poison which they may afterward imbibe, there are few children, who at night — in their chamber — in the dark — in a storm of thunder — will not feel. They cannot cheat like other men. They recollect that eternity which stands in their way. It rises up before them, like the ghost of Banquo to Macbeth. It goads them; it thunders in their ears. After all they are obliged to compound the matter with conscience, if they cannot be prevailed on to return to God without delay; — I must be religious one time or other. That is clear, I cannot get rid of this thing. Well! I will begin at such a time. I will finish such a scheme, and then!

The opinions — the spirit — the conversation — the manners of the parent, influence the child. Whatever sort of man he is, such, in a great degree, will be the child; unless constitution or accident give him another turn. If the parent be a fantastic man — if he be a genealogist, know nothing but who married such a one and who married such a one — if he be a sensualist, a low wretch — his children will usually catch these tastes. If he be a literary man — his very girls will talk learnedly. If he be a griping, hard, miserly man — such will be his children. This I speak of as generally the case. It may happen that the parent's disposition may have no ground to work on in that of the child. It may happen that the child may be driven into disgust; the miser, for instance, often implants disgust, and his son becomes a spendthrift.

After all, in some cases, perhaps, everything seems to have been done and exhibited by the pious parent in vain. Yet he casts his bread upon the waters. And, perhaps, after he has been in his grave twenty years, his son remembers what his father told him.

Besides, parental influence must be great, because God has said that it shall be so. The parent is not to stand reasoning and calculating; God has said that his character shall have influence.

And this appointment of Providence becomes often the punishment of a wicked man. Such a man is a complete *selfist*. I am weary of hearing such men talk about their "family" — and their "family" — they "must provide for their family." Their family has no place in their real regard. They push for themselves. But God says — "No! You think your children shall be so and so. But they shall be rods for your own backs. They shall be your curse. They shall rise up against you." The most common of all human complaints is — "parents groaning under the vices of their children!" This is all the effect of parental influence.

In the exercise of this influence there are two leading dangers to be avoided.

Excess of severity is one danger. My mother, on the contrary, would talk to me, and weep as she talked. I flung out of the house with an oath — but wept too when I got into the street. Sympathy is the powerful engine of a mother. I was desperate: I would go on board a privateer. But there are soft moments to such desperadoes. God does not once abandon them

to themselves. There are times when the man says—"I should be glad to return: but I should not like to meet that face!" if he has been treated with severity.

Yet excess of laxity is another danger. The case of Eli affords a serious warning on this subject. Instead of his mild expostulation on the flagrant wickedness of his sons,—"Nay, my sons, it is no good report that I hear,"—he ought to have exercised his authority as a parent and magistrate in punishing and restraining their crimes.

COUNTESS EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO

(Nineteenth Century)

OUNTESS CESARESCO, of Salò, Lagò di Garda, Italy, has been a frequent contributor to the leading English reviews during the last fifteen years of the nineteenth century. Her essays on classical subjects are charmingly written, and she writes with enthusiasm on all subjects which relate to the regeneration of Italy. Among her more important publications are "Essays on the Study of Folk Song," "The Liberation of Italy," "Cavour," and "Italian Character-Sketches." What she writes of Virgil and Horace is vivified by the atmosphere in which they lived. By birth, she is an Englishwoman, daughter of Very Reverend Dean Carrington. She married Count Eugenio Martinengo-Cesaresco, and adopting Italy as her country, she has become an enthusiastic student of its poetry, history, and folk lore.

HORACE'S SABINE FARM

IF VIRGIL remained always a man of the country, in spite of living mostly in cities, no amount of country life could make Horace other than a man-about-town. When he speaks of the country, it is not as Virgil or as Tibullus spoke of it; he knows nothing of Nature's mysteries, nothing of the eternal sentiment of the field-building, nothing of the religion of the plow. He is not one of the initiated, but he enjoys, and within his limitations he appreciates. The country is good for his health and for his appetite. It gives him a rest from the hundred thousand requests and questions with which he is importuned as he walks the streets of Rome. The friend of Mæcenas is supposed to be able to arrange any little affair; to know all the news before it is divulged; in vain he pleads inability or ignorance. It is all very flattering, and Horace is the last person not to be flattered by it, but too much of it becomes tedious. The whole day goes by frittered away in trifles, and on such days he ardently desires his rural retreat where sleep and leisure, and the

Greek poets fill up the tranquil hours, and the evening brings a supper fit for the gods; beans and bacon washed down by wholesome wine which costs nothing since it is made on the estate. A friend or two, staying in the house, enliven the board, but the discourse does not run on other people's houses, or on somebody's dancing; serious themes are discussed, such as the nature of good, and what constitutes true happiness; till for a break, an old neighbor tells the story of "The Town and the Country Mouse," or some other ever-young ancient tale. When Mæcenas was going to dine with him, Horace told him that he must not expect Falernian or Formian vintages; there would be only the humble Sabine wine which he had sealed up in a Grecian cask with his own hands, in commemoration of some popular triumph of the illustrious friend to whose generosity he owed the estate where it was grown.

The poet preferred the rusticity of the Sabine farm to the Rome-out-of-town life at Tibur, where he also had a villa. Tibur in the season provided more society than the capital itself; people ran to and fro between the houses of acquaintances as they do between the villas on the lake of Como. In the Sabine valley the real business of the country occupied every one around altogether if not the poet. In one ode he laments that there will be soon no real country; mansions and parks and ornamental waters replace simple cottages like his own "white country-box"; banks of myrtle and violets encroach on the olive groves; the elms, which supported the vines, are cut down to plant plane trees or shady laurel walks; ploughed fields disappear in lawns. In this ode it is by chance mentioned that the Romans then liked to build their houses facing north, contrary to the present preference. *Chi paga per il sole non paga per il dottore* is a proverb which shows the faith put in a sunny aspect by the Romans of to-day. Horace regrets the time when stately public buildings were raised, but each man was content with a poor place for his personal habitation. But the Italian private citizen was already the greatest lover and builder of palaces in the world.

Horace was in all things the poet of moderation (the only one). He could honestly disclaim earth-hunger, and declare that he never went round his fields longing to make crooked boundaries straight by adding a bit here and inclosing an angle there. Perhaps the fact proves him an amateur; was there ever a man

really bred to possess land who was quite free from this form of madness? Of his father's farm in Apulia he seems to have preserved no pleasant childish memories; he remembers how poor the soil was, and he never expresses pain that it went the common way of confiscation. His father, a freedman, eked out his livelihood as a tax gatherer; it must have strained his every resource to send his son, well provided for, to be educated in Rome, instead of placing him in a provincial grammar school, as most of his richer neighbors did with their sons. . . .

Horace made only one real study of a husbandman, but it is remarkable for original insight. With few but sure touches he fixes the type of the peasant who, after all, has the best right to represent his class; a type far removed from the open-mouthed yokel to be so well described by Calpurnius, who would not have missed the show in the Arena for all the kine of Lucania. The Ofellus of Horace has a profound contempt for the luxuries of great cities. His predominating quality is a serious patience; his single passion is thrift. He is the peasant who paid the French war indemnity out of his savings; the rustic of whom Euripides wrote: —

> "No showy speaker, but a plain, brave man,
> Who seldom visited the town or courts;
> A yeoman, one of those who save a land,
> Shrewd, one whose acts with his professions squared;
> Untainted, and a blameless life he led."

Ofellus is not, like Melibæus, consumed by helpless rage at injustice which he cannot fight against. He has realized the fact that man may command his conduct, not his circumstances, and having acquired this knowledge, he lets the learning of the Schools alone. It is a fact that Nature herself is constantly repeating to the tillers of the soil; they live with her in a primitive relationship which allows no artificial screen to hide her might and their impotence. A fatalist at heart, Ofellus rises superior to fate. Wealth could give him nothing he cares to have, and he has the sense to see (in which he departs, somewhat, from his modern brother) that wealth is an entirely idle word except in so far as it stands for what it can give. When he owned the land which he now cultivates for the spendthrift soldier who turned him out, he and his children lived no more luxuriously than they do now. No meat was eaten in the house on workdays except a piece of

smoked bacon, served with pot herbs. If a friend came to see him, why, he prepared a reasonable feast, for he was no miser; but a chicken or a kid, with figs and grapes, and his own pure wine (of which a libation was duly offered to Ceres), made up the bill of fare—not turbot or oysters brought at a ruinous expense from Rome. Now that he and his sons work for hire, their labor places them above want, and permits them to lead much the same life as before. Fortune can hurt him no more, while she may easily hurt the spoiler by robbing him of his ill-acquired acres; nay, who knows (though Horace does not say so) that Ofellus will not again become the owner of his land if he save long enough while the other wastes?

This contribution to the long tale of confiscation is characteristic of the poet who at the age of twenty-five (when the satire was written), looked on life already with a calm, unemotional eye, strictly resolved to walk round windmills, not to charge them. His was the wit of a contented heart, as Heine's was the wit of a broken heart. He had not eaten his bread with sorrow, and did not know the heavenly powers, but what he did know of life and Nature he could express with a felicity that left little more to be said. Horace's feeling for the country had no depths or heights: it is the feeling of every Roman, from the senator to the tradesman, from the consul to the money lender.

From an essay on «The Roman's Villeggiatura.»

THOMAS CHALMERS

(1780–1847)

THOMAS CHALMERS, one of the greatest theologians Scotland has produced, was born at East Anstruther, March 17th, 1780. From 1823 to 1828 he was professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrew's, and of Divinity at Edinburgh from 1828 to 1843. The quality of his intellect is well illustrated in his celebrated essay, "On Cruelty to Animals." He is continually astonished at what others accept without question as the merest commonplace. A workman in the fish market, packing live crabs on ice for shipment, places them in rows as regular as those of a chessboard — this in spite of their protests and in complete unconsciousness of their feelings. Such a spectacle, which no one else might have thought remarkable, might have kept Chalmers wondering for a year — first at the unconscious sense of order, and finally at the apathy it illustrates. The world he lived in had been a Paradise, but "a breath from the air of Pandemonium" had gone over it; and considered from either standpoint it seemed miraculous to him. The study of his writings is helpful to readers of Carlyle, who in the Scotch traits of his intellect shows marked resemblances to Chalmers. In astronomy and political economy, as well as in theology, Chalmers published notable and influential works, some of which appeared in the "Bridgewater Treatises." He died May 31st, 1847.

A MYSTERY OF GOOD AND EVIL

THERE is a felt satisfaction in the thought of having done what we know to be right; and, in counterpart of this complacency of self-approbation, there is a felt discomfort, amounting often to bitter and remorseful agony, in the thought of having done what conscience tells us to be wrong. This implies a sense of the rectitude of what is virtuous. But, without thinking of its rectitude at all, without viewing it in reference either to the law of conscience or the law of God, with no regard to jurisprudence in the matter, there is, in the virtuous affection itself, another and a distinct enjoyment. We ought to cherish and to

"WHILE OTHERS SLEPT."

After the Painting of Christ on the Mount of Olives by L. Thiersch.

exercise benevolence; and there is a pleasure in the consciousness of doing what we ought: but beside this moral sentiment, and beside the peculiar pleasure appended to benevolence as moral, there is a sensation in the merely physical affection of benevolence; and that sensation, of itself, is in the highest degree pleasurable. The primary or instant gratification which there is in the direct and immediate feeling of benevolence is one thing; the second or reflex gratification which there is in the consciousness of benevolence as moral is another thing. The two are distinct of themselves; but the contingent union of them, in the case of every virtuous affection, gives a multiple force to the conclusion that God is the lover, and, because so, the patron or the rewarder of virtue. He hath so constituted our nature that in the very flow and exercise of the good affections there shall be the oil of gladness. There is instant delight in the first conception of benevolence; there is sustained delight in its continued exercise; there is consummated delight in the happy, smiling, and prosperous result of it. Kindness, and honesty, and truth, are of themselves, and irrespective of their rightness, sweet unto the taste of the inner man. Malice, envy, falsehood, injustice, irrespective of their wrongness, have, of themselves, the bitterness of gall and wormwood. The Deity hath annexed a high mental enjoyment, not to the consciousness only of good affections, but to the very sense and feeling of good affections. However closely these may follow on each other — nay, however implicated or blended together they may be at the same moment into one compound state of feeling — they are not the less distinct, on that account, of themselves. They form two pleasurable sensations, instead of one; and their opposition, in the case of every virtuous deed or virtuous desire, exhibits to us that very concurrence in the world of mind which obtains with such frequency and fullness in the world of matter, affording, in every new part that is added, not a simply repeated only, but a vastly multiplied evidence for design, throughout all its combinations. There is a pleasure in the very sensation of virtue; and there is a pleasure attendant on the sense of its rectitude. These two phenomena are independent of each other. Let there be a certain number of chances against the first in a random economy of things, and also a certain number of chances against the second. In the actual economy of things, where there is the conjunction of both phenomena, it is the product of these two numbers which represents the amount

of evidence afforded by them, for a moral government in the world, and a moral governor over them.

In the calm satisfactions of virtue, this distinction may not be so palpable as in the pungent and more vividly felt disquietudes which are attendant on the wrong affections of our nature. The perpetual corrosion of that heart, for example, which frets in unhappy peevishness all the day long, is plainly distinct from the bitterness of that remorse which is felt, in the recollection of its harsh and injurious outbreakings on the innocent sufferers within its reach. It is saying much for the moral character of God, that he has placed a conscience within us, which administers painful rebuke on every indulgence of a wrong affection. But it is saying still more for such being the character of our Maker, so to have framed our mental constitution that, in the very working of these bad affections, there should be the painfulness of a felt discomfort and discordancy. Such is the make or mechanism of our nature, that it is thwarted and put out of sorts by rage, and envy, and hatred; and this irrespective of the adverse moral judgments which conscience passes upon them. Of themselves, they are unsavory; and no sooner do they enter the heart, than they shed upon it an immediate distillation of bitterness. Just as the placid smile of benevolence bespeaks the felt comfort of benevolence, so, in the frown and tempest of an angry countenance, do we read the unhappiness of that man who is vexed and agitated by his own malignant affections, eating inwardly, as they do, on the vitals of his enjoyment. It is therefore that he is often styled, and truly, a self-tormentor, or his own worst enemy. The delight of virtue, in itself, is a separate thing from the delight of the conscience which approves it. And the pain of moral evil, in itself, is a separate thing from the pain inflicted by conscience in the act of condemning it. They offer to our notice two distinct ingredients, both of the present reward attendant upon virtue, and of the present penalty attendant upon vice, and so enhance the evidence that is before our eyes for the moral character of that administration under which the world has been placed by its author. The appetite of hunger is rightly alleged in evidence of the care wherewith the Deity hath provided for the well-being of our natural constitution; and the pleasurable taste of food is rightly alleged as an additional proof of the same. And so, if the urgent voice of conscience within, calling us to virtue, be alleged in evidence of the care wherewith the Deity

hath provided for the well-being of our moral constitution, the pleasurable taste of virtue in itself with the bitterness of its opposite may well be alleged as additional evidence thereof. They alike afford the present and the sensible tokens of a righteous administration, and so of a righteous God.

From his «Bridgewater Treatise» on «The Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man.»

SCIENCE AS AN EVOLUTION

The elements of Euclid have raised for their author a deathless monument of fame. For two thousand years they have maintained their superiority in the schools, and been received as the most appropriate introduction to geometry. It is one of the few books which elevate our respect for the genius of antiquity. It has survived the wreck of ages. It had its days of adversity and disgrace in the dark period of ignorance and superstition, when everything valuable in the literature of antiquity was buried in the dust and solitude of cloisters, and the still voice of truth was drowned in the jargon of a loud and disputatious theology. But it has been destined to reappear in all its ancient splendor. We ascribe not indeed so high a character to it because of its antiquity; but why be carried away by the rashness of innovation? Why pour an indiscriminate contempt on systems and opinions because they are old? Truth is confined to no age and to no country. Its voice has been heard in the temple of Egypt, as well as in the European university. It has darted its light athwart the gloom of antiquity, as well as given a new splendor to the illumination of modern times. We have witnessed the feuds of political innovation — the cruelty and murder which have marked the progress of its destructive career. Let us also tremble at the heedless spirit of reform which the confidence of a misguided enthusiasm may attempt in the principles and investigations of philosophy. What would have been the present degradation of science had the spirit of each generation been that of contempt for the labors and investigations of its ancestry? Science would exist in a state of perpetual infancy. Its abortive tendencies to improvement would expire with the short-lived labors of individuals, and the extinction of every new race would again involve the world in the

gloom of ignorance. Let us tremble to think that it would require the production of a new miracle to restore the forgotten discoveries of Newton.

From «Mathematical Lectures.»

THE MIRACLE OF HUMAN CRUELTY

MAN is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals, and the question is, Can any method be devised for its alleviation? On this subject that scriptural image is strikingly realized, "The whole inferior creation groaning and travailing together in pain," because of him It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, Nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality or barbaric splendor, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or to its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gayety — this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations; and so "the fear of man and the dread of man is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered: every

moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things." Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he reveled among its privileges. The whole earth labors and is in violence because of his cruelties; and from the amphitheatre of sentient Nature there sounds in Fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering — a dreadful homage to the power of Nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensations and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practiced this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and, what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye: and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel, under whose operation they shrink and are convulsed just as any living subject of our own species — there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain — the agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The atten-

tion does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance — an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.

From «Pictures of the Chase.»

ROBERT CHAMBERS

(1802–1871)

ROBERT CHAMBERS, the most influential British publisher since Caxton, was born at Peebles, Scotland, July 10th, 1802. In connection with his brother William, he founded the publishing house of "W. and R. Chambers," and impressed it with so deep and true an individuality that even its "hack work," as in the "Miscellanies," has become classical. Besides publishing many works of great usefulness, he wrote extensively. "Traditions of Edinburgh," "Walks in Edinburgh," the "Book of Days," and "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," are among his most noted works. His style is attractive because of its candor, sincerity, and directness. He writes so simply that a child can follow him even in passages from which the fully matured intellect will derive material for long and deep reflection. He died March 17th, 1871.

UNLUCKY DAYS

THAT peculiar phase of superstition which has regard to lucky or unlucky, good or evil days, is to be found in all ages and climes, wherever the mystery-man of a tribe or the sacerdotal caste of a nation has acquired rule or authority over the minds of the people. All over the East, among the populations of antiquity, are to be found traces of this almost universal worship of Luck. It is one form of that culture of the beneficent and the maleficent principles, which marks the belief in good and evil as an antagonistic duality of gods. From ancient Egypt the evil or unlucky days have received the name of "Egyptian days." Nor is it only in pagan, but in Christian times, that this superstition has held its potent sway. No season of the year, no month, no week, is free from those untoward days on which it is dangerous, if not fatal, to begin any enterprise, work, or travel. They begin with New Year's Day, and they only end with the last day of December. Passing over the heathen augurs, who predicted fortunate days for sacrifice or

trade, wedding or war, let us see what our Anglo-Saxon forefathers believed in this matter of days. A Saxon MS. (Cott. MS. Vitell, C. viii 20) gives the following account of these *Dies Mala:* "Three days there are in the year which we call 'Egyptian Days'; that is, in our language, dangerous days, on any occasion whatever, to the blood of man or beast. In the month which we call April, the last Monday; and then is the second, at the coming in of the month we call August; then is the third, which is the first Monday of the going out of the month of December. He who on these three days reduces blood, be it of man, be it of beast, this we have heard say, that speedily on the first or seventh day, his life he will end. Or if his life be longer, so that he come not to the seventh day, or if he drink sometime in these three days, he will end his life; and he that tastes of goose flesh within forty days' space, his life he will end."

In the ancient Exeter Kalendar, a MS. said to be of the age of Henry II., the first or Kalends of January is set down as *Dies Mala.*

These Saxon Kalendars give us a total of about twenty-four evil days in the 365; or about one such in every fifteen. But the superstition "lengthened its words and strengthened its stakes"; it seems to have been felt or feared that the black days had but too small a hold on their regarders, so they were multiplied.

"Astronomers say that six days of the year are perilous of death; and therefore they forbid men to let blood on them, or take any drink; that is to say January 3d, July 1st, October 2d, the last of April, August 1st, the last day going out of December. These six days ought to be kept, but namely (mainly?) the latter three, for all the veins are then full. For then, whether man or beast be knit in them within seven days, or certainly within fourteen days, he shall die, and if they take any drinks within fifteen days, they shall die; and if they eat any goose in these three days, within forty days they shall die; and if any child be born in these three latter days, they shall die a wicked death. Astronomers and astrologers say that in the beginning of March, the seventh night or the fourteenth day, let the blood of the right arm; and in the beginning of April, the eleventh day, of the left arm; and in the end of May, third or fifth day, on whether arm thou wilt; and thus of all the year, thou shalt orderly be kept from the fever, the fall-

ing gout, the sister gout, and loss of thy sight."—"Book of Knowledge," b. L., p. 19.

Those who may be inclined to pursue this subject more fully will find an essay on "Day Fatality" in John Aubrey's "Miscellanies," in which he notes the days lucky and unlucky, of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and of various distinguished individuals of later times.

In a comparatively modern MS. Kalendar of the time of Henry VI., in the writer's possession, one page of vellum is filled with the following, of which we modernize the spelling:—

"These underwritten be the perilous days for to take any sickness in, or to be hurt in, or to be wedded in, or to take any journey upon, or to begin any work on, that he would well speed. The number of these days in the year be 32; they be these:—

"In January there be 7—1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, and 15th.
In February be 3—6th, 7th, and 18th.
In March be 3—1st, 6th, and 8th.
In April be 2—6th and 11th.
In May be 3—5th, 6th, and 7th.
In June be 2—7th and 15th.
In July be 2—5th and 19th.
In August be 2—15th and 19th.
In September be 2—6th and 7th.
In October be 1—6th.
In November be 2—15 and 16th.
In December be 3—15th, 16th, and 17th."

The copyist of this dread list of evil days, while apparently giving the superstition a qualified credence, manifests a higher and nobler faith, lifting his aspirations above days and seasons; for he has appended to the catalogue, in a bold, firm hand of the time—*Sed tamen in Domino confido.* "But, notwithstanding, I will trust in the Lord." Neither in this Kalendar, nor in another of the same owner, prefixed to a small MS. volume containing a copy of Magna Charta, etc., is there inserted in the body of the Kalendar, anything to denote a *Dies Mala.* After the Reformation, the old evil days appear to have abated much of the ancient malevolent influences, and to have left behind them only a general superstition against fishermen setting out to fish, or seamen to take a voyage, or landsmen a journey, or domestic servants to enter on a new place—on a Friday. In many country districts, especially in the north of England, no weddings take place on

Friday, from this cause. According to a rhyming proverb, "Friday's moon, come when it will, comes too soon." Sir Thomas Overbury, in his charming sketch of a milkmaid, says, "Her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; and she consents for fear of anger." Erasmus dwells on the "extraordinary inconsistency" of the English of his day, in eating flesh in Lent, yet holding it a heinous offense to eat any on a Friday out of Lent. The Friday superstitions cannot be wholly explained by the fact that it was ordained to be held as a fast by the Christians of Rome. Some portion of its maleficient character is probably due to the character of the Scandinavian Venus Freya, the wife of Odin, and goddess of fecundity. But we are met on the other hand by the fact that amongst the Brahmins of India a like superstitious aversion to Friday prevails. They say that "on this day no business must be commenced," and herein is the fate foreshadowed of any antiquary who seeks to trace one of our still lingering superstitions to its source, like the bewildered traveler at the cross-roads, he knows not which to take. One leads him into the ancient Teuton forests; a second amongst the wilds of Scandinavia; a third to papal and thence to pagan Rome; and a fourth carries him to the far East, and there he is left with the conviction that much of what is old and quaint and strange among us, of the superstitious relics of our fore-elders, has its root deep in the soil of one of the ancient homes of the race.

Complete. From the "Book of Days."

SOME JOKES OF DOUGLAS JERROLD

No one who has seen Douglas Jerrold can ever forget him — a tiny, round-shouldered man, with a pale, aquiline visage, keen, bright, gray eyes; and a profusion of iron-brown hair; usually rather taciturn (though with a never-ceasing play of eye and lips), till an opportunity occurred for shooting forth one of those flashes of wit which made him the conversational chief of his day. The son of a poor manager haunting Sheerness, Jerrold owed little to education or early connection. He entered life as a midshipman, but early gravitated into a London literary career. His first productions were plays, whereof one, based on the ballad of "Black-Eyed Susan" (written when the

author was scarce twenty), obtained such success as redeemed theatres and made theatrical reputations, and yet Jerrold never realized from it above seventy pounds. He also wrote novels, but his chief productions were contributions to periodicals. In this walk he had for a long course of years no superior. His "Caudle Lectures," contributed to Punch, were perhaps the most attractive series of articles that ever appeared in any periodical work.

The drollery of his writings, though acknowledged to be great, would not perhaps have made Douglas Jerrold the remarkable power he was, if he had not also possessed such a singular strain of colloquial repartee. In his day no man in the metropolis was one half so noted for the brilliancy and originality of his sayings. Jerrold's wit proved itself to be, unlike Sheridan's, unpremeditated, for his best sayings were answers to the remarks of others; often, indeed, they consisted of clauses or single words deriving their significancy from their connection with what another person had said. Seldom or never did it consist of a pun or quibble. Generally, it derived its value from the sense lying under it. Always sharp, often caustic, it was never morose or truly ill-natured. Jerrold was, in reality, a kind-hearted man, full of feeling and tenderness, and of true goodness and worth, talent and accomplishment. He was ever the hearty admirer.

Specimens of conversational wit, apart from the circumstances which produced them, are manifestly placed at a great disadvantage; yet some of Jerrold's good things bear repetition in print. His definition of dogmatism as "puppyism come to maturity" might be printed by itself in large type and put upon a church door, without suffering any loss of point. What he said on passing the flamingly uxorious epitaph put up by a famous cook on his wife's tomb — "Mock Turtle!" — might equally have been placed on the tomb itself with perfect preservation of its poignancy. Similarly independent of all external aid is the keenness of his answer to a fussy clergyman, who was expressing opinions very revolting to Jerrold, — to the effect that the real evil of modern times was the surplus population, — "Yes, the surplice population." It is related that a prosy old gentleman, meeting him as he was passing at his usual quick pace along Regent Street, poised himself into an attitude and began: "Well, Jerrold, my dear boy, what is going on?" "I am," said the wit, instantly shooting off. Such is an example of the brief, fragmentary char-

acter of the wit of Jerrold. On another occasion it consisted of but a monosyllable. It was at a dinner of artists that a barrister present, having his health drunk in connection with the law, began an embarrassed answer by saying he did not see how the law could be considered as one of the arts, when Jerrold jerked in the word "black," and threw the company into convulsions. A bore in company remarking how charmed he was with the Prodigue, and that there was one particular song which always quite carried him away,—"Would that I could sing it!" ejaculated the wit.

What a profound rebuke to the inner consciousness school of modern poets there is in a little occurrence of Jerrold's life connected with a volume of the writings of Robert Browning! When recovering from a violent fit of sickness, he had been ordered to refrain from all reading and writing, which he had obeyed wonderfully well, although he found the monotony of a seaside life very trying to his active mind. One morning he had been left by Mrs. Jerrold alone, while she had gone shopping, and during her absence a parcel of books from London arrived, among them being Browning's "Sordello," which he commenced to read. Line after line, page after page, was devoured by the convalescent wit, but not a consecutive idea could he get from that mystic production. The thought then struck him that he had lost his reason during his illness, and that he was so imbecile that he did not know it. A perspiration burst from his brow, and he sat silent and thoughtful. When his wife returned, he thrust the mysterious volume into her hands, crying out, "Read this, my dear!" After several attempts to make any sense out of the first page or so, she returned it, saying: "Bother the gibberish! I don't understand a word of it!" "Thank heaven," cried the delighted wit, "then I am not an idiot!"

His winding up of Wordsworth's poems was equally good. "He reminds me," said Jerrold, "of the Beadle of Parnassus, strutting about in a cocked hat, or, to be more poetical, of a modern Moses, who sits on Pisgah with his back obstinately turned to that promised land, the Future; he is only fit for those old-maid tabbies, the Muses! His Pegasus is a broken-winded hack, with a grammatical bridle, and a monosyllabic bit between his teeth!"

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, in his Life of his father, groups a few additional good things which will not here be considered super-

fluous. "A dinner is discussed. Douglas Jerrold listens quietly, possibly tired of dinners, and declining pressing invitations to be present. In a few minutes he will chime in: 'If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.' A friend drops in, and walks across the smoking-room to Douglas Jerrold's chair. The friend wants to rouse Mr. Jerrold's sympathies in behalf of a mutual acquaintance who is in want of a round sum of money. But this mutual friend has already sent his hat about among his literary brethren on more than one occasion. Mr. ——'s hat is becoming an institution, and friends were grieved at the indelicacy of the proceeding. On the occasion to which I now refer, the bearer of the hat was received by my father with evident dissatisfaction. 'Well,' said Douglas Jerrold, 'how much does —— want this time?' 'Why, just a four and two noughts will, I think, put him straight,' the bearer of the hat replied. Jerrold: 'Well, put me down for one of the noughts.' 'The Chain of Events,' playing at the Lyceum Theatre, is mentioned. 'Humph!' says Douglas Jerrold. 'I am afraid the manager will find it a door chain, strong enough to keep everybody out of the house.' Then somewhat lackadaisical young members drop in. They assume that the Club is not sufficiently west; they hint at something near Pall Mall, and a little more style. Douglas Jerrold rebukes them. 'No, no, gentlemen; not near Pall Mall; we might catch coronets.' A stormy discussion ensues, during which a gentleman rises to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he begins: 'Gentlemen, all I want is common sense.' 'Exactly,' says Douglas Jerrold, 'that is precisely what you do want.' The discussion is lost in a burst of laughter. The talk lightly passes to the writings of a certain Scot. A member holds that the Scot's name should be handed down to a grateful posterity. Douglas Jerrold: 'I quite agree with you that he should have an itch in the Temple of Fame.' Brown drops in. Brown is said by all his friends to be the toady of Jones. The assurance of Jones in a room is a proof that Brown is in the passage. When Jones has the influenza, Brown dutifully catches a cold in the head. Douglas Jerrold to Brown: 'Have you heard the rumor that's flying about town?' 'No.' 'Well, they say Jones pays the dog tax for you.' Douglas Jerrold is seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one

of his friends, and has expressed his disappointment. Friend: 'I have heard you said —— was the worst book I ever wrote.' Jerrold: 'No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote.' A supper of sheep's heads is proposed, and presently served. One gentleman present is particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish, and as he throws down his knife and fork, exclaims: 'Well, sheep's head forever, say I!' Jerrold: 'There's egotism!'»

It is worth while to note the succession of the prime jokers of London before Jerrold. The series begins with King Charles II., to whom succeeded the Earl of Dorset, after whom came the Earl of Chesterfield, who left his mantle to George Selwyn, whose successor was a man he detested, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, after whom was Jekyl, then Theodore Hook, whose successor was Jerrold; eight in all during a term of nearly two hundred years.

Complete.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

(1780–1842)

THE history made in America during the first half of the nineteenth century was profoundly influenced by Channing's intellectual fearlessness. He was an individualist of the type of Pym and Hampden, who put the man above the state, the church, the world — above everything but God, by whom according to this mode of thought, the state, the church, and the world were made that man might develop higher individuality and truer consciousness of having a soul of his own. In support of this fundamental tenet of his theology and of his politics, Channing wrote and spoke with a courage which, on occasion, was not without fierce menace to obstruction. In 1803 he became pastor of the Federal Street Church in Boston, and his work there made him one of the chief founders of American Unitarianism. His collected works published after his death include a number of highly meritorious essays on literary and social topics.

MILTON'S LOVE OF LIBERTY

WE SEE Milton's greatness of mind in his fervent and constant attachment to liberty. Freedom in all its forms and branches was dear to him, but especially freedom of thought and speech, of conscience and worship, freedom to seek, profess, and propagate truth. The liberty of ordinary politicians, which protects men's outward rights, and removes restraints to the pursuit of property and outward good, fell very short of that for which Milton lived and was ready to die. The tyranny which he hated most was that which broke the intellectual and moral power of the community. The worst feature of the institutions which he assailed was that they fettered the mind. He felt within himself that the human mind had a principle of perpetual growth, that it was essentially diffusive and made for progress, and he wished every chain broken, that it might run the race of truth and virtue with increasing ardor and success. This attachment to a spiritual and refined freedom, which never forsook him

in the hottest controversies, contributed greatly to protect his genius, imagination, taste, and sensibility from the withering and polluting influences of public station, and of the rage of parties. It threw a hue of poetry over politics, and gave a sublime reverence to his service of the commonwealth. The fact that Milton, in that stormy day, and amidst the trials of public office, kept his high faculties undepraved, was a proof of no common greatness. Politics, however they make the intellect active, sagacious, and inventive, within a certain sphere, generally extinguish its thirst for universal truth, paralyze sentiment and imagination, corrupt the simplicity of the mind, destroy that confidence in human virtue, which lies at the foundation of philanthropy and generous sacrifices, and end in cold and prudent selfishness. Milton passed through a revolution which, in its last stages and issue, was peculiarly fitted to damp enthusiasm, to scatter the visions of hope, and to infuse doubts of the reality of virtuous principle; and yet the ardor, and moral feeling, and enthusiasm of his youth came forth unhurt, and even exalted, from the trial.

Before quitting the subject of Milton's devotion to liberty, it ought to be recorded that he wrote his celebrated "Defense of the People of England" after being distinctly forewarned by his physicians that the effect of this exertion would be the utter loss of sight. His reference to this part of his history in a short poetical effusion is too characteristic to be withheld. It is inscribed to Cyriac Skinner, the friend to whom he appears to have confided his lately discovered "Treatise on Christian Doctrine":—

"Cyriac, this three-years-day, these eyes, though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide."

— Sonnet xxii.

We see Milton's magnanimity in the circumstances under which "Paradise Lost" was written. It was not in prosperity, in honor, and amidst triumphs, but in disappointment, desertion, and in what the world calls disgrace, that he composed that work. The cause with which he had identified himself had failed. His friends were scattered; Liberty was trodden under foot; and her devoted champion was a byword among the triumphant Royalists. But it is the prerogative of true greatness to glorify itself in adversity, and to meditate and execute vast enterprises in defeat. Milton, fallen in outward condition, afflicted with blindness, disappointed in his best hopes, applied himself with characteristic energy to the sublimest achievement of intellect, solacing himself with great thoughts, with splendid creations, and with a prophetic confidence that, however neglected in his own age, he was framing in his works a bond of union and fellowship with the illustrious spirits of a brighter day. We delight to contemplate him in his retreat and last years. To the passing spectator, he seemed fallen and forsaken, and his blindness was reproached as a judgment from God. But though sightless, he lived in light. His inward eye ranged through universal nature, and his imagination shed on it brighter beams than the sun. Heaven, and hell, and paradise were open to him. He visited past ages, and gathered round him ancient sages and heroes, prophets and apostles, brave knights and gifted bards. As he looked forward, ages of liberty dawned and rose to his view, and he felt that he was about to bequeath to them an inheritance of genius "which would not fade away," and was to live in the memory, reverence, and love of remotest generations.

From an essay on "The Moral Qualities of Milton."

THE PRESENT AGE

The Present Age! In these brief words what a world of thought is comprehended! what infinite movements! what joys and sorrows! what hope and despair! what faith and doubt! what silent grief and loud lament! what fierce conflicts and subtle schemes of policy! what private and public revolutions! In the period through which many of us have passed, what thrones

have been shaken! what hearts have bled! what millions have been butchered by their fellow-creatures! what hopes of philanthropy have been blighted! And at the same time what magnificent enterprises have been achieved! what new provinces won to science and art! what rights and liberties secured to nations! It is a privilege to have lived in an age so stirring, so pregnant, so eventful. It is an age never to be forgotten. Its voice of warning and encouragement is never to die. Its impression on history is indelible. Amidst its events, the American Revolution, the first distinct, solemn assertion of the rights of men, and the French Revolution, that volcanic force which shook the earth to its centre, are never to pass from men's minds. Over this age the night will indeed gather more and more as time rolls away; but in that night two forms will appear, Napoleon and Washington,—the one a lurid meteor, the other a benign, serene, and undecaying star. Another American name will live in history, your Franklin; and the kite which brought lightning from heaven will be seen sailing in the clouds by remote posterity, when the city where he dwelt may be known only by its ruins. There is, however, something greater in the age than in its greatest men; it is the appearance of a new power in the world, the appearance of the multitude of men on that stage where as yet the few have acted their parts alone. This influence is to endure to the end of time. What more of the present is to survive? Perhaps much, of which we now take no note. The glory of an age is often hidden from itself. Perhaps some word has been spoken in our day which we have not deigned to hear, but which is to grow clearer and louder through all ages. Perhaps some silent thinker whose name is to fill the earth is at work in his closet among us. Perhaps there sleeps in his cradle some reformer who is to move the church and the world, who is to open a new era in history, who is to fire the human soul with new hope and new daring. What else is to survive the age? That which the age has little thought of, but which is living in us all; I mean the soul, the immortal spirit. Of this all ages are the unfoldings, and it is greater than all. We must not feel, in the contemplation of the vast movements of our own and former times, as if we ourselves were nothing. I repeat it, we are greater than all. We are to survive our age, to comprehend it, and to pronounce its sentence. As yet, however, we are encompassed with dark-

ness. The issues of our time how obscure! The future into which it opens who of us can foresee? To the Father of all Ages I commit this future with humble, yet courageous and unfaltering hope.

From an address at Philadelphia.

THE USELESSNESS OF RANK

It is objected that the distinction of ranks is essential to social order, and that this will be swept away by calling forth energy of thought in all men. This objection, indeed, though exceedingly insisted on in Europe, has nearly died out here; but still enough of it lingers among us to deserve consideration. I reply, then, that it is a libel on social order to suppose that it requires for its support the reduction of the multitude of human beings to ignorance and servility; and that it is a libel on the Creator to suppose that he requires, as the foundation of communities, the systematic depression of the majority of his intelligent offspring. The supposition is too grossly unreasonable, too monstrous to require labored refutation. I see no need of ranks, either for social order, or for any other purpose. A great variety of pursuits and conditions is indeed to be desired. Men ought to follow their genius, and to put forth their powers in every useful and lawful way. I do not ask for a monotonous world. We are far too monotonous now. The vassalage of fashion, which is a part of rank, prevents continually the free expansion of men's powers. Let us have the greatest diversity of occupations. But this does not imply that there is a need of splitting society into castes or ranks, or that a certain number should arrogate superiority, and stand apart from the rest of men as a separate race. Men may work in different departments of life, and yet recognize their brotherly relation, and honor one another, and hold friendly communion with one another. Undoubtedly, men will prefer as friends and common associates those with whom they sympathize most. But this is not to form a rank or caste. For example, the intelligent seek out the intelligent; the pious those who reverence God. But suppose the intellectual and the religious to cut themselves off by some broad, visible distinction from the rest of society, to form a clan of their own, to refuse admission into their houses to people of inferior knowledge and virtue, and to diminish as far as possible the occasions of inter-

course with them; would not society rise up as one man against this arrogant exclusiveness? And if intelligence and piety may not be the foundations of a caste, on what ground shall they, who have no distinction but wealth, superior costume, richer equipages, finer houses, draw lines around themselves and constitute themselves a higher class? That some should be richer than others is natural, and is necessary, and could only be prevented by gross violations of right. Leave men to the free use of their powers, and some will accumulate more than their neighbors. But to be prosperous is not to be superior, and should form no barrier between men. Wealth ought not to secure to the prosperous the slightest consideration. The only distinctions which should be recognized are those of the soul, of strong principle, of incorruptible integrity, of usefulness, of cultivated intellect, of fidelity in seeking for truth. A man, in proportion as he has these claims, should be honored and welcomed everywhere. I see not why such a man, however coarsely if neatly dressed, should not be a respected guest in the most splendid mansions, and at the most brilliant meetings. A man is worth infinitely more than the saloons, and the costumes, and the show of the universe. He was made to tread all these beneath his feet. What an insult to humanity is the present deference to dress and upholstery, as if silkworms, and looms, and scissors, and needles could produce something nobler than a man! Every good man should protest against a caste founded on outward prosperity, because it exalts the outward above the inward, the material above the spiritual; because it springs from and cherishes a contemptible pride in superficial and transitory distinctions; because it alienates man from his brother, breaks the tie of common humanity, and breeds jealousy, scorn, and mutual ill-will. Can this be needed to social order?

From essays on the «Elevation of the Laboring Classes.»

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY

BEAUTY is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects,

but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noble feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions, where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

From «Self-Culture.»

«PEACE OF ALL GOD'S GIFTS THE BEST»

THERE is a twofold peace. The first is negative. It is relief from disquiet and corroding care. It is repose after conflict and storms. But there is another and a higher peace, to which this is but the prelude, "a peace of God which passeth all understanding," and properly called "the kingdom of heaven within us." This state is anything but negative. It is the highest and most strenuous action of the soul, but an entirely harmonious action, in which all our powers and affections are blended in a beautiful proportion, and sustain and perfect one another. It is more than silence after storms. It is as the concord of all melodious sounds. Has the reader never known a season when, in the fullest flow of thought and feeling, in the universal action of the soul, an inward calm, profound as midnight silence, yet bright as the still summer noon, full of joy, but unbroken by one throb of tumultuous passion, has been breathed through his spirit, and given him a glimpse and presage of the serenity of a happier world? Of this character is the peace of religion. It is a conscious harmony with God and the creation, an alliance of love with all beings, a sympathy with all that is pure and happy, a surrender of every separate will and interest, a participation of the spirit and life of the universe, an entire concord of purpose with its Infinite Original. This is peace, and the true happiness of man; and we think that human nature has never entirely lost sight of this its great end. It has always sighed for a repose, in which energy of thought and will might be tempered with an all-pervading tranquillity. We seem to discover aspirations after this good, a dim consciousness of it in all ages of the world. We think we see it in those systems of Oriental and Grecian philosophy, which proposed, as the consummation of present virtue, a release from all disquiet, and an intimate union and harmony with the Divine Mind. We even think that we trace this consciousness, this aspiration, in the works of ancient art which time has spared to us, in which the sculptor, aiming to embody his deepest thoughts of human perfection, has joined with the fullness of life and strength a repose which breathes into the spectator an admiration as calm as it is exalted. Man, we believe, never wholly loses the sentiment of his true good. There

are yearnings, sighings which he does not himself comprehend, which break forth alike in his prosperous and adverse seasons, which betray a deep, indestructible faith in a good that he has not found, and which, in proportion as they grow distinct, rise to God and concentrate the soul in him, as at once its life and rest, the fountain at once of energy and of peace.

From an essay on « Fénelon.»

HESTER CHAPONE

(1727–1801)

MRS. CHAPONE was one of Doctor Johnson's disciples, who made her first attempts as an essayist in the Rambler and Adventurer. She also contributed to the Connoisseur and the Gentleman's Magazine. She was born in Northamptonshire, October 27th, 1727. Her life was one of very considerable literary activity, as, besides her essays, she wrote an "Ode to Peace," and other poems; "Fidelia," a novel; and "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind," which ran through numerous editions and only went out of favor when the didactic style fell into general disrepute. She died in 1801.

SIR CHARLES AND LADY WORTHY

IS THERE a single pleasure worthy of a rational being, which is not, within certain limitations, consistent with religion and virtue? And are not the limits within which we are permitted to enjoy them the same which are prescribed by reason and nature, and which we cannot exceed without manifest hurt to ourselves or others? It is not the life of a hermit that is enjoined us: it is only the life of a rational being, formed for society, capable of continual improvement, and consequently of continual advancement in happiness.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are neither gloomy ascetics, nor frantic enthusiasts; they married from affection, on long acquaintance and perfect esteem; they therefore enjoy the best pleasures of the heart in the highest degree. They concur in a rational scheme of life, which, whilst it makes them always cheerful and happy, renders them the friends of human kind and the blessing of all around them. They do not desert their station in the world, nor deny themselves the proper and moderate use of their large fortune; though that portion of it which is appropriated to the use of others is that from which they derive their highest gratifications. They spend four or five months

of every year in London, where they keep up an intercourse of hospitality and civility with many of the most respectable persons of their own, or of higher rank; but have endeavored rather at a select than a numerous acquaintance; and as they never play at cards, this endeavor has the more easily succeeded. Three days in the week, from the hour of dinner, are given up to this intercourse with what may be called the world. Three more are spent in a family way, with a few intimate friends whose tastes are conformable to their own, and with whom the book and working table, or sometimes music, supply the intervals of useful and agreeable conversation. In these parties their children are always present, and partake of the improvement that arises from such society, or from the well-chosen pieces which are read aloud. The seventh day is always spent at home, after the due attendance on public worship, and is peculiarly appropriated to the religious instruction of their children and servants, or to other works of charity. As they keep regular hours and rise early, and as Lady Worthy never pays or admits morning visits, they have seven or eight hours in every day, free from all interruption from the world, in which the cultivation of their own minds and those of their children, the due attention to health, to economy, and to the poor, are carried on in the most regular manner.

Thus, even in London, they contrive, without the appearance of quarreling with the world, or of shutting themselves up from it, to pass the greater part of their time in a reasonable and useful, as well as an agreeable, manner. The rest of the year they spend at their family seat in the country, where the happy effects of their example and of their assiduous attention to the good of all around them, are still more observable than in town. Their neighbors, their tenants, and the poor, for many miles about them, find in them a sure resource and comfort in calamity, and a ready assistance to every scheme of honest industry. The young are instructed at their expense and under their direction, and rendered useful at the earliest period possible; the aged and the sick have every comfort administered that their state requires; the idle and dissolute are kept in awe by vigilant inspection; the quarrelsome are brought, by a sense of their own interest, to live more quietly with their family and neighbors, and amicably to refer their disputes to Sir Charles's decision.

This amiable pair are not less highly prized by the genteel families of their neighborhood, who are sure of finding in their house the most polite and cheerful hospitality, and in them a fund of good sense and good humor, with a constant disposition to promote every innocent pleasure. They are particularly the delight of all the young people, who consider them as their patrons and their oracles, to whom they always apply for advice and assistance in any kind of distress or in any scheme of amusement.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are seldom without some friends in the house with them during their stay in the country; but, as their methods are known, they are never broken in upon by their guests, who do not expect to see them till dinner time, except at the hour of prayer and of breakfast. In their private walks or rides, they usually visit the cottages of the laboring poor, with all of whom they are personally acquainted; and by the sweetness and friendliness of their manner, as well as by their beneficent actions, they so entirely possess the hearts of these people that they are made the confidants of all their family grievances, and the casuists to settle all their scruples of conscience or difficulties in conduct. By this method of conversing freely with them they find out their different characters and capacities, and often discover and apply to their own benefit, as well as that of the person they distinguish, talents which would otherwise have been forever lost to the public.

From this slight sketch of their manner of living, can it be thought that the practice of virtue costs them any great sacrifices? Do they appear to be the servants of a hard master? It is true, they have not the amusement of gaming, nor do they curse themselves in bitterness of soul, for losing the fortune Providence had bestowed upon them: they are not continually in public places, nor stifled in crowded assemblies; nor are their hours consumed in an insipid interchange of unmeaning chat with hundreds of fine people who are perfectly indifferent to them; but then, in return, the Being whom they serve indulges them in the best pleasures of love, of friendship, of parental and family affection, of divine beneficence, and a piety which chiefly consists in joyful acts of love and praise! — not to mention the delights they derive from a taste uncorrupted and still alive to natural pleasures; from the beauties of nature, and from cultivating those beauties joined with utility in the scenes around them; and, above all,

from that flow of spirits, which a life of activity, and the constant exertion of right affections, naturally produce. Compare their countenances with those of the wretched slaves of the world, who are hourly complaining of fatigue, of listlessness, distaste, and vapors; and who, with faded cheeks and worn-out constitutions, still continue to haunt the scenes where once their vanity found gratification, but where they now meet only with mortification and disgust; then tell me, which has chosen the happier plan, admitting for a moment that no future penalty was annexed to a wrong choice? Listen to the character that is given of Sir Charles Worthy and his lady, wherever they are named, and then tell me, whether even your idol, the world, is not more favorable to them than to you.

Perhaps it is vain to think of recalling those whom long habits, and the established tyranny of pride and vanity, have almost precluded from a possibility of imitating such patterns, and in whom the very desire of amendment is extinguished; but for those who are now entering on the stage of life, and who have their parts to choose, how earnestly could I wish for the spirit of persuasion — for such a "warning voice" as should make itself heard amidst all the gay bustle that surrounds them! it should cry to them without ceasing, not to be led away by the crowd of fools, without knowing whither they are going — not to exchange real happiness for the empty name of pleasure — not to prefer fashion to immortality — and not to fancy it possible for them to be innocent and at the same time useless.

FRANÇOIS RENÉ AUGUSTE, VISCOUNT DE CHÂTEAUBRIAND

(1768–1848)

CHÂTEAUBRIAND'S "The Genius of Christianity" appeared in 1856 and at once fixed his place among the great essayists of France. The theory of evolution gave to Christian theology a new direction, so that Châteaubriand's defense of Christianity as a religion is thus forced to rely for survival chiefly on its merits as literature. It has been vindicated by the test. In spite of changing tastes and opinions, it remains in favor with all classes of readers, because it is the work — not of a theologian or a logician, but of a poet endowed with extraordinary imaginative power and a rare faculty of expression. While this is Châteaubriand's greatest work, his essays on English literature have a special interest to English readers because of his freedom from the restraints of traditional English criticism. He was born at St. Malo, in September, 1768. After completing his studies at Dol and at Rennes, he narrowly escaped becoming a soldier in India, but gave up the idea in favor of a voyage in the Arctic Ocean in search of the Northwest Passage. While on this expedition, during which he made no serious attempt at exploring the Arctic, he traveled in various parts of America and studied the habits of the Indians. This study resulted in "Atala, or the Loves of Two Savages," which appeared in 1801 and made Châteaubriand famous. During the French Revolution he lived in England, and while there made the studies which led to his essays on English literature. In 1802 he published "René," which with "Atala" formed part of the scheme of "The Natchez," a more ambitious work, which is remembered only because of these two celebrated episodes of its plan. After the Bourbon restoration Châteaubriand was very prominent in politics, but he belongs to the great writers of France rather than to its great statesmen. He died at Paris, July 4th, 1848.

«GENERAL RECAPITULATION» OF «THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY»

It is not without a certain degree of fear that we approach the conclusion of our work. The serious reflections which induced us to undertake it, the hazardous ambition which has led us to decide, as far as lay in our power, the question respecting Christianity,—all these considerations alarm us. It is difficult to discover how far it is pleasing to the Almighty that men should presume to take into their feeble hands the vindication of his eternity, should make themselves advocates of the Creator at the tribunal of the creature, and attempt to defend by human arguments those counsels which gave birth to the universe. Not without extreme diffidence, therefore, convinced as we are of the incompetency of our talents, do we here present the general recapitulation of this work.

Every religion has its mysteries. All nature is a secret.

The Christian mysteries are the most sublime that can be; they are the archetypes of the system of man and of the world.

The sacraments are moral laws, and present pictures of a highly poetical character.

Faith is a force; charity is a love; hope is complete happiness, or, as religion expresses it, a complete virtue.

The laws of God constitute the most perfect code of natural justice.

The fall of our first parents is a universal tradition.

A new proof of it may be found in the constitution of the moral man, which is contrary to the general constitution of beings.

The prohibition to touch the fruit of knowledge was a sublime command, and the only one worthy of the Almighty.

All the arguments which pretend to demonstrate the antiquity of the earth may be contested.

The doctrine of the existence of a God is demonstrated by the wonders of the universe. A design of Providence is evident in the instincts of animals and in the beauty of nature.

Morality of itself proves the immortality of the soul. Man feels a desire of happiness, and is the only creature who cannot attain it; there is consequently a felicity beyond the present life; for we cannot wish for what does not exist.

The system of atheism is founded solely on exceptions. It is not the body that acts upon the soul, but the soul that acts upon the body. Man is not subject to the general laws of matter; he diminishes where the animal increases.

Atheism can benefit no class of people: — neither the unfortunate, whom it bereaves of hope; nor the prosperous, whose joys it renders insipid; nor the soldier, of whom it makes a coward; nor the woman, whose beauty and sensibility it mars; nor the mother who has a son to lose; nor the rulers of men, who have no surer pledge of the fidelity of their subjects than religion.

The punishments and rewards which Christianity holds out in another life are consistent with reason and the nature of the soul.

In literature, characters appear more interesting and the passions more energetic under the Christian dispensation than they were under polytheism. The latter exhibited no dramatic feature, no struggles between natural desire and virtue.

Mythology contracted nature, and for this reason the Ancients had no descriptive poetry. Christianity restores to the wilderness both its pictures and its solitudes.

The Christian marvelous may sustain a comparison with the marvelous of fable. The Ancients founded their poetry on Homer, while the Christians found theirs on the Bible; and the beauties of the Bible surpass the beauties of Homer.

To Christianity the fine arts owe their revival and their perfection.

In philosophy it is not hostile to any natural truth. If it has sometimes opposed the sciences, it followed the spirit of the age and the opinions of the greatest legislators of antiquity.

In history we should have been inferior to the Ancients but for the new character of images, reflections, and thoughts, to which Christianity had given birth. Modern eloquence furnishes the same observation.

The relics of the fine arts, the solitude of monasteries, the charms of ruins, the pleasing superstitions of the common people, the harmonies of the heart, religion, and the desert, lead to the examination of the Christian worship.

This worship everywhere exhibits a union of pomp and majesty with a moral design and with a prayer either affecting or sublime. Religion gives life and animation to the sepulchre. From the laborer who reposes in a rural cemetery to the king

who is interred at St. Denis, the grave of the Christian is full of poetry. Job and David, reclining upon the Christian tomb, sing in their turn the sleep of death by which man awakes to eternity.

We have seen how much the world is indebted to the clergy and to the institutions and spirit of Christianity. If Schoonbeck, Bonnani, Giustiniani, and Hélyot, had followed a better order in their laborious researches, we might have presented here a complete catalogue of the services rendered by religion to humanity. We would have commenced with a list of all the calamities incident to the soul or the body of man, and mentioned under each affliction the Christian order devoted to its relief. It is no exaggeration to assert that, whatever distress or suffering we may think of, religion has, in all probability, anticipated us and provided a remedy for it. From as accurate a calculation as we were able to make, we have obtained the following results:—

There are computed to be on the surface of Christian Europe about 4,300 towns and villages. Of these 4,300 towns and villages, 3,294 are of the first, second, third, and fourth ranks. Allowing one hospital to each of these 3,294 places (which is far below the truth), you will have 3,294 hospitals, almost all founded by the spirit of Christianity, endowed by the church, and attended by religious orders. Supposing that, upon an average, each of these hospitals contain one hundred beds, or, if you please, fifty beds for two patients each, you will find that religion, exclusive of the immense number of the poor which she supports, has afforded daily relief and subsistence for more than a thousand years to about 329,400 persons.

On summing up the colleges and universities, we find nearly the same results; and we may safely assert that they afford instruction to at least three hundred thousand youths in the different states of Europe.

In this statement we have not included either the Christian hospitals and colleges in the other three quarters of the globe, or the female youth educated by nuns.

To these results must be added the catalogue of the celebrated men produced by the church, who form nearly two-thirds of the distinguished characters of modern times. We must repeat, as we have shown, that to the church we owe the revival of the arts and sciences and of letters; that to her are due most of the great modern discoveries, as gunpowder, clocks, the mariner's compass,

and, in government, the representative system; that agriculture and commerce, the laws and political science, are under innumerable obligations to her; that her missions introduced the arts and sciences among civilized nations, and laws among savage tribes; that her institution of chivalry powerfully contributed to save Europe from an invasion of new barbarians; that to her mankind is indebted for—

The worship of one only God.

The more firm establishment of the belief in the existence of that Supreme Being.

A clearer idea of the immortality of the soul, and also of a future state of rewards and punishments.

A more enlarged and active humanity.

A perfect virtue, which alone is equivalent to all the others—Charity.

A political law and the law of nations, unknown to the Ancients, and, above all, the abolition of slavery.

Who is there but must be convinced of the beauty and the grandeur of Christianity? Who but must be overwhelmed with this stupendous mass of benefits?

Complete. Chapter xii., Book VI., of «The Genius of Christianity.»

CHRISTIANITY AND MUSIC

To the fine arts, the sisters of poetry, we have now to direct our attention. Following the steps of the Christian religion, they acknowledged her for their mother the moment she appeared in the world; they lent her their terrestrial charms, and she conferred on them her divinity. Music noted down her hymns; painting represented her in her mournful triumphs; sculpture delighted in meditating with her among the tombs; and architecture built her temples sublime and melancholy as her thoughts.

Plato has admirably defined the real nature of music. «We must not judge of music,» said he, «by the pleasure which it affords, nor prefer that kind which has no other object than pleasure, but that which contains in itself a resemblance to the beautiful.»

Music, in fact, considered as an art, is an imitation of nature; its perfection, therefore, consists in representing the most beauti-

ful nature possible. But pleasure is a matter of opinion which varies according to times, manners, and nations, and which cannot be the beautiful, since the beautiful has an absolute existence. Hence every institution that tends to purify the soul, to banish from it trouble and discord, and to promote the growth of virtue, is by this very quality favorable to the best music, or to the most perfect imitation of the beautiful. But if this institution is moreover of a religious nature, it then possesses the two essential conditions of harmony: the beautiful and the mysterious. Song has come to us from the angels, and symphony has its source in heaven.

It is religion that causes the vestal to sigh amid the night in her peaceful habitation; it is religion that sings so sweetly beside the bed of affliction. To her Jeremias owed his lamentations and David the sublime effusions of his repentance. If, prouder under the ancient covenant, she depicted only the sorrows of monarchs and of prophets,— more modest, and not less royal, under the new law, her sighs are equally suited to the mighty and the weak, because in Jesus Christ she has found humility combined with greatness.

The Christian religion, we may add, is essentially melodious, for this single reason, that she delights in solitude. Not that she has any antipathy to society; there, on the contrary, she appears highly amiable; but this celestial Philomela prefers the desert; she is coy and retiring beneath the roofs of men; she loves the forests better, for these are the palaces of her father and her ancient abode. Here she raises her voice to the skies amid the concerts of nature; nature is incessantly celebrating the praises of the Creator, and nothing can be more religious than the hymns chanted in concert with the winds by the oaks of the forest and the reeds of the desert.

Thus the musician who would follow religion in all her relations is obliged to learn the art of imitating the harmonies of solitude. He ought to be acquainted with the melancholy notes of the waters and the trees; he ought to study the sound of the winds in the cloister and those murmurs that pervade the Gothic temple, the grass of the cemetery, and the vaults of death.

Christianity has invented the organ and given sighs to brass itself. To her music owed its preservation in the barbarous ages; wherever she has erected her throne, there have arisen a people who sing as naturally as the birds of the air. Song is the daugh-

ter of prayer, and prayer is the companion of religion. She has civilized the savage, only by the means of hymns; and the Iroquois who would not submit to her doctrines was overcome by her concerts. O religion of peace! thou hast not, like other systems, inculcated the precepts of hatred and discord; thou hast taught mankind nothing but love and harmony.

Complete. Chapter i., Book I., Part III., of «The Genius of Christianity.»

PICTURES

FUNDAMENTAL truths.

Firstly. The subjects of antiquity continue at the disposal of modern painters; thus, in addition to the mythological scenes, they have the subjects which Christianity presents.

Secondly. A circumstance which shows that Christianity has a more powerful influence over genius than fable is that our great masters, in general, have been more successful in sacred than in profane subjects.

Thirdly. The modern styles of dress are ill adapted to the arts of imitation; but the Catholic worship has furnished painting with costumes as dignified as those of antiquity.

Pausanias, Pliny, and Plutarch have left us a description of the pictures of the Greek school. Zeuxis took for the subjects of his three principal productions, Penelope, Helen, and Cupid; Polygnotus had depicted, on the walls of the temple of Delphi, the sacking of Troy and the descent of Ulysses into hell; Euphranor painted the twelve gods, Theseus giving laws, and the battles of Cadmea, Leuctra, Mantinea; Apelles drew Venus Anadyomene with the features of Campaspe; Aetion represented the nuptials of Alexander and Roxana, and Timantes delineated the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

Compare these subjects with the Christian subjects, and you will perceive their inferiority. The sacrifice of Isaac, for example, is in a more simple style than that of Iphigenia, and is equally affecting. Here are no soldiers, no group of people, none of that bustle which serves to draw off the attention from the principal action. Here is the solitary summit of a mountain, a patriarch who numbers a century of years, the knife raised over an only son, and the hand of God arresting the paternal arm.

The histories of the Old Testament are full of such pictures; and it is well known how highly favorable to the pencil are the patriarchal manners, the costumes of the East, the largeness of the animals, and the vastness of the deserts of Asia.

The New Testament changes the genius of painting. Without taking away any of its sublimity, it imparts to it a higher degree of tenderness. Who has not a hundred times admired the Nativity, the Virgin and Child, the Flight in the Desert, the Crowning with Thorns, the Sacraments, the Mission of the Apostles, the Taking Down from the Cross, the Women at the Holy Sepulchre? Can bacchanals, festivals of Venus, rapes, metamorphoses, affect the heart like the pictures taken from the Scripture? Christianity everywhere holds forth virtue and misfortune to our view, and polytheism is a system of crimes and prosperity. Our religion is our own history; it was for us that so many tragic spectacles were given to the world; we are parties in the scenes which the pencil exhibits to our view. A Greek, most assuredly, felt no kind of interest in the picture of a demigod who cared not whether he was happy or miserable; but the most moral and the most impressive harmonies pervade the Christian subjects. Be forever glorified, O religion of Jesus Christ, that hast represented in the Louvre the Crucifixion of the King of Kings, the Last Judgment on the ceiling of our court of justice, a Resurrection at the public hospital, and the Birth of our Savior in the habitation of those orphans who are forsaken both by father and mother!

We may repeat here, respecting the subjects of pictures, what we have said elsewhere concerning the subjects of poems. Christianity has created a dramatic department in painting far superior to that of mythology. It is religion also that has given us a Claude Loraine, as it has furnished us with a Delille and a St. Lambert. But what need is there of so many arguments? Step into the gallery of the Louvre, and then assert, if you can, that the spirit of Christianity is not favorable to the fine arts.

Complete. Chapter iv., Part III., Book I., of "The Genius of Christianity."

SCULPTURE

With a few variations required by the technical part of the art, our remarks on painting are equally applicable to sculpture.

The statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, at Rome; Adam and Eve by Baccio, at Florence; the Vow of Louis XIII. by Coustou, at Paris; St. Denys by the same; the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, the production of the joint genius of Lebrun and Girardon; the monument of Colbert, executed after the design of Lebrun, by Coyzevox and Tuby; Christ, the Mother of Pity, and the Eight Apostles, by Bouchardon, and several other statues of the religious kind, prove that Christianity understands the art of animating the marble full as well as the canvas.

It were, however, to be wished that sculptors would in future banish from their funeral compositions those skeletons which they have frequently introduced in monuments. Such phantoms are not suggested by the genius of Christianity, which depicts death so fair for the righteous.

It is equally necessary to avoid representations of corpses (however meritorious the execution), or humanity sinking under protracted infirmities. A warrior expiring on the field of honor in the full vigor of manhood may be very fine; but a body emaciated by disease is an image which the arts reject, unless accompanied by some miracle, as in the picture of St. Charles Borromeo. Exhibit, then, upon the monument of the Christian, on the one hand his weeping family and his dejected friends, on the other, smiling hope and celestial joys. Such a sepulchre, displaying on either side the scenes of time and of eternity, would be truly admirable. Death might make his appearance there, but under the features of an angel at once gentle and severe; for the tomb of the righteous ought always to prompt the spectator to exclaim, with St. Paul: "O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?"

Complete. Chapter v., Part III., Book I., of "The Genius of Christianity."

THE LITERATURE OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN

The invasion of French taste, begun in the reign of Charles II., was completed under William and Queen Anne. The great aristocracy, which was raising itself up, assumed the noble and imposing character of the great monarchy, its neighbor and its rival. English literature, till then almost unknown in France, crossed the Strait. Addison saw Boileau in 1701, and presented him with a copy of his Latin poems. Voltaire, obliged to seek refuge in England, on account of his quarrel with the Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot, dedicated the "Henriade" to Queen Anne, and spoiled his genius by the philosophic ideas of Collins, Chubb, Tindal, Wolston, Toland, and Bolingbroke. He made us acquainted with Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Shaftesbury, Swift, and exhibited them to France as men of a new species, discovered by him in a new world. Racine the younger translated "Paradise Lost," and Rollin took notice of that poem in his "Traité des Études."

On the accession of William III. to the British crown, the writers of London and Paris enlisted themselves in a quarrel of princes and warriors. Boileau celebrated the Passage of the Rhine; Prior replies that the sovereign of Parnassus employs the nine muses to sing that Louis has not passed the Rhine — which was the truth. Philips translated Corneille's "Pompée," and Roscommon wrote the prologue to it. Addison celebrated the victories of Marlborough, and paid homage to "Athalie"; Pope published his "Essay on Criticism," for which "L'Art Poétique" furnished the model. He gives nearly the same rules as Horace and Boileau, but all at once, recollecting his dignity, he proudly exclaims: —

"But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despise."

The French poet's "L'Art Poétique" was translated; Dryden revised the text, and merely substituted the names of English writers in place of those of French writers. He renders the *hatez-vous lentement*, "gently make haste."

"The Rape of the Lock" was suggested by "Le Lutrin," and the "Dunciad" is an imitation of the Satires by the friend of Racine. Butler translated one of these satires.

The literary age of Queen Anne is a last reflection of the age of Louis XIV. And as if the great king had been destined to encounter William incessantly and to make conquests, when he could no longer invade England with his men at arms, he penetrated into it with his men of letters: the genius of Albion, which our soldiers could not subdue, yielded to our poets.

From «Sketches of English Literature.»

SWIFT AND STEELE

Jonathan Swift, born in Ireland on the thirtieth of November, 1667, has been most inappropriately called by Voltaire the English Rabelais. Voltaire relished only the impieties of Rabelais, and his humor, when it is good; but the deep satire on society and man, the lofty philosophy, the grand style of the curé of Meudon, escaped his notice, as he saw only the weak side of Christianity, and had no idea of the intellectual and moral revolution effected in mankind by the Gospel.

The «Tale of a Tub,» in which the Pope, Luther, and Calvin are attacked, and «Gulliver,» in which social institutions are stigmatized, exhibit but faint copies of «Gargantua.» The ages in which the two writers lived produce, moreover, a wide difference between them: Rabelais began his language; Swift finished his. It is not certain, however, that the «Tale of a Tub» is Swift's, or that it was written entirely by him; Swift amused himself by manufacturing verses of twenty, thirty, and sixty feet. Velly, the historian, has translated the satire on the peace of Utrecht, entitled «John Bull.»

William III., who did so many things, taught Swift the art of growing asparagus in the Dutch manner. Jonathan fell in love with Stella, took her to his deanery of St. Patrick, and at the end of sixteen years, when he was at the end of his passion, he married her. Esther Vanhomrigh conceived an affection for Swift, though he was old, ugly, and disgusting. When she learned that he was absolutely married to Stella, who had become quite indifferent to him, she died; Stella soon followed Esther. The hard-hearted man, who caused the death of these two beautiful young women, was not able, like the truly great poets, to bestow on them a second life.

Steele, a countryman of Swift, became his rival in politics Having obtained a seat in the House of Commons, he was ex-

pelled from it as the author of seditious libels. On the creation of twelve peers, during the administration of Oxford and Bolingbroke, he addressed a cutting letter to Sir Miles Wharton, on the making of peers for particular occasions. Steele did not enrich himself by this connection with the great corrupter Walpole; relinquishing his pamphlets, he turned his attention to mechanical literature, and invented a machine for conveying salmon fresh to London.

Steele has been deservedly commended for having cleansed the drama of those obscenities with which the writers of the time of Charles II. had infected it: this was so much the more meritorious in the author of the "Conscious Lovers," inasmuch as his own manners were far from regular. Meanwhile, his contemporary, Gay, the fabulist, brought upon the stage "The Beggar's Opera," the hero of which is a robber and the heroine a prostitute. "The Beggar's Opera" is the original of our melodramas of the present day.

From "Sketches of English Literature."

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

(*c.* 1340–1400)

IT HAS been too unkindly said of Chaucer's prose, that it is valuable chiefly because it is Chaucer's. The same critics who say this assert that he is indebted to other writers whom he translates or paraphrases for the wisdom of "The Tale of Melibeus," from which the essay "On Getting and Using Riches" is extracted. It must be remembered, however, that paraphrasing and imitating were esteemed cardinal literary virtues in the time of Chaucer, as they were in the Augustan age at Rome. But even if his prose is denied all claim to originality, it is still the best prose English of its age, and some knowledge of it is necessary for all who wish to understand the growth of the English language and its literature.

Chaucer's birthplace is not known, nor is the exact year of his birth; but London claims him, and the weight of authority puts the date of his birth at about 1340. The year of Dante's death was 1321, so that Chaucer was almost his contemporary, as he was actually the contemporary of Petrarch whom, it is said, he met when he went to Italy in 1372 on a diplomatic mission for the king of England. From the great masters of the Italian revival of learning, he caught the spirit and learned the art which made him the "Father of English Poetry." He was the son of a London vintner and very little is known of his early years. He was a soldier under Edward III. in France, and when the French captured him the king paid £16 for his ransom. This was in 1360 and he was in favor at court under Edward and under Richard II., both of whom employed him in the diplomatic service. He became comptroller of customs for the port of London about the year 1374, and in 1386 he was chosen to Parliament as a knight of the shire from Kent. He was pensioned by Henry IV., who came to the throne in 1399—a year before Chaucer's death, the date of which is established by his epitaph as October 25th, 1400. These facts sufficiently indicate that he was a court favorite and his language is far from being the English vernacular of his day. It is English, however, and not French, for during his lifetime (1362) the court gave up the attempt to establish French as legally the language of England and restored to the law courts the Saxon dialect of the common people. Chaucer's English has a Saxon base; but, in addition to Norman French and Latin derivatives, he uses many direct coinages from the Italian, few of which took root in the language.

ON GETTING AND USING RICHES*

When Prudence had heard her husband avaunt himself of his riches and of his money, dispreising the power of his adversaries, she spake and said in this wise: Certes, dear sir, I grant you that ye ben rich and mighty, and that riches ben good to 'em that han well ygetten 'em, and that well can usen 'em; for, right as the body of a man may not liven withouten soul, no more may it liven withouten temporal goods, and by riches may a man get him great friends; and therefore saith Pamphilus, If a neatherd's daughter be rich, she may chese of a thousand men which she wol take to her husband; for of a thousand men one wol not forsaken her ne refusen her. And this Pamphilus saith also, If thou be right happy, that is to sayn, if thou be right rich, thou shalt find a great number of fellows and friends; and if thy fortune change, that thou wax poor, farewell friendship and fellowship, for thou shalt be all alone withouten any company, but if it be the company of poor folk. And yet saith this Pamphilus, moreover, that they that ben bond and thrall of liniage shuln be made worthy and noble by riches. And right so as by riches there comen many goods, right so by poverty come there many harms and evils; and therefore clepeth Cassiodore, poverty the mother of ruin, that is to sayn, the mother of overthrowing or falling down; and therefore saith Piers Alfonse, One of the greatest adversities of the world is when a free man by kind, or of birth, is constrained by poverty to eaten the alms of his enemy. And the same saith Innocent in one of his books; he saith that sorrowful and mishappy is the condition of a poor beggar, for if he ax not his meat he dieth of hunger, and if he ax he dieth for shame; and algates necessity constraineth him to ax; and therefore saith Solomon, That better it is to die than for to have such poverty; and, as the same Solomon saith, Better it is to die of bitter death, than for to liven in such wise. By these reasons that I have said unto you, and by many other reasons that I could say, I grant you that riches ben good to 'em that well geten 'em, and to him that well usen tho' riches; and therefore wol I show you how ye shulen behave you in gathering of your riches, and in what manner ye shulen usen 'em.

*With the original syntax — the spelling slightly modernized.

First, ye shulen geten 'em withouten great desire, by good leisure, sokingly, and not over hastily, for a man that is too desiring to get riches abandoneth him first to theft and to all other evils; and therefore saith Solomon, He that hasteth him too busily to wax rich, he shall be non innocent: he saith also, that the riches that hastily cometh to a man, soon and lightly goeth and passeth from a man, but that riches that cometh little and little, waxeth alway and multiplieth. And, sir, ye shulen get riches by your wit and by your travail, unto your profit, and that withouten wrong or harm doing to any other person; for the law saith, There maketh no man himself rich, if he do harm to another wight; that is to say, that Nature defendeth and forbiddeth by right, that no man make himself rich unto the harm of another person. And Tullius saith, That no sorrow, ne no dread of death, ne nothing that may fall unto a man, is so muckle agains nature as a man to increase his own profit to harm of another man. And though the great men and the mighty men geten riches more lightly than thou, yet shalt thou not ben idle ne slow to do thy profit, for thou shalt in all wise flee idleness; for Solomon saith, That idleness teacheth a man to do many evils; and the same Solomon saith, That he that travaileth and busieth himself to tillen his lond, shall eat bread, but he that is idle, and casteth him to no business ne occupation, shall fall into poverty, and die for hunger. And he that is idle and slow can never find covenable time for to do his profit; for there is a versifier saith that the idle man excuseth him in winter because of the great cold, and in summer then by encheson of the heat. For these causes, saith Caton, waketh and inclineth you not over muckle to sleep, for over muckle rest nourisheth and causeth many vices; and therefore saith St. Jerome, Doeth some good deeds, that the devil, which is our enemy, ne find you not unoccupied, for the devil he taketh not lightly unto his werking such as he findeth occupied in good works.

Then thus in getting riches ye musten flee idleness; and afterward ye shulen usen the riches which ye han geten by your wit and by your travail, in such manner, that men hold you not too scarce, ne too sparing, ne fool-large, that is too say, over large a spender; for right as men blamen an avaritious man because of his scarcity and chinchery, in the same wise he is to blame that spendeth over largely; and therefore saith Caton, use (he saith) the riches that thou hast ygeten in such manner, that men have

no matter ne cause to call thee nother wretch ne chinch, for it is a great shame to a man to have a poor heart and a rich purse: he saith also, The goods that thou hast ygeten, use 'em by measure, that is to sayen, spend measurably, for they that solily wasten and despenden the goods that they han, when they han no more proper of 'eir own, that they shapen 'em to take the goods of another man. I say, then, that ye shulen flee avarice, using your riches in such manner, that men sayen not that your riches ben yburied, but that ye have 'em in your might and in your wielding; for a wise man reproveth the avaritious man, and saith thus in two verse, Whereto and why burieth a man his goods by his great avarice, and knoweth well that needs must he die, for death is the end of every man as in this present life? And for what cause or encheson joineth he him, or knitteth he him so fast unto his goods, that all his wits mowen not disseveren him or departen him fro his goods, and knoweth well, or ought to know, that when he is dead he shall nothing bear with him out of this world? and therefore saith St. Augustine, that the avaritious man is likened unto hell, that the more it swallowed the more desire it hath to swallow and devour. And as well as ye wold eschew to be called an avaritious man or an chinch, as well should ye keep you and govern you in such wise, that men call you not fool-large; therefore, saith Tullius, The goods of thine house ne should not ben hid ne kept so close, but that they might ben opened by pity and debonnairety, that is to sayen, to give 'em part that han great need; ne they goods shoulden not ben so open to be every man's goods.

Afterward, in getting of your riches, and in using of 'em, ye shulen alway have three things in your heart, that is to say, our Lord God, conscience, and good name. First, ye shulen have God in your heart, and for no riches ye shulen do nothing which may in any manner displease God that is your creator and maker; for, after the word of Solomon, it is better to have a little good, with love of God, than to have muckle good and lese the love of his Lord God; and the prophet saith, that better it is to ben a good man and have little good and treasure, than to be holden a shrew and have great riches. And yet I say furthermore, that ye shulden always do your business to get your riches so that ye get 'em with a good conscience. And the apostle saith, that there nis thing in this world, of which we shulden have so great joy, as when our conscience beareth us good witness; and the wise

man saith, The substance of a man is full good when sin is not in a man's conscience. Afterward, in getting of your riches and in using of 'em, ye must have great business and great diligence that your good name be alway kept and conserved; for Solomon saith, that better it is and more it availeth a man to have a good name than for to have great riches; and therefore he saith in another place, Do great diligence (saith he) in keeping of thy friends and of thy good name, for it shall longer abide with thee than any treasure, be it never so precious; and certainly he should not be called a gentleman that, after God and good conscience all things left, ne doth his diligence and business to keepen his good name; and Cassiodore saith, that it is a sign of a gentle heart, when a man loveth and desireth to have a good name. . . . And he that trusteth him so muckle in his good conscience, that he despiseth or setteth at nought his good name or los, and recketh not though he kept not his good name, nis but a cruel churl.

From «The Tale of Melibeus.» Paraphrased by Chaucer from the «Liber Consolationis et Consilii.»

SIR JOHN CHEKE

(1514–1557)

SIR JOHN CHEKE, Regius professor of Greek at Cambridge under Henry VIII., holds his place in English literature mainly because of his attempt to restore the language to its purity by rejecting Latin and French words. The most notable of his surviving works is the pamphlet on "The Hurt of Sedition," written in 1549. He was born at Cambridge in 1514, and after completing his studies at St. Johns College he became "kings scholar" and later Regius professor of Greek at a time when almost nothing was known in England of that language. Roger Ascham, the celebrated author of "The Schoolmaster," studied under him, and about 1544 he became tutor to Prince Edward. He was imprisoned by Mary because of his preference for Lady Jane Grey, and his property was confiscated. He died in September, 1557.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE

O NOBLE peace, what wealth bringest thou in, how do all things flourish in field and in town, what forwardness of religion, what increase of learning, what gravity in counsel, what device of wit, what order of manners, what obedience of laws, what reverence of states, what safeguard of houses, what quietness of life, what honor of countries, what friendship of minds, what honesty of pleasure hast thou always maintained, whose happiness we knew not, while now we feel thy lack, and shall learn by misery to understand plenty, and so to avoid mischief by the hurt that it bringeth, and learn to serve better, where rebellion is once known; and so to live truly, and keep the king's peace. What good state were ye in afore ye began, not pricked with poverty, but stirred with mischief, to seek your destruction, having ways to redress all that was amiss? Magistrates most ready to tender all justice, and pitiful in hearing the poor men's causes, which sought to amend matters more than you can devise, and were ready to redress them better than ye could imagine; and yet for a headiness ye could not be contented; but

in despite of God, who commandeth obedience, and in contempt of the king, whose laws do seek your wealth, and to overthrow the country, which naturally we should love, ye would proudly rise, and do ye wot not what, and amend things by rebellion to your utter undoing. What states leave ye us in now, besieged with enemies, divided at home, made poor with spoil and loss of our harvest, murdered and cast down with slaughter and hatred, hindered from amendments by our own devilish haste, endangered with sickness by reason of misorder, laid open to men's pleasures for breaking of the laws, and feebled to such faintness that scarcely it will be covered.

Wherefore, for God's sake, have pity on yourselves, consider how miserably ye have spoiled, destroyed, and wasted us all; and if for desperateness ye care not for yourselves, yet remember your wives, your children, your country, and forsake this rebellion. With humble submission acknowledge your faults, and tarry not the extremity of the king's sword; leave off with repentance, and turn to your duties, ask God forgiveness, submit ye to your king, be contented for a commonwealth one or two to die.

From a tract on «The Hurt of Sedition,» 1549.

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ

("G. VALBERT")

(1829–)

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ, famous as a novelist and critic under his own name, earned a second reputation under the name of "G. Valbert." He was born at Geneva, July 19th, 1829. After completing his studies at the universities of Geneva, Paris, Bonn, and Berlin, he began life as a teacher, but changed his profession to that of literature, and in 1864 became one of the editors of the Revue des Deux Mondes. He published a long list of novels in that magazine, many of them being translated into other languages and widely read in Europe and America. As a novelist he belongs to the school of Walter Scott. His best-known works are "The Romance of a Respectable Woman" and "Samuel Brohl & Co." Several of his works have been dramatized.

THE MODERN SPHINX

THE sphinx of the fable lay in wait for people at the cross-ways. She propounded her riddles, and woe to those who did not guess them! The sphinx of ancient Egypt was a gentler and more beneficent being. A pacific creature, half human and half animal, she dwelt in the neighborhood of temples and royal tombs, and men saw in her the image of mysterious contemplation, self-involved and subsisting on the sacred presence of the divine majesty. The sphinx of the present day is an offshoot of the Greek imagination, and a different thing altogether. Ferocious, dangerous, of demoniac origin, begotten of Typhon and Echidna, she represents the barbaric Tartar spirit; and the mystery which involves her is not that of contemplative thought; it is the mystery of violence and destruction; the spirit of cavil, dispute, and revolt. Do not put the simple in the way of that ugly sphinx. She will devour those who stumble in their replies to her captious questions.

Leave the people their legends; and do not forbid them, in the name of historic truth, to believe in goodness and truth.

Their beliefs are incarnated in living images. Take away these images, and you impoverish their hearts, and sadden their lives. The favorite reading of the Russian people is the lives of the saints. These heroes of the spiritual war were men; they knew, like us, the weakness of the flesh, the fluctuations of thought, the uncertainty of the will, but they came out of the battle victorious; and if the imagination of their biographers has sometimes embellished their adventures, the tale is still true in the main. The application of analysis to sacred things is often malicious; always devastating. It is the evil-disposed who says to the simple-minded: "Why do you pray to St. Nicholas? Has St. Nicholas ever been known to answer prayer?" Respect pious legends and innocent superstitions. In attempting to remove them you risk pulling up the wheat along with the tares.

A celebrated poet has told us how Moses once found in the wilderness a shepherd engaged in fervent prayer. He was saying to God: "How shall I find thee? My heart so longs for thee! I would fain serve thee — bind thy sandals, wash thy garments, comb thy hair, kiss thy feet, and give thee the milk of my ewes!" Moses was highly scandalized, and exclaimed: "Shepherd, thou blasphemest, God is a spirit. He has no need of sandals and vestments and ewes' milk."

The poor man was stricken with despair. He could not imagine a being without a body, and so he ceased to serve God. Then God said to Moses: "Why hast thou so used my servant? Every man receives from me the form of his spirit and the fashion of his speech. What is evil for thee is good for another. What is poison for thee is honey for another." Let us leave the poor their honey. If we like our poisons, let us keep them to ourselves.

Our professors of pedagogy will read M. Pobédonostzeff's books with a mixture of amazement and contempt, and yet there is sound judgment in it, and lessons which they might profitably learn. I fear, however, that the Purveyor-General of the Holy Synod is himself, in his way, a bit of a Utopian. Is it possible to keep the people in a state of innocency when everything conspires to wean them from it — manners, institutions, ideas, the genius of the age, new industries, miraculous inventions, all helping to transform from day to day our habits, desires, and dreams, and the very world we live in? And when once their ingenuousness is lost, can it be restored to them? The virginity of the

mind is like the other virginity. "Thou art gone, thou art fled," sang Sappho, "and never wilt thou return."

And is it, after all, absolutely certain that we are living at the most disastrous period of the world's history? Is innocency of mind a real guarantee for happiness? Must we admit that discontent is a malady peculiar to the nations who are ruled by abstractions? M. Pobédonostzeff talks complacently about that ancient Egypt, where the sphinxes were peaceable and friendly beings, and revealed to man those mysteries only upon which it is good and sweet to meditate. And there is no doubt that the Egypt of the Pharaohs was, of all human societies, the best ordered and regulated, the most unlike ours, the farthest removed from grand principles and abstract theories, destructive criticism and mischievous and indiscreet analysis, and that it was never, never accused of having invented universal suffrage or the separation of Church and State.

And yet, if we are to trust an ancient scribe who lived under the twelfth dynasty, the valley of the Nile was a valley of woe, resounding with sighs and groans, where the poor and ignorant had calamities and sinking of heart, for which even their sphinxes could not console them. "I have seen violence, violence! I have seen the fireman at the mouth of the furnace, with fingers rough as the skin of the crocodile. The cunning worker in metal gets no more rest than the day laborer. Night, they say, is free, but he must work all night long. The stone cutter crouches from sunrise to sunset, his knees and his back are broken. The barber breaks his arms to earn his wages. The boatman goes down to Natho for a pittance and has not a moment in which to visit his orchard. The mason is spent with toil. He munches his crust and goes home to beat his wife and child. The weaver is worse off than a woman, and his misery weighs him down. The dyer's fingers smell of rotting poisons, his eyes are extinguished with weariness. The shoemaker must suck the juices of his leather for nutriment."

It is true that the old scribe who traced these heart-breaking lines makes no complaint of his own calling, and exhorts his son to prefer it to all others. But the young man was apparently hard to persuade. He had seen his sire at work and had come to the conclusion that the scribes — that is to say the intellectual people of that day — were miserable wretches, that there was little marrow in the bones they gnawed, and that literature is, of

all avocations, the most hazardous and ungrateful. Scribe or dyer, this earth will always be full of malcontents, and, after all, it is well that it should be so. The majority are very uncomfortable, and give great and unnecessary annoyance to the few who are at peace. Some few fulfill their mission and render an essential service to humanity by imparting their own spirit of unrest. They prevent mankind from sleeping, and as a matter of fact, this world is not a tent, set up merely to sleep in. The great saints whose legends the Russian people so love to meditate were themselves of the race of the eternally discontented. They too were nourished on abstractions, and the world into which they were born pleased them so little that they burned with the desire to change it, and their vocation, as one of themselves has said, haunted them all day like a sin.

From an essay in the Revue des Deux Mondes on «Pobédonostzeff's Essays,» translated for the Living Age.

LORD CHESTERFIELD

(PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD)

(1694–1773)

AS AN essayist, Chesterfield belongs to the same class with Amiel. Whether or not he expected his "Letters to His Son" to be published, they illustrate the best style of essay writing — that which cultivates the short sentences of Saxon English and condenses thought to the utmost. Bacon is the greatest English master of condensation, but Chesterfield seems to have studied the art under the French writers of *pensées* and maxims — especially under Rochefoucauld whom he greatly admired. It is said that his manners were "exquisite," and in oratory the polish of his eloquence is as remarkable as that of his manners. From time to time his "intolerable selfishness" appears in some repulsive sentence, but as a rule he cultivates decency even when he is expressing his worst depravity. He was born in London in 1694, and at the University of Cambridge, where he was educated, he was an industrious student of Greek and Roman literature. His taste for oratory and politics was developed very early. He entered the House of Commons in 1715, while still under age, and on the death of his father in 1726 took his seat in the House of Lords. His speech in the House of Lords against Walpole's excise bill was one of the most notable ever made on the subject of morals in taxation, and whatever may be said of Chesterfield's licentiousness as a man of fashion, this speech still remains well above the ethical level of our own civilization. In his old age he grew blind and deaf, so that when he died March 24th, 1773, he had nothing left to live for except the tradition of his good breeding. His last words were "Give Dayrolles a chair."

VULGARISM

A VULGAR man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, and thinks everything that is said meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws him-

self into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill bred enough to do either, he does not care twopence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and, wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savors strongly of the lowness of his education and company. It turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighborhood; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters. He is a man gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next and distinguishing characteristic of bad company and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than that. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say that men differ in their tastes, he both supports and adorns that opinion by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. If anybody attempts being smart, as he calls it, upon him, he gives them tit for tat, aye, that he does. He has always some favorite word for the time being, which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses: such as vastly angry, vastly kind, vastly handsome, and vastly ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words carries the mark of the beast along with it. He calls the earth yearth; he is obleiged not obliged to you. He goes to wards and not towards such a place. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles like a learned woman. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms; uses neither favorite words nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

From a Letter of September 27th, 1749.

ON GOOD BREEDING

A FRIEND of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them. Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good sense and good nature (and I believe you have both) can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general: their cement, and their security. And, as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who, by his ill manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing: and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well bred.

From the Letter of November 3d, 1749.

ON BAD BREEDING

MY LAST was upon the subject of good breeding; but, I think, it rather set before you the unfitness and disadvantages of ill breeding than the utility and necessity of good; it was rather negative than positive. This, therefore, shall go fur-

ther, and explain to you the necessity, which you, of all people living, lie under, not only of being positively and actively well bred, but of shining and distinguishing yourself by your good breeding. Consider your own situation in every particular, and judge whether it is not essentially your interest, by your own good breeding to others, to secure theirs to you: and that, let me assure you, is the only way of doing it; for people will repay, and with interest too, inattention with inattention, neglect with neglect, and ill manners with worse; which may engage you in very disagreeable affairs. In the next place your profession requires, more than any other, the nicest and most distinguished good breeding. You will negotiate with very little success, if you do not, previously, by your manners, conciliate and engage the affections of those with whom you are to negotiate. Can you ever get into the confidence and the secrets of the courts where you may happen to reside, if you have not those pleasing, insinuating manners, which alone can procure them? Upon my word, I do not say too much, when I say that superior good breeding, insinuating manners, and genteel address are half your business. Your knowledge will have but very little influence upon the mind if your manners prejudice the heart against you; but, on the other hand, how easily will you dupe the understanding, where you have first engaged the heart; and hearts are by no means to be gained by that mere common civility which everybody practices. Bowing again to those who bow to you, answering dryly those who speak to you, and saying nothing offensive to anybody, is such negative good breeding, that it is only not being a brute; as it would be but a very poor commendation of any man's cleanliness to say that he did not stink. It is an active, cheerful, officious, seducing good breeding that must gain you the good-will and first sentiments of the men and the affections of the women. You must carefully watch and attend to their passions, their tastes, their little humors and weaknesses, and *aller au devant*. You must do it, at the same time, with alacrity and *empressement*, and not as if you graciously condescended to humor their weaknesses.

For instance, suppose you invited anybody to dine or sup with you, you ought to recollect if you had observed that they had any favorite dish, and take care to provide it for them; and when it came you should say, You seemed to me, at such and such a place, to give this dish a preference and therefore I or-

dered it. This is the wine that I observed you liked, therefore I procured some. The more trifling these things are, the more they prove your attention for the person, and are consequently the more engaging. Consult your own breast, and recollect how these little attentions, when shown you by others, flatter that degree of self-love and vanity from which no man living is free. Reflect how they incline and attract you to that person, and how you are propitiated afterwards to all which that person says or does. The same causes will have the same effects in your favor.

From a Letter of November, 1749.

ATTENTIONS TO LADIES

WOMEN, in a great degree, establish or destroy every man's reputation of good breeding; you must, therefore, in a manner, overwhelm them with the attentions of which I have spoken; they are used to them, they expect them; and, to do them justice, they commonly requite them. You must be sedulous, and rather over officious than under, in procuring them their coaches, their chairs, their conveniences in public places; not see what you should not see; and rather assist, where you cannot help seeing. Opportunities of showing these attentions present themselves perpetually; but if they do not, make them. As Ovid advises his lover, when he sits in the circus near his mistress, to wipe the dust off her neck, even if there be none. *Si nullus, tamen excute nullum.* Your conversation with women should always be respectful; but at the same time, *enjoué*, and always addressed to their vanity. Everything you say or do should convince them of the regard you have (whether you have it or not) for their beauty, their wit, or their merit. Men have possibly as much vanity as women, though of another kind; and both art and good breeding require that, instead of mortifying, you should please and flatter it, by words and looks of approbation. Suppose (which is by no means improbable) that at your return to England, I should place you near the person of some one of the royal family; in that situation good breeding, engaging address, adorned with all the graces that dwell at courts, would very probably make you a favorite, and, from a favorite, a minister: but all the knowledge and learning in the world, without them, never would. The penetration of princes seldom

goes deeper than the surface. It is the exterior that always engages their hearts; and I would never advise you to give yourself much trouble about their understandings. Princes in general (I mean those *Porphyrogenets* who are born and bred in purple) are about the pitch of women; bred up like them, and are to be addressed and gained in the same manner. They always see, they seldom weigh. Your lustre, not your solidity, must take them; your inside will afterwards support and secure what your outside has acquired. With weak people (and they undoubtedly are three parts in four of mankind) good breeding, address, and manners are everything; they can go no deeper: but let me assure you, that they are a great deal, even with people of the best understandings. Where the eyes are not pleased, and the heart is not flattered, the mind will be apt to stand out. Be this right or wrong, I confess, I am so made myself. Awkwardness and ill breeding shock me, to that degree, that where I meet with them, I cannot find in my heart to inquire into the intrinsic merit of that person; I hastily decide in myself, that he can have none; and am not sure, I should not even be sorry to know that he had any. I often paint you in my imagination, in your present *lotananza;* and, while I view you in the light of ancient and modern learning, useful and ornamental knowledge, I am charmed with the prospect; but when I view you in another light, and represent you awkward, ungraceful, ill bred, with vulgar air and manners, shambling towards me with inattention and distractions, I shall not pretend to describe to you what I feel, but will do as a skillful painter did formerly, draw a veil before the countenance of the father.

I dare say you know already enough of architecture to know that the Tuscan is the strongest and most solid of all the orders; but, at the same time, it is the coarsest and clumsiest of them. Its solidity does extremely well for the foundation and base floor of a great edifice; but, if the whole building be Tuscan, it will attract no eyes, it will stop no passengers, it will invite no interior examination; people will take it for granted that the finishing and furnishing cannot be worth seeing, where the front is so unadorned and clumsy. But if, upon the solid Tuscan foundation, the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian orders rise gradually with all their beauty, proportions, and ornaments, the fabric seizes the most incurious eye, and stops the most careless passenger, who solicits admission as a favor, nay, often purchases it.

Just so will it fare with your little fabric, which at present I fear has more of the Tuscan than of the Corinthian order. You must absolutely change the whole front, or nobody will knock at the door. The several parts which must compose this new front are elegant, easy, natural, superior good breeding; an engaging address; genteel motions; an insinuating softness in your looks, words, and actions; a spruce, lively air, and fashionable dress; and all the glitter that a young fellow should have.

From an undated Letter.

LEARNING AND POLITENESS

I HAVE often asserted that the profoundest learning and the politest manners were by no means incompatible, though so seldom found united in the same person; and I have engaged myself to exhibit you as a proof of the truth of this assertion. Should you, instead of that, happen to disprove me, the concern indeed will be mine, but the loss will be yours. Lord Bolingbroke is a strong instance on my side of the question; he joins to the deepest erudition the most elegant politeness and good breeding that ever any courtier and man of the world was adorned with. And Pope very justly called him All Accomplished St. John, with regard to his knowledge and his manners. He had, it is true, his faults, which proceeded from unbounded ambition and impetuous passions; but they have now subsided by age and experience: and I can wish you nothing better than to be what he is now, without being what he has been formerly. His address pre-engages, his eloquence persuades, and his knowledge informs all who approach him. Upon the whole, I do desire and insist that, from after dinner till you go to bed, you make good breeding, address, and manners your serious object and your only care. Without them you will be nobody; with them you may be anything.

From an undated Letter.

WOMEN, VANITY, AND LOVE.

WOMEN are much more like each other than men; they have, in truth, but two passions, vanity and love: these are their universal characteristics. An Agrippina may sacrifice them to ambition, or a Messalina to lust; but such instances are

rare; and, in general, all they say, and all they do, tends to the gratification of their vanity or their love. He who flatters them most pleases them best; and they are most in love with him, who they think is the most in love with them. No adulation is too strong for them; no assiduity too great; no simulation of passion too gross: as, on the other hand, the least word or action, that can possibly be construed into a slight or contempt, is unpardonable, and never forgotten. Men are, in this respect, tender too, and will sooner forgive an injury than an insult. Some men are more captious than others; some are always wrongheaded: but every man living has such a share of vanity, as to be hurt by marks of slight and contempt. Every man does not pretend to be a poet, a mathematician, or a statesman, and considered as such; but every man pretends to common sense, and to fill his place in the world with common decency: and, consequently, does not easily forgive those negligencies, inattentions, and slights, which seem to call in question, or utterly deny him both these pretensions.

From a Letter of December 15th, 1749.

TOO READY FRIENDS

Be upon your guard against those, who, upon very slight acquaintance, obtrude their unasked and unmerited friendship and confidence upon you; for they probably cram you with them only for their own eating: but, at the same time, do not roughly reject them upon that general supposition. Examine further, and see whether those unexpected offers flow from a warm heart and a silly head, or from a designing head and a cold heart: for knavery and folly have often the same symptoms. In the first case, there is no danger in accepting them, *valeant quantum valere possunt*. In the latter case, it may be useful to seem to accept them, and artfully to turn the battery upon him who raised it.

There is an incontinency of friendship among young fellows, who are associated by their mutual pleasures only; which has, very frequently, bad consequences. A parcel of warm hearts, and inexperienced heads, heated by convivial mirth, and possibly a little too much wine, vow, and really mean at the time, eternal friendships to each other, and indiscreetly pour out their whole

souls in common, and without the least reserve. These confidences are as indiscreetly repealed as they were made: for new pleasures and new places soon dissolve this ill-cemented connection: and then very ill uses are made of these rash confidences. Bear your part, however, in young companies; nay, excel if you can, in all the social and convivial joy and festivity that become youth. Trust them with your love tales, if you please; but keep your serious views secret.

From a Letter of December 15th, 1749.

ON CHARACTER

Your moral character must be not only pure, but, like Cæsar's wife, unsuspected. The least speck or blemish upon it is fatal. Nothing degrades and vilifies more, for it excites and unites detestation and contempt. There are, however, wretches in the world profligate enough to explode all notions of moral good and evil; to maintain that they are merely local, and depend entirely upon the customs and fashions of different countries: nay, there are still, if possible, more unaccountable wretches; I mean those who affect to preach and propagate such absurd and infamous notions, without believing them themselves. These are the devil's hypocrites. Avoid, as much as possible, the company of such people, who reflect a degree of discredit and infamy upon all who converse with them. But as you may, sometimes, by accident, fall into such company, take great care that no complaisance, no good humor, no warmth of festal mirth, ever make you seem even to acquiesce, much less to approve or applaud, such infamous doctrines. On the other hand, do not debate, nor enter into serious argument upon a subject so much below it; but content yourself with telling these apostles that you know they are not serious; that you have a much better opinion of them than they would have you have; and that you are very sure they would not practice the doctrine they preach. But put your private mark upon them, and shun them for ever afterwards.

From a Letter of January 8th, 1750.

GOOD SENSE IN LITERATURE

THE age of Louis XIV. was very like the Augustan; Boileau, Molière, La Fontaine, Racine, etc., established the true, and exposed the false taste. The reign of King Charles II. (meritorious in no other respect) banished false taste out of England, and proscribed puns, quibbles, acrostics, etc. Since that false wit has renewed its attacks, and endeavored to recover its lost empire, both in England and France; but without success: though, I must say, with more success in France than in England: Addison, Pope, and Swift, having vigorously defended the rights of good sense; which is more than can be said of their contemporary French authors, who have of late had a great tendency to *le faux brillant*, *le rafinement*, *et l'entortillement*. And Lord Roscommon would be more in the right now than he was then in saying that—

> "The English bullion of one sterling line,
> Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine."

From a Letter of February 5th, 1750.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

(1802–1880)

LYDIA MARIA FRANCIS, afterward Mrs. Child, was born at Medford, Massachusetts, February 11th, 1802. She is the author of numerous novels and essays, but her work as an agitator for the abolition of slavery engrossed her attention and prevented the full realization of her possibilities in literature. Her romance of "Philothea," published in 1835, gives in its chapter on "The Banquet at Aspasia's" an excellent example of the Platonic essay as it was imitated by Landor and others in the early part of the nineteenth century. Mrs. Child died October 20th, 1880.

A BANQUET AT ASPASIA'S

THE room in which the guests were assembled was furnished with less of Asiatic splendor than the private apartment of Aspasia; but in its magnificent simplicity there was a more perfect manifestation of ideal beauty. It was divided in the middle by eight Ionic columns alternately of Phrygian and Pentelic marble. Between the central pillars stood a superb statue from the hand of Phidias, representing Aphrodite guided by love and crowned by the goddess of Persuasion. Around the walls were Phœbus and Hermes in Parian marble, and the nine Muses in ivory. A fountain of perfumed water from the adjoining room diffused coolness and fragrance as it passed through a number of concealed pipes, and finally flowed into a magnificent vase, supported by a troop of Naiades.

In a recess stood the famous lion of Myron, surrounded by infant loves, playing with his paws, climbing his back, and decorating his neck with garlands. This beautiful group seemed actually to live and move in the clear light and deep shadows derived from a silver lamp suspended above.

The walls were enriched with some of the choicest paintings of Apollodorus, Zeuxis, and Polygnotus. Near a fine likeness of

Pericles, by Aristolaus, was Aspasia, represented as Chloris scattering flowers over the earth, and attended by winged Hours.

It chanced that Pericles himself reclined beneath his portrait, and though political anxiety had taken from his countenance something of the cheerful freshness which characterized the picture, he still retained the same elevated beauty,—the same deep, quiet expression of intellectual power. At a short distance, with his arm resting on the couch, stood his nephew, Alcibiades, deservedly called the handsomest man in Athens. He was laughing with Hermippus, the comic writer, whose shrewd, sarcastic, and mischievous face was expressive of his calling. Phidias slowly paced the room, talking of the current news with the Persian Artaphernes. Anaxagoras reclined near the statue of Aphrodite, listening and occasionally speaking to Plato, who leaned against one of the marble pillars, in earnest conversation with a learned Ethiopian.

The gorgeous apparel of the Asiatic and African guests contrasted strongly with the graceful simplicity of Grecian costume. A saffron-colored mantle and a richly embroidered Median vest glittered on the person of the venerable Artaphernes. Tithonus, the Ethiopian, wore a skirt of ample folds, which scarcely fell below the knee. It was of the glorious Tyrian hue, resembling a crimson light shining through transparent purple. The edge of the garment was curiously wrought with golden palm leaves. It terminated at the waist in a large roll, twined with massive chains of gold, and fastened by a clasp of the far-famed Ethiopian topaz. The upper part of his person was uncovered and unornamented, save by broad bracelets of gold, which formed a magnificent contrast with the sable color of his vigorous and finely-proportioned limbs.

As the ladies entered, the various groups came forward to meet them; and all were welcomed by Aspasia with earnest cordiality and graceful self-possession. While the brief salutations were passing, Hipparete, the wife of Alcibiades, came from an inner apartment, where she had been waiting for her hostess. She was a fair, amiable young matron, evidently conscious of her high rank. The short blue tunic, which she wore over a lemon-colored robe, was embroidered with golden grasshoppers; and on her forehead sparkled a jeweled insect of the same species. It was the emblem of unmixed Athenian blood; and Hipparete alone, of all the ladies present, had a right to wear it. Her

manners were an elaborate copy of Aspasia; but deprived of the powerful charm of unconsciousness, which flowed like a principle of life into every motion of that beautiful enchantress. . . .

At a signal from Plato, slaves filled the goblets with wine, and he rose to propose the usual libation to the gods. Every Grecian guest joined in the ceremony, singing in a recitative tone:—

"Dionysus, this to thee,
God of warm festivity!
Giver of the fruitful vine,
To thee we pour the rosy wine!"

Music from the adjoining room struck in with the chorus and continued for some moments after it had ceased.

For a short time the conversation was confined to the courtesies of the table, as the guests partook of the delicious viands before them. Plato ate olives and bread only; and the water he drank was scarcely tinged with Lesbian wine. Alcibiades rallied him upon this abstemiousness; and Pericles reminded him that even his great pattern, Socrates, gave Dionysus his dues, while he worshiped the heaven-born Pallas.

The philosopher quietly replied: "I can worship the fiery god of Vintage only when married with Nymphs of the Fountain."

"But tell me, O Anaxagoras and Plato," exclaimed Tithonus, "if, as Hermippus hath said, the Grecian philosophers discard the theology of the poets? Do you not believe in the gods?"

Plato would have smiled had he not reverenced the simplicity that expected a frank and honest answer to a question so dangerous. Anaxagoras briefly replied that the mind which did not believe in divine beings must be cold and dark indeed.

"Even so," replied Artaphernes devoutly; "blessed be Oromasdes, who sends Mithras to warm and enlighten the world! But what surprises me most is that you Grecians import new divinities from other countries as freely as slaves, or papyrus, or marble. The sculptor of the gods will scarcely be able to fashion half their images."

"If the custom continue," rejoined Phidias, "it will indeed require a lifetime as long as that conferred upon the namesake of Tithonus."

"Thanks to the munificence of artists, every deity has a representative in my dwelling," observed Aspasia.

"I have heard strangers express their surprise that the Athenians have never erected a statue to the principle of Modesty," said Hermippus.

"So much the more need that we enshrine her image in our own hearts," rejoined Plato.

The sarcastic comedian made no reply to this quiet rebuke. Looking toward Artaphernes, he continued: "Tell me, O servant of the great king, wherein the people of your country are more wise in worshiping the sun than we who represent the same divinity in marble?"

"The principles of the Persian religion are simple, steady, and uniform," replied Artaphernes; "but the Athenian are always changing. You not only adopt foreign gods, but sometimes create new ones, and admit them into your theology by solemn act of the great council. The circumstances have led me to suppose that you worship them as mere forms. The Persian Magi do indeed prostrate themselves before the rising Sun; but they do it in the name of Oromasdes, the universal Principle of Good, of whom that great luminary is the visible symbol. In our solemn processions, the chariot sacred to Oromasdes precedes the horse dedicated to Mithras; and there is deep meaning in the arrangement. The Sun and the Zodiac, the Balance and the Rule, are but emblems of truths, mysterious and eternal. As the garlands we throw on the sacred fire feed the flame, rather than extinguish it, so the sublime symbols of our religion are intended to preserve, not to conceal, the truths within them."

"Though you disclaim all images of divinity," rejoined Aspasia, "yet we hear of your Mithras pictured like a Persian king, trampling on a prostrate ox."

With a smile, Artaphernes replied, "I see, lady, that you would fain gain admittance to the Mithraic cave; but its secrets, like those of your own Eleusis, are concealed from all save the initiated."

"They tell us," said Aspasia, "that those who are admitted to the Eleusinian mysteries die in peace, and go directly to the Elysian fields; while the uninitiated wander about in the infernal abyss."

"Of course," said Anaxagoras, "Alcibiades will go directly to Elysium, though Solon groped his way in darkness."

The old philosopher uttered this with imperturbable gravity, as if unconscious of satirical meaning; but some of the guests

could scarcely repress a smile, as they recollected the dissolute life of the young Athenian.

"If Alcibiades spoke his real sentiments," said Aspasia, "I venture to say he would tell us that the mystic baskets of Demeter, covered with long purple veils, contain nothing half so much worth seeing, as the beautiful maidens who carry them."

She looked at Pericles and saw that he again cautioned her by raising the rose toward his face, as if inhaling its fragrance.

There was a brief pause, which Anaxagoras interrupted by saying: "The wise can never reverence images merely as images. There is a mystical meaning in the Athenian manner of supplicating the gods with garlands on their heads, and bearing in their hands boughs of olive twined with wool. Pallas, at whose birth we are told gold rained upon the earth, was unquestionably a personification of wisdom. It is not to be supposed that the philosophers of any country consider the sun itself as any thing more than a huge ball of fire; but the sight of that glorious orb leads the contemplative soul to the belief in one Pure Intelligence, one Universal Mind, which in manifesting itself produces order in the material world, and preserves the unconfused distinction of infinite varieties."

"Such, no doubt, is the tendency of all reflecting minds," said Phidias; "but in general, the mere forms are worshiped apart from the sacred truths they represent. The gods we have introduced from Egypt are regarded by the priests of that learned land as emblems of certain divine truths brought down from ancient times. They are like the Hermæ at our doors, which outwardly appear to rest on inexpressive blocks of stone; but when opened they are found to contain beautiful statues of the gods within them. It is not so with the new fables which the Greeks are continually mixing with their mythology. Pygmalion, as we all know, first departed from the rigid outline of ancient sculpture, and impressed life and motion upon marble. The poets, in praise of him, have told us that his ardent wishes warmed a statue into a lovely and breathing woman. The fable is fanciful and pleasing in itself; but will it not hereafter be believed as reality? Might not the same history be told of much that is believed? It is true," added he, smiling, "that I might be excused for favoring a belief in images, since mortals are ever willing to have their own works adored."

"What does Plato respond to the inquiries of Phidias?" asked Artaphernes.

The philosopher replied: "Within the holy mysteries of our religion is preserved a pure and deep meaning, as the waters of Arethusa flow uncontaminated beneath the earth and the sea. I do not presume to decide whether all that is believed has the inward significancy. I have ever deemed such speculations unwise. If the chaste daughter of Latona always appears to my thoughts veiled in heavenly purity, it is comparatively unimportant whether I can prove that Acteon was torn by his dogs for looking on the goddess with wanton eyes. Anaxagoras said wisely that material forms lead the contemplative mind to the worship of ideal good, which is in its nature immortal and divine. Homer tells us that the golden chain resting upon Olympus reaches even to the earth. Here we see but a few of the last links, and those imperfectly. We are like men in the subterranean cave, so chained that they can look only forward to the entrance. Far above and behind us is a glowing fire; and beautiful beings, of every form, are moving between the light and us poor fettered mortals. Some of these bright beings are speaking, and others are silent. We see only the shadows cast on the opposite wall of the cavern, by the reflection of the fire above; and if we hear the echo of voices, we suppose it belongs to those passing shadows. The soul, in its present condition, is an exile from the orb of light; its ignorance is forgetfulness; and whatever we can perceive of truth, or imagine of beauty, is but a reminiscence of our former more glorious state of being. He who reverences the gods, and subdues his own passions, returns at last to the blest condition from which he fell. But to talk, or think, about these things with proud impatience, or polluted morals, is like pouring pure water into a miry trench; he who does it disturbs the mud, and thus causes the clear water to become defiled. When Odysseus removed his armor from the walls and carried it to an inner apartment, invisible Pallas moved before him with her golden lamp and filled the place with radiance divine. Telemachus, seeing the light, exclaimed, 'Surely, my father, some of the celestial gods are present.' With deep wisdom, the king of Ithaca replied: 'Be silent. Restrain your intellect, and speak not.'"

"I am rebuked, O Plato," answered Phidias; "and from henceforth, when my mind is dark and doubtful, I will remember that transparent drops may fall into a turbid well. Nor will I forget

that sometimes, when I have worked on my statues by torch-light, I could not perceive their real expression, because I was carving in the shadow of my own hand.»

«Little can be learned of the human soul and its connection with the universal mind,» said Anaxagoras; «these sublime truths seem vague and remote, as Phœacia appeared to Odysseus like a vast shield floating on the surface of the distant ocean.

«The glimmering uncertainty attending all such speculations has led me to attach myself to the Ionic sect, who devote themselves entirely to the study of outward nature.»

«And this is useful,» rejoined Plato. «The man who is to be led from a cave will more easily see what the heavens contain by looking to the light of the moon and the stars, than by gazing on the sun at noonday.»

From «Philothea.»

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

(106–43 B. C.)

THE astonishing activity of Cicero's intellect made him the greatest essayist, as he was easily the greatest orator of the Roman world. Seneca, who is second only to Cicero as a writer of ethical and philosophical essays, is his inferior both in style and scope. Of Cicero's prose style it can be said without overstatement, that it so deeply influenced the habits of all writers of good prose after him, that until Carlyle wrote "Sartor Resartus," no essayist who wished to be taken seriously ventured to break completely away from its tradition of literary art. Its best modern representative among English writers is undoubtedly Macaulay, as no doubt Taine is among French. It is peculiarly a Latin style in harmony with the genius of French and other Latin languages, but having a tendency to give English sentences a larger number of clauses than Saxon syntax allows. Still, every educated writer who writes English at all must almost necessarily write Ciceronian English. Addison almost escaped it, but what might otherwise have been the revolution in English prose resulting from his essays was checked by Dr. Johnson and Gibbon. The great danger of the Ciceronian sentence is diffuseness and obscurity. The writer can put so many subordinate ideas into his subordinate clauses that the reader often finds difficulty in remembering the beginning of the sentence when the end is reached. Against this disadvantage of the Ciceronian sentence is its unequaled merit — the highest possible flexibility, the greatest possible receptiveness as a vehicle for connected and orderly thought. It belongs to the climax of a high civilization, and while, in one sense, it was the style of all educated writers of prose in the Ciceronian age, in another it belongs peculiarly to Cicero and to the mind in him which made him the representative of all that was best in the civilization of Rome. This eminence belongs to him incontestably. One by one other great Roman writers fall back as they are compared with him. In spite of his weaknesses of character, he stands the test which Cato proposed for the greatness of the orator — he is a great writer because fundamentally and essentially he is a good man. His strength of character is made perfect in weakness, but in spite of this weakness shown in vanity, ambition, and cowardice, we can feel when he discusses virtue that it is because he loves

it; when he preaches to us of the contempt of death that he himself knows how to die nobly and when he tells us of the duties of citizenship that he did not survive the liberties of his country.

It is by virtue of such qualities as these rather than by any trick of syntax that he is the master of the Taines and the Macaulays of ages so remote from his own. In their phalanxed sentences as they wheel clause on clause into orderly and irresistible battalions, we feel the commanding presence of that great intellect which, before Clodia's needle had pierced the tongue that gave it voice to save Rome, had aspired those serene skies from which the vansmen of civilization in all ages are sent down to struggle for the redemption of the earth from a primal and always inherent barbarism. W. V. B.

ON THE CONTEMPT OF DEATH

THERE is a story told of Silenus, who, when taken prisoner by Midas, is said to have made him this present for his ransom,—namely, that he informed him that never to have been born was by far the greatest blessing that could happen to man; and that the next best thing was to die very soon; which very opinion Euripides makes use of in his "Cresphontes," saying:

> "When man is born, 'tis fit, with solemn show,
> We speak our sense of his approaching woe;
> With other gestures and a different eye,
> Proclaim our pleasure when he's bid to die."

There is something like this in Crantor's "Consolation"; for he says that Terinæus of Elysia, when he was bitterly lamenting the loss of his son, came to a place of divination to be informed why he was visited with so great affliction, and received in his tablet these verses:—

> "Thou fool to murmur at Euthynous' death!
> The blooming youth to fate resigns his breath:
> The fate, whereon your happiness depends,
> At once the parent and the son befriends."

On these and similar authorities they affirm that the question has been determined by the gods. Nay, more; Alcidamas, an ancient rhetorician of the very highest reputation, wrote even in praise of death, which he endeavored to establish by an enumeration of the evils of life; and his "Dissertation" has a great deal of

eloquence in it; but he was unacquainted with the more refined arguments of the philosophers. By the orators, indeed, to die for our country is always considered not only as glorious, but even as happy; they go back as far as Erechtheus, whose very daughters underwent death, for the safety of their fellow-citizens; they instance Codrus, who threw himself into the midst of his enemies, dressed like a common man, that his royal robes might not betray him, because the oracle had declared the Athenians conquerors, if their king was slain. Menœceus is not overlooked by them, who, in compliance with the injunctions of an oracle, freely shed his blood for his country. Iphigenia ordered herself to be conveyed to Aulis, to be sacrificed, that her blood might be the cause of spilling that of her enemies.

From hence they proceed to instances of a fresher date. Harmodius and Aristogiton are in everybody's mouth; the memory of Leonidas the Lacedæmonian and Epaminondas the Theban is as fresh as ever. Those philosophers were not acquainted with the many instances in our country — to give a list of whom would take up too much time — who, we see, considered death desirable as long as it was accompanied with honor. But, notwithstanding this is the correct view of the case, we must use much persuasion, and speak as if we were endued with some higher authority, in order to bring men to begin to wish to die, or cease to be afraid of death. For if that last day does not occasion an entire extinction, but a change of abode only, what can be more desirable? And if it, on the other hand, destroys, and absolutely puts an end to us, what can be preferable to the having a deep sleep fall on us, in the midst of the fatigues of life, and being thus overtaken, to sleep to eternity? And, should this really be the case, then Ennius's language is more consistent with wisdom than Solon's; for our Ennius says:—

> "Let none bestow upon my passing bier
> One needless sigh or unavailing tear."

But the wise Solon says,—

> "Let me not unlamented die, but o'er my bier
> Burst forth the tender sigh, the friendly tear."

But let us, if indeed it should be our fate to know the time which is appointed by the gods for us to die, prepare ourselves for it

with a cheerful and grateful mind, thinking ourselves like men who are delivered from a jail, and released from their fetters, and for the purpose of going back to our eternal habitation, which may be more emphatically called our own; or else to be divested of all sense and trouble. If, on the other hand, we should have no notice given us of this decree, yet let us cultivate such a disposition as to look on that formidable hour of death as happy for us, though shocking to our friends; and let us never imagine anything to be an evil which is an appointment of the immortal gods, or of nature, the common parent of us all. For it is not by hazard or without design that we have been born and situated as we have. On the contrary, beyond all doubt there is a certain power which consults the happiness of human nature; and this would neither have produced nor provided for a being which, after having gone through the labors of life, was to fall into eternal misery by death. Let us rather infer that we have a retreat and haven prepared for us, which I wish we could crowd all sail and arrive at; but though the winds should not serve, and we should be driven back, yet we shall to a certainty arrive at that point eventually, though somewhat later. But how can that be miserable for one which all must of necessity undergo? I have given you a peroration, that you might not think I had overlooked or neglected anything.

Book I., Chapters xlviii. and xlix., complete; From Cicero's «Tusculan Disputations.» C. D. Yonge's translation.

WHETHER VIRTUE ALONE BE SUFFICIENT

DIONYSIUS exercised his tyranny over the Syracusans thirty-eight years, being but twenty-five years old when he seized on the government. How beautiful and how wealthy a city did he oppress with slavery! And yet we have it from good authority that he was remarkably temperate in his manner of living, that he was very active and energetic in carrying on business, but naturally mischievous and unjust; for which description every one who diligently inquires into truth must inevitably see that he was very miserable. Neither did he attain what he so greatly desired, even when he was persuaded that he had unlimited power; for, notwithstanding he was of a good family and reputable parents (though that is contested by some authors),

and had a very large acquaintance of intimate friends and relations, and also some youths attached to him by ties of love after the fashion of the Greeks, he could not trust any one of them, but committed the guard of his person to slaves, whom he had selected from rich men's families and made free, and to strangers and to barbarians. And thus, through an unjust desire of governing, he in a manner shut himself up in a prison. Besides, he would not trust his throat to a barber, but had his daughters taught to shave; so that these royal virgins were forced to descend to the base and slavish employment of shaving the head and beard of their father. Nor would he trust even them, when they were grown up, with a razor; but contrived how they might burn off the hair of his head and beard with red-hot nutshells. And as to his two wives, Aristomache, his countrywoman, and Doris of Locris, he never visited them at night before everything had been well searched and examined. And as he had surrounded the place where his bed was with a broad ditch, and made a way over it with a wooden bridge, he drew that bridge over after shutting his bed-chamber door. And as he did not dare to stand on the ordinary pulpits from which they usually harangued the people, he generally addressed them from a high tower. And it is said that when he was disposed to play at ball — for he delighted much in it — and had pulled off his clothes, he used to give his sword into the keeping of a young man whom he was very fond of. On this, one of his intimates said pleasantly, "You certainly trust your life with him"; and as the young man happened to smile at this, he ordered them both to be slain, the one for showing how he might be taken off, the other for approving of what had been said by smiling. But he was so concerned at what he had done that nothing affected him more during his whole life; for he had slain one to whom he was extremely partial. Thus do weak men's desires pull them different ways, and while they indulge one they act counter to another.

This tyrant, however, showed himself how happy he really was; for once, when Damocles, one of his flatterers, was dilating in conversation on his forces, his wealth, the greatness of his power, the plenty he enjoyed, the grandeur of his royal palaces, and maintaining that no one was ever happier, "Have you an inclination," said he, "Damocles, as this kind of life pleases you, to have a taste of it yourself, and to make a trial of the good fortune that attends me?" And when he said that he should like

it extremely, Dionysius ordered him to be laid on a bed of gold with the most beautiful covering, embroidered and wrought with the most exquisite work, and he dressed out a great many sideboards with silver and embossed gold. He then ordered some youths, distinguished for their handsome persons, to wait at his table, and to observe his nod, in order to serve him with what he wanted. There were ointments and garlands; perfumes were burned; tables were provided with the most exquisite meats. Damocles thought himself very happy. In the midst of this apparatus, Dionysius ordered a bright sword to be let down from the ceiling, suspended by a single horse-hair, so as to hang over the head of that happy man. After which he neither cast his eye on those handsome waiters, nor on the well-wrought plate; nor touched any of the provisions; presently the garlands fell to pieces. At last he entreated the tyrant to give him leave to go, for that now he had no desire to be happy. Does not Dionysius, then, seem to have declared there can be no happiness for one who is under constant apprehensions? But it was not now in his power to return to justice, and restore his citizens their rights and privileges; for, by the indiscretion of youth, he had engaged in so many wrong steps and committed such extravagances, that, had he attempted to have returned to a right way of thinking, he must have endangered his life.

Yet, how desirous he was of friendship, though at the same time he dreaded the treachery of friends, appears from the story of those two Pythagoreans; one of these had been security for his friend, who was condemned to die; the other, to release his security, presented himself at the time appointed for his dying. "I wish," said Dionysius, "you would admit me as the third in your friendship." What misery was it for him to be deprived of acquaintance, of company at his table, and of the freedom of conversation! especially for one who was a man of learning, and from his childhood acquainted with liberal arts, very fond of music, and himself a tragic poet — how good a one is not to the purpose, for I know not how it is, but in this way, more than any other, every one thinks his own performances excellent. I never as yet knew any poet (and I was very intimate with Aquinius), who did not appear to himself to be very admirable. The case is this: you are pleased with your own works; I like mine. But to return to Dionysius. He debarred himself from all civil and polite conversation, and spent his life among fugitives, bondmen,

and barbarians; for he was persuaded that no one could be his friend who was worthy of liberty, or had the least desire of being free.

Shall I not, then, prefer the life of Plato and Archytas, manifestly wise and learned men, to his, than which nothing can possibly be more horrid, or miserable, or detestable?

I will present you with an humble and obscure mathematician of the same city, called Archimedes, who lived many years after; whose tomb, overgrown with shrubs and briers, I in my quæstorship discovered, when the Syracusans knew nothing of it, and even denied that there was any such thing remaining; for I remembered some verses, which I had been informed were engraved on his monument, and these set forth that on the top of the tomb there was placed a sphere with a cylinder. When I had carefully examined all the monuments (for there are a great many tombs at the gate Achradinæ), I observed a small column standing out a little above the briers, with the figure of a sphere and a cylinder upon it; whereupon I immediately said to the Syracusans — for there were some of their principal men with me there — that I imagined that was what I was inquiring for. Several men, being sent in with scythes, cleared the way, and made an opening for us. When we could get at it, and were come near to the front of the pedestal, I found the inscription, though the latter parts of all the verses were effaced almost half away. Thus one of the noblest cities of Greece, and one which at one time likewise had been very celebrated for learning, had known nothing of the monument of its greatest genius, if it had not been discovered to them by a native of Arpinum. But to return to the subject from which I have been digressing, who is there in the least degree acquainted with the Muses, that is, with the liberal knowledge, or that deals at all in learning, who would not choose to be this mathematician rather than that tyrant? If we look into their methods of living and their employments, we shall find the mind of the one strengthened and improved with tracing the deductions of reason, amused with his own ingenuity, which is the one most delicious food of the mind; the thoughts of the other engaged in continual murders and injuries, in constant fears by night and by day. Now imagine a Democritus, a Pythagoras, and an Anaxagoras; what kingdom, what riches, would you prefer to their studies and amusements? For you must necessarily look for that excellence which we are seeking

for in that which is the most perfect part of man; but what is there better in man than a sagacious and a good mind? The enjoyment, therefore, of that good which proceeds from that sagacious mind can alone make us happy; but virtue is the good of the mind; it follows, therefore, that a happy life depends on virtue. Hence proceed all things that are beautiful, honorable, and excellent, as I said above (but this point must, I think, be treated of more at large), and they are well stored with joys. For, as it is clear that a happy life consists in perpetual and inexhausted pleasures, it follows, too, that a happy life must arise from honesty.

But that what I propose to demonstrate to you may not rest on mere words only, I must set before you the picture of something, as it were, living and moving in the world, that may dispose us more for the improvement of the understanding and real knowledge. Let us, then, pitch upon some man perfectly acquainted with the most excellent arts; let us present him for a while to our own thoughts, and figure him to our own imaginations. In the first place, he must necessarily be of an extraordinary capacity; for virtue is not easily connected with dull minds. Secondly, he must have a great desire of discovering truth, from whence will arise that threefold production of the mind; one of which depends on knowing things, and explaining nature; the other, in defining what we ought to desire and what to avoid; the third, in judging of consequences and impossibilities in which consists both subtlety in disputing, and also clearness of judgment. Now, with what pleasure must the mind of a wise man be affected which continually dwells in the midst of such cares and occupations as these, when he views the revolutions and motions of the whole world, and sees those innumerable stars in the heavens, which, though fixed in their places, have yet one motion in common with the whole universe, and observes the seven other stars, some higher, some lower, each maintaining their own course, while their own motions, though wandering, have certain defined and appointed spaces to run through! the sight of which doubtless urged and encouraged those ancient philosophers to exercise their investigating spirit on many other things. Hence arose an inquiry after the beginnings, and, as it were, seeds from which all things were produced and composed; what was the origin of every kind of thing, whether animate or inanimate, articulately speaking or mute; what occasioned their beginning and end, and by what alteration and change one thing was converted

into another; whence the earth originated, and by what weights it was balanced; by what caverns the seas were supplied; by what gravity all things being carried down tend always to the middle of the world, which in any round body is the lowest place.

A mind employed on such subjects, and which night and day contemplates them, contains in itself that precept of the Delphic god, so as to "know itself," and to perceive its connection with the divine reason, from whence it is filled with an insatiable joy.

From "Tusculan Disputations," Book V., Chapters xx., xxi., xxii., xxiii., xxiv., complete; Yonge's translation.

DE OFFICIIS

The principal virtue is, as I have said, that which the Greeks call σοφία, and we wisdom. But their φρόνησις (or prudence) is quite another thing, being the skill of judging what we are to do and what not, or of distinguishing betwixt good and evil; whereas wisdom (which we call the principal) is the knowledge of things divine and human, wherein is comprehended a certain correspondence betwixt the gods and men, and a society among themselves. Now if this be the most eminent virtue, as certainly it is, so must that likewise be the most eminent duty which refers to community. For the speculation and perception of things is but lame and imperfect if it be not followed with action, which action is best seen in providing for the common benefits of mankind, and must therefore be reduced to the subject of human society in preference to the naked understanding of things. And this does every good man find to be true upon his own practice and observation. For where's the man that is so transported with a thirst of knowledge or a desire of piercing into the nature of things, that if he should be called upon the sudden to the relief of his country, his father, or his friend that were in danger: where is the man, I say, that in the heat and rapture of his most divine contemplations would not quit all to attend this duty, even supposing him to be in his thoughts already numbering the stars and taking measure of the universe? This gives us to understand that the offices of justice conducing to the common utility of mankind (than which nothing ought to be dearer to us) are of so much greater importance than these of study and science; and never was any man so taken up in his

life and application with the search of knowledge as not yet to have an eye to his duty to the public, and to consult the well-being of sociable nature, as we see in the instance of Lysis the Pythagorean to the Theban Epaminondas; and in that of Plato to Dion of Syracuse; and divers others that trained up their disciples to the love, knowledge, and exercise of civil duties. And for the service (if any at all) which I myself have rendered to the republic, I must ascribe it to my masters and to my books that instructed and fitted me for my function. For great men do not only teach the lovers of learning during their lives, but in their very graves too, transmitting their precepts down to after times for the use of posterity. Now to show how much their leisures contributed to our business, these eminent men have not slipt so much as any one point appertaining to the laws, manners, and discipline of the commonwealth, but have still, with all their faculties, applied the fruits of their labors and studies to the well-being of the public. So that a copious eloquence, joined with prudence, is much more profitable than the most refined subtilty of thought, without speaking. For meditation does only circulate within itself; whereas eloquence works upon others, and insinuates itself into the affections of all that hear it. We must not imagine that bees gather into swarms upon a design to make their cells, but it is in their nature to congregate, and then they work their combs. And so it is with men, who are much more sociable by nature; when they are gotten together they consult their common business. Now for that virtue (of justice) which provides for the defense and conservation of men in society, if it be not accompanied with the understanding of things it is but solitary and fruitless. And what is courage, without the softness of human courtesy and candor, but a savage and outrageous brutality? From hence we may infer the excellency of a practical justice in the ordering of mankind above the force and effect of a speculative notion. There are some people that fancy all leagues and associations amongst men to arise from the need that one man has for another toward the supplying of our natural and common necessities; because, say they, if Providence had delivered us from this care of looking after food and clothing by appointing some extraordinary way for the furnishing of it, no man of either brains or virtue would ever trouble his head about business, but wholly deliver himself up to the attaining of wisdom. But this is a mistake, for even in that condition a man

would fly solitude, and wish for a companion in his very studies; he would be willing to teach and to learn, to hear and to speak. So that beyond question the duties that defend and support men in society are more to be esteemed than those that barely relate to learning and knowledge.

It may be another question whether this community which is so consonant to nature be in all cases to be preferred to modesty and moderation. Now I think not. For there are some things, partly so foul and in part so flagitious, that a wise man (even if it were to save his country) would not be guilty of them. Posidonius has made a large collection of such cases, but so filthy, so obscene, that a man cannot honestly repeat them. Now why should any man do that for the saving of his country which his country itself would rather perish than any member of it should do? But, however, this is the best on't; that it can never be for the interest of the public to have a wise man do any such thing. Let it be therefore concluded that of all duties we are to prefer those that tend toward the maintaining of society; for a considerate action presumes an antecedent cognition and wisdom. So that it is more to do considerately than to think wisely. But let this suffice, for the matter is made so plain that there will be no difficulty to resolve upon two duties in question which to choose. But then in the community itself there are several degrees of duties in subordination one to another. The first is what we owe to the immortal gods, the second to our country, the third to our parents; and so in order, successively, to others.

From Book I. Sir Roger Le 'Estrange's translation.

CONCERNING FRIENDSHIP

THE generality of mankind are so unreasonable, not to say arrogant, as to require that their friends should be formed by a more perfect model than themselves are able or willing to imitate. Whereas the first endeavor should be to acquire yourself those moral excellences which constitute a virtuous character, and then to find an associate whose good qualities reflect back the true image of your own. Thus would the fair fabric of friendship be erected upon that immovable basis which I have so repeatedly recommended in the course of this inquiry. For

what should endanger its stability when a mutual affection between the parties is blended with principles that raise them above those mean passions by which the greater part of the world are usually governed? Being equally actuated by a strong sense of justice and equity, they will at all times equally be zealous to exert their utmost powers in the service of each other, well assured that nothing will ever be required, on either side, inconsistent with the dictates of truth and honor. In consequence of these principles they will not only love, but revere each other. I say revere, for where reverence does not dwell with affection, amity is bereaved of her noblest and most graceful ornament.

It is an error, therefore, that leads to the most pernicious consequences to imagine that the laws of friendship supersede those of moral obligation, and justify a participation with licentiousness and debauchery. Nature has sown the seed of that social affection in the heart of man for purposes far different; not to produce confederates in vice, but auxiliaries in virtue. Solitary and sequestered virtue is indeed incapable of rising to the same height as when she acts in conjunction with an affectionate and animating companion of her generous efforts. They who are thus leagued in reciprocal support and encouragement of each other's moral ambition may be considered as setting out together in the best company and surest road towards those desirable objects in which nature has placed the supreme felicity of man. Yes, my friends, I will repeat it again. An amity ennobled by these exalted principles, and directed to these laudable purposes, leads to honor and to glory, and is productive, at the same time, of that sweet satisfaction and complacency of mind which, in conjunction with the two former, essentially constitute real happiness. He, therefore, who means to acquire these great and ultimate beatitudes of human life must receive them from the hands of virtue; as neither friendship nor aught else deservedly valuable can possibly be obtained without her influence and intervention. For they who persuade themselves that they may possess a true friend, at least, where moral merit has no share in producing the connection, will find themselves miserably deceived whenever some severe misfortune shall give them occasion to make the decisive experiment.

It is a maxim, then, which cannot too frequently nor too strongly be inculcated, that in forming the attachment we are speaking of, "we should never suffer affection to take root in our hearts before judgment has time to interpose"; for in no

circumstance of our lives can a hasty and inconsiderate choice be attended with more fatal consequences. But the folly is that we generally forbear to deliberate till consideration can nothing avail; and hence it is that after the association has been habitually formed, and many good offices perhaps have been mutually interchanged, some latent flaw becomes visible, and the union which was precipitately cemented is no less suddenly dissolved. Now this inattention is the more blameworthy and astonishing, as friendship is the only article among the different objects of human pursuit the value and importance of which is unanimously, and without any exception, acknowledged I say the only article, for even virtue herself is not universally held in esteem; and there are many who represent all her high pretensions as mere affectation and ostentatious parade. There are, too, those whose moderate desires are satisfied with humble meals and lowly roofs, and who look upon riches with sovereign contempt. How many are there who think that those honors which inflame the ambition of others are of all human vanities the most frivolous! In like manner throughout all the rest of those several objects which divide the passions of mankind, what some admire others most heartily despise. Whereas, with respect to friendship, there are not two different opinions; the active and the ambitious, the retired and the contemplative, even the sensualist himself (if he would indulge his appetites with any degree of refinement) unanimously acknowledge that without friendship life can have no true enjoyment. She insinuates herself, indeed, by I know not what irresistible charm into the hearts of every rank and class of men, and mixes in all the various modes and arrangements of human life. Were there a man in the world of so morose and acrimonious a disposition as to shun (agreeably to what we are told of a certain Timon of Athens) all communication with his species, even such an odious misanthropist could not endure to be excluded from one associate, at least, before whom he might discharge the whole rancor and virulence of his heart. The truth is, if we could suppose ourselves transported by some divinity into a solitude replete with all the delicacies which the heart of man could desire, but secluded at the same time from every possible intercourse with our kind, there is not a person in the world of so unsocial and savage a temper as to be capable under these forlorn circumstances of relishing any enjoyment. Accordingly, nothing is more true than what Archytas of Tarentum, if

I mistake not, is reported to have said, "That were a man to be carried up into heaven, and the beauties of universal nature displayed to his view, he would receive but little pleasure from the wonderful scene if there were none to whom he might relate the glories he had beheld." Human nature, indeed, is so constituted as to be incapable of lonely satisfactions; man, like those plants which are formed to embrace others, is led by an instinctive impulse to recline on his species, and he finds his happiest and most secure support in the arms of a faithful friend. But although in this instance, as in every other, Nature points out her tendencies by a variety of unambiguous notices, and proclaims her meaning in the most emphatical language, yet, I know not how it is, we seem strangely blind to her clearest signals, and deaf to her loudest voice! . . .

It is virtue, yes, let me repeat it again, it is virtue alone that can give birth, strength, and permanency to friendship. For virtue is a uniform and steady principle ever acting consistently with itself. They whose souls are warmed by its generous flame not only improve their common ardor by communication, but naturally kindle into that pure affection of the heart towards each other which is distinguished by the name of amity, and is wholly unmixed with every kind and degree of selfish considerations. But although genuine friendship is solely the offspring of pure good-will, and no motive of advantage or utility has the least share in its production, yet many very beneficial consequences result from it, how little soever those consequences are the objects primarily in view. Of this disinterested nature was that affection which, in the earlier season of my life, united me with those venerable old men, Paulus, Cato, and Gallus, as also with Nasica and Gracchus, the father-in-law of my late honored and lamented friend. That the principle I have assigned is really the leading motive of true friendship becomes still more evident when the connection is formed between men of equal years, as in that which subsisted between Scipio, Furius, Rupilius, Mummius, and myself. Not that old men may not also find a generous satisfaction in living upon terms of disinterested intimacy with the young, as I have the happiness to experience in the friendship I enjoy, not only with both of you and Q. Tubero, but even with Publius Rutilius and Aulus Virginius, who are much your juniors. One would wish, indeed, to preserve those friends through all the successive periods of our days with whom

we first set out together in this our journey through the world. But since man holds all his possessions by a very precarious and uncertain tenure we should endeavor, as our old friends drop off, to repair their loss by new acquisitions, lest one should be so unhappy as to stand in his old age a solitary, unconnected individual, bereaved of every person whom he loves and by whom he is beloved. For without a proper and particular object upon which to exercise the kind and benevolent affections, life is destitute of every enjoyment that can render it justly desirable.

From Melmoth's translation of the «Lælius.»

OLD AGE AND IMMORTALITY

XENOPHON represents the elder Cyrus, in his last moments, as expressing his belief in the soul's immortality in the following terms: "Oh, my sons, do not imagine when death shall have separated me from you that I shall cease to exist. You beheld not my soul whilst I continued amongst you, yet you concluded that I had one, from the actions you saw me perform; infer the same when you shall see me no more. If the souls of departed worthies did not watch over and guard their surviving fame, the renown of their illustrious actions would soon be worn out of the memory of men. For my own part, I never could be persuaded that the soul could properly be said to live whilst it remained in this mortal body, or that it ceased to live when death had dissolved the vital union. I never could believe either that it became void of sense when it escaped from its connection with senseless matter, or that its intellectual powers were not enlarged and improved when it was discharged and refined from all corporeal admixture. When death has disunited the human frame, we clearly see what becomes of its material parts, as they apparently return to the several elements out of which they were originally composed; but the soul continues to remain invisible, both when she is present in the body, and when she departs out of it. Nothing so nearly resembles death as sleep, and nothing so strongly intimates the divinity of the soul as what passes in the mind upon that occasion. For the intellectual principle in man, during this state of relaxation and freedom from external impressions, frequently looks forward into futurity, and

discerns events ere time has yet brought them forth — a plain indication this what the powers of the soul will hereafter be, when she shall be delivered from the restraints of her present bondage. If I should not therefore be mistaken in this my firm persuasion, you will have reason, my sons, when death shall have removed me from your view, to revere me as a sacred and celestial spirit. But although the soul should perish with the body, I recommend it to you, nevertheless, to honor my memory with a pious and inviolable regard, in obedience to the immortal gods, by whose power and providence this beautiful fabric of the universe is sustained and governed." Such were the sentiments of the dying Cyrus; permit me now to express my own.

Never, Scipio, can I believe that your illustrious ancestors, together with many other excellent personages, whom I need not particularly name, would have so ardently endeavored to merit the honorable remembrance of posterity, had they not been persuaded that they had a real interest in the opinion which future generations might entertain concerning them. And do you imagine, my noble friends (if I may be indulged in an old man's privilege to boast of himself), do you imagine I would have undergone those labors I have sustained, both in my civil and military employments, if I had supposed that the conscious satisfaction I received from the glory of my actions was to terminate with my present existence? If such had been my persuasion, would it not have been far better and more rational to have passed my days in an undisturbed and indolent repose, without labor and without contention? But my mind, by I know not what secret impulse, was ever raising its views into future ages, strongly persuaded that I should then only begin to live when I ceased to exist in the present world. Indeed, if the soul were not naturally immortal, never, surely, would the desire of immortal glory be a passion which always exerts itself with the greatest force in the noblest and most exalted bosoms.

Tell me, my friends, whence it is that those men who have made the greatest advances in true wisdom and genuine philosophy are observed to meet death with the most perfect equanimity, while the ignorant and unimproved part of our species generally see its approach with the utmost discomposure and reluctance? Is it not because the more enlightened the mind is, and the further it extends its view, the more clearly it discerns in the hour of its dissolution (what narrow and vulgar souls are

too short-sighted to discover) that it is taking its flight into some happier region?

For my own part, I feel myself transported with the most ardent impatience to join the society of my two departed friends, your illustrious fathers, whose characters I greatly respected, and whose persons I sincerely loved. Nor is this, my earnest desire, confined to those excellent persons alone with whom I was formerly connected; I ardently wish to visit also those celebrated worthies, of whose honorable conduct I have heard and read much, or whose virtues I have myself commemorated in some of my writings. To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing; and I would not be turned back in my journey, even upon the assured condition that my youth, like that of Pelias, should again be restored. The sincere truth is, if some divinity would confer upon me a new grant of my life, and replace me once more in the cradle, I would utterly, and without the least hesitation, reject the offer; having well-nigh finished my race, I have no inclination to return to the goal. For what has life to recommend it? Or rather, indeed, to what evils does it not expose us? But admit that its satisfactions are many, yet surely there is a time when we have had a sufficient measure of its enjoyments, and may well depart contented with our share of the feast; for I mean not, in imitation of some very considerable philosophers, to represent the condition of human nature as a subject of just lamentation. On the contrary, I am far from regretting that life was bestowed upon me, as I have the satisfaction to think that I have employed it in such a manner as not to have lived in vain. In short, I consider this world as a place which nature never designed for my permanent abode, and I look upon my departure out of it, not as being driven from my habitation, but as leaving my inn.

Oh, glorious day, when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to associate with the divine assembly of departed spirits, and not with those only whom I just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, that best of sons and most valuable of men. It was my sad fate to lay his body on the funeral pile, when by the course of nature I had reason to hope he would have performed the same last office to mine. His soul, however, did not desert me, but still looked back upon me in its flight to those happy mansions, to which he was assured I should one day follow him. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means

that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained; it was because I supported myself with the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated.

Thus to think and thus to act has enabled me, Scipio, to bear up under a load of years with that ease and complacency which both you and Lælius have so frequently, it seems, remarked with admiration; as indeed it has rendered my old age not only no inconvenient state to me, but even an agreeable one. And after all should this my firm persuasion of the soul's immortality prove to be a mere delusion, it is at least a pleasing delusion, and I will cherish it to my latest breath. I have the satisfaction in the meantime to be assured that if death should utterly extinguish my existence, as some minute philosophers assert, the groundless hope I entertained of an after-life in some better state cannot expose me to the derision of these wonderful sages, when they and I shall be no more. In all events, and even admitting that our expectations of immortality are utterly vain, there is a certain period, nevertheless, when death would be a consummation most earnestly to be desired. For Nature has appointed to the days of man, as to all things else, their proper limits, beyond which they are no longer of any value. In fine, old age may be considered as the last scene in the great drama of life, and one would not, surely, wish to lengthen out his part till he sunk down sated with repetition and exhausted with fatigue.

These, my noble friends, are the reflections I had to lay before you on the subject of old age, a period to which, I hope, you will both of you in due time arrive, and prove by your own experience the truth of what I have asserted to you on mine.

From Melmoth's translation of the «De Senectute.»

ON THE COMMONWEALTH

WHEN the people are deprived of a just king, as Ennius says, after the death of one of the best of monarchs,—

> "They hold his memory dear, and, in the warmth
> Of their discourse, they cry, O Romulus!
> O prince divine, sprung from the might of Mars
> To be thy country's guardian! O our sire!
> Be our protector still, O heaven-begot!"

Not heroes, nor lords alone, did they call those whom they lawfully obeyed; nor merely as kings did they proclaim them; but they pronounced them their country's guardians, their fathers, and their gods. Nor, indeed, without cause, for they added: —

> "Thou, Prince, hast brought us to the gates of light."

And truly they believed that life and honor and glory had arisen to them from the justice of their king. The same good-will would doubtless have remained in their descendants, if the same virtues had been preserved on the throne; but, as you see, by the injustice of one man the whole of that kind of constitution fell into ruin.

I see it, indeed, said Lælius, and I long to know the history of these political revolutions both in our own Commonwealth and in every other.

And Scipio said: When I shall have explained my opinion respecting the form of government which I prefer, I shall be able to speak to you more accurately respecting the revolutions of states, though I think that such will not take place so easily in the mixed form of government which I recommend. With respect, however, to absolute monarchy, it presents an inherent and invincible tendency to revolution. No sooner does a king begin to be unjust than this entire form of government is demolished, and he at once becomes a tyrant, which is the worst of all governments, and one very closely related to monarchy. If this state falls into the hands of the nobles, which is the usual course of events, it becomes an aristocracy, or the second of the three kinds of constitutions which I have described; for it is, as it were, a royal — that is to say, a paternal — council of the chief men of the State consulting for the public benefit. Or if the

people by itself has expelled or slain a tyrant, it is moderate in its conduct as long as it has sense and wisdom, and while it rejoices in its exploit, and applies itself to maintaining the constitution which it has established. But if ever the people has raised its forces against a just king and robbed him of his throne, or, as has frequently happened, has tasted the blood of its legitimate nobles, and subjected the whole Commonwealth to its own license, you can imagine no flood or conflagration so terrible, or any whose violence is harder to appease than this unbridled insolence of the populace.

Then we see realized that which Plato so vividly describes. If I can but express it in our language. It is by no means easy to do it justice in translation; however, I will try.

When, says Plato, the insatiate jaws of the populace are fired with the thirst of liberty, and when the people, urged on by evil ministers, drains in its thirst the cup, not of tempered liberty, but unmitigated license, then the magistrates and chiefs, if they are not utterly subservient and remiss, and shameless promoters of the popular licentiousness, are pursued, incriminated, accused, and cried down under the title of despots and tyrants. I dare say you recollect the passage.

Yes, said Lælius, it is familiar to me.

Scipio— Plato thus proceeds: Then those who feel in duty bound to obey the chiefs of the State are persecuted by the insensate populace, who call them voluntary slaves. But those who, though invested with magistracies, wish to be considered on an equality with private individuals, and those private individuals who labor to abolish all distinctions between their own class and the magistrates, are extolled with acclamations and overwhelmed with honors, so that it inevitably happens in a Commonwealth thus revolutionized that liberalism abounds in all directions, due authority is found wanting even in private families, and misrule seems to extend even to the animals that witness it. Then the father fears the son, and the son neglects the father. All modesty is banished; they become far too liberal for that. No difference is made between the citizen and the alien; the master dreads and cajoles his scholars, and the scholars despise their master. The young men assume the gravity of sages, and sages must stoop to the follies of children, lest they should be hated and oppressed by them. The very slaves even are under but little restraint; wives boast the same rights as their husbands;

dogs, horses, and asses are emancipated in this outrageous excess of freedom, and run about so violently that they frighten the passengers from the road. At length the termination of all this infinite licentiousness is that the minds of the citizens become so fastidious and effeminate that when they observe even the slightest exertion of authority they grow angry and seditious, and thus the laws begin to be neglected, so that people are absolutely without any master at all.

Then Lælius said: You have very accurately rendered the opinions which he expressed.

Scipio — Now, to return to the argument of my discourse. It appears that this extreme license, which is the only liberty in the eyes of the vulgar, is, according to Plato, such that from it as a sort of root, tyrants naturally arise and spring up. For as the excessive power of an aristocracy occasions the destruction of the nobles, so this excessive liberalism of democracies brings after it the slavery of the people. Thus we find in the weather, the soil, and the animal constitution the most favorable conditions are sometimes suddenly converted by their excess into the contrary, and this fact is especially observable in political governments; and this excessive liberty soon brings the people collectively and individually to an excessive servitude. For, as I said, this extreme liberty easily introduces the reign of tyranny, the severest of all unjust slaveries. In fact, from the midst of this unbridled and capricious populace, they elect some one as a leader in opposition to their afflicted and expelled nobles; some new chief, forsooth, audacious and impure, often insolently persecuting those who have deserved well of the State, and ready to gratify the populace at his neighbor's expense as well as his own. Then, since the private condition is naturally exposed to fears and alarms, the people invest him with many powers, and these are continued in his hands. Such men like Pisistratus of Athens will soon find an excuse for surrounding themselves with body guards, and they will conclude by becoming tyrants over the very persons who raised them to dignity. If such despots perish by the vengeance of the better citizens, as is generally the case, the constitution is re-established; but if they fall by the hands of bold insurgents, then the same faction succeeds them, which is only another species of tyranny. And the same revolution arises from the fair system of aristocracy when any corruption has betrayed the nobles from the path of rectitude. Thus the power is like the ball which is

flung from hand to hand; it passes from kings to tyrants, from tyrants to the aristocracy, from them to democracy, and from these back again to tyrants and to factions; and thus the same kind of government is seldom long maintained.

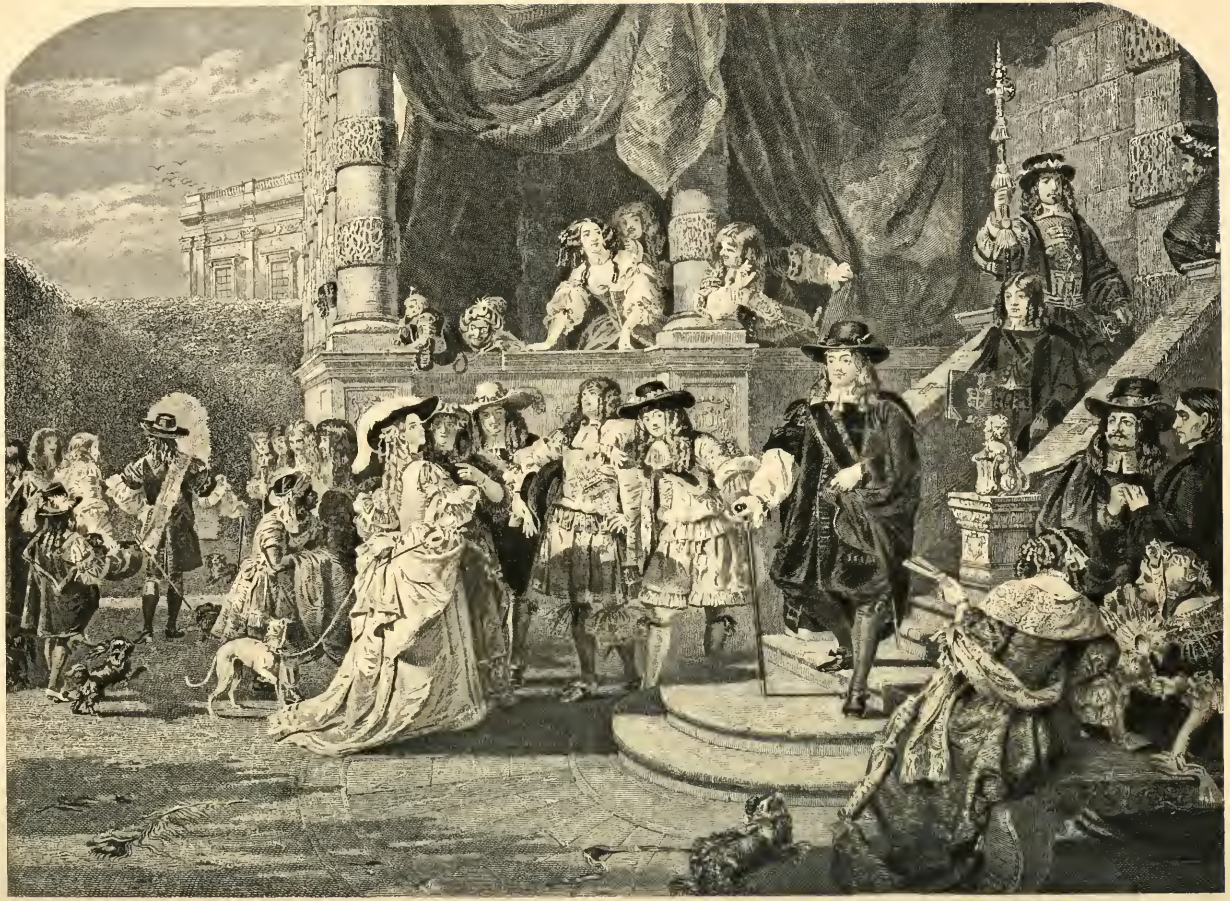
Since these are the facts of experience, royalty is, in my opinion, very far preferable to the three other kinds of political constitutions. But it is itself inferior to that which is composed of an equal mixture of the three best forms of government, united and modified by one another. I wish to establish in a Commonwealth a royal and pre-eminent chief. Another portion of power should be deposited in the hands of the aristocracy, and certain things should be reserved to the judgment and wish of the multitude. This constitution, in the first place, possesses that great equality without which men cannot long maintain their freedom; secondly, it offers a great stability, while the particular separate and isolated forms easily fall into their contraries; so that a king is succeeded by a despot, an aristocracy by a faction, a democracy by a mob and confusion; and all these forms are frequently sacrificed to new revolutions. In this united and mixed constitution, however, similar disasters cannot happen without the greatest vices in public men. For there can be little to occasion revolution in a state in which every person is firmly established in his appropriate rank, and there are but few modes of corruption into which we can fall.

But I fear, Lælius, and you, my amiable and learned friends, that if I were to dwell any longer on this argument, my words would rather seem like the lessons of a master, and not like the free conversation of one who is uniting with you in the consideration of truth. I shall therefore pass on to those things which are familiar to all, and which I have long studied. And in these matters I believe, I feel, and I affirm that of all governments there is none which, either in its entire constitution or the distribution of its parts, or in the discipline of its manners, is comparable to that which our fathers received from our earliest ancestors, and which they have handed down to us. And since you wish to hear from me a development of this constitution, with which you are all acquainted, I shall endeavor to explain its true character and excellence. Thus keeping my eye fixed on the model of our Roman Commonwealth, I shall endeavor to accommodate to it all that I have to say on the best form of government. And by treating the subject in this way, I think I

shall be able to accomplish most satisfactorily the task which Lælius has imposed upon me.

Lælius — It is a task most properly and peculiarly your own, my Scipio; for who can speak so well as you either on the subject of the institutions of our ancestors, since you yourself are descended from most illustrious ancestors, or on that of the best form of a constitution which, if we possess (though at this moment we do not, still), when we do possess such a thing, who will be more flourishing in it than you? or on that of providing counsels for the future, as you, who, by dispelling two mighty perils from our city, have provided for its safety forever?

"On the Commonwealth," Book I., Chapters xli., xlii., xliii., xliv., xlv., xlvi., xlvii., complete; Yonge's translation.



THE FALL OF CLARENDON.

After Bacon's Engraving of the Painting by E. M. Ward, A. R. A.

EDWARD MATTHEW WARD (1816–1879) was one of the most celebrated English historical painters of the nineteenth century. Besides "The Fall of Clarendon," which is ranked among his best works, he painted "Dr. Johnson in Lord Chesterfield's Anteroom," "James II. Receiving the News of the Landing of the Prince of Orange," "Charlotte Corday," and others of almost equal note. His careful study of the costumes and customs of the time of the Stuarts gives his work of "The Fall of Clarendon" the appearance of a seventeenth-century painting.

LORD CLARENDON

(Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon)

(1608–1674)

ritics who attempt to test the merits of Sallust as a historian by modern methods declare that his works are unreliable and that he took no pains to verify his statements when he might easily have done so. Even if this is accepted against him, he has remaining the same extraordinary merit which gives its chief value to the historical work of his pupil, Clarendon. He is an essayist on Character of the first rank. Clarendon learned from him to interject in his history such essays as those on Hampden and Cromwell which make the "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England" a classic. The same method descends through Clarendon to Macaulay. By means of it, the historian rises above his duty as a chronicler and becomes at once a historian and a dramatist, recalling from the past the great men who made the present, and passing them before us in review as the dramatist passes his characters in flesh and blood across the stage. Before Clarendon's time, no English historian had developed sufficient strength of creative imagination to succeed in this as Clarendon succeeds in showing us his friends and his enemies of the Civil War. We may feel that he is showing men at their best or at their worst, but we feel that in either event, they are alive with the real vitality given them by his genius.

He was born in Wiltshire, England, February 18th, 1608. In the quarrel between Charles I. and Parliament, he was at first a leader of the popular party and one of Hampden's strongest supporters, but the ascendancy of the Puritans and their determination to abolish Episcopacy, drove him over to the king. During the Protectorate, he was in exile with Charles II. After the Restoration, he became lord chancellor *de facto* as he had been nominally during the Protectorate, but in 1667 he was impeached by his enemies and deserted by the king, who allowed him to be driven into exile. He died at Rouen, December 9th, 1674.

THE CHARACTER OF JOHN HAMPDEN

MR. HAMPDEN was a gentleman of a good family in Buckinghamshire, and born to a fair fortune, and of a most civil and affable deportment. In his entrance into the world, he indulged to himself all the license in sports and exercises and company, which was used by men of the most jolly conversation. Afterwards, he retired to a more reserved and melancholy society, yet preserving his own natural cheerfulness and vivacity, and, above all, a flowing courtesy to all men; though they who conversed nearly with him, found him growing into a dislike of the ecclesiastical government of the church, yet most believed it rather a dislike of some churchmen, and of some introducements of theirs, which he apprehended might disquiet the public peace. He was rather of reputation in his own country than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom, before the business of ship money; but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was, that durst, at his own charge, support the liberty and property of the kingdom, and rescue his country, as he thought, from being made a prey to the court. His carriage, throughout this agitation, was with that rare temper and modesty, that they who watched him narrowly to find some advantage against his person, to make him less resolute in his cause, were compelled to give him a just testimony. And the judgment that was given against him infinitely more advanced him than the service for which it was given. When this parliament began (being returned knight of the shire for the county where he lived), the eyes of all men were fixed on him, as their *patriæ pater*, and the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it. And I am persuaded, his power and interest, at that time, was greater to do good or hurt, than any man's in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath had at any time: for his reputation of honesty was universal, and his affections seemed so publicly guided that no corrupt or private ends could bias them.

He was of that rare affability and temper in debate, and of that seeming humility and submission in judgment, as if he brought no opinion with him, but a desire of information and instruction; yet he had so subtle a way of interrogating, and, under the notion of doubts, insinuating his objections, that he left his opinions

with those from whom he pretended to learn and receive them. And even with them who were able to preserve themselves from his infusions, and discerned those opinions to be fixed in him, to which they could not comply, he always left the character of an ingenious and conscientious person. He was indeed a very wise man, and of great parts, and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, that is the most absolute faculty to govern the people, of any man I ever knew. For the first year of the parliament he seemed rather to moderate and soften the violent and distempered humors than to inflame them. But wise and dispassioned men plainly discerned that that moderation proceeded from prudence, and observation that the season was not ripe, rather than that he approved of the moderation; and that he begat many opinions and motions, the education whereof he committed to other men; so far disguising his own designs, that he seemed seldom to wish more than was concluded; and in many gross conclusions, which would hereafter contribute to designs not yet set on foot, when he found them sufficiently backed up by a majority of voices, he would withdraw himself before the question, that he might seem not to consent to so much visible unreasonableness; which produced as great a doubt in some as it did approbation in others, of his integrity. What combination soever had been originally with the Scots for the invasion of England, and what further was entered into afterwards in favor of them, and to advance any alteration [of the government] in parliament, no man doubts was at least with the privity of this gentleman.

After he was among those members accused by the king of high treason he was much altered, his nature and carriage seeming much fiercer than it did before. And without question, when he first drew his sword, he threw away the scabbard; for he passionately opposed the overture made by the king for a treaty from Nottingham, and as eminently, any expedients that might have produced any accommodations in this that was at Oxford; and was principally relied on, to prevent any infusions which might be made into the Earl of Essex towards peace, or to render them ineffectual if they were made; and was indeed much more relied on by that party than the general himself. In the first entrance into the troubles he undertook the command of a regiment of foot, and performed the duty of a colonel, on all occasions, most punctually. He was very temperate in diet, and

a supreme governor over all his passions and affections, and had thereby a great power over other men's. He was of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out, or wearied by the most laborious; and of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle or sharp; and of a personal courage equal to his best parts; so that he was an enemy not to be wished wherever he might have been made a friend; and as much to be apprehended where he was so as any man could deserve to be. And therefore his death was no less congratulated on the one party than it was condoled in the other. In a word, what was said of Cinna might well be applied to him: "He had a head to contrive, and a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute, any mischief." His death therefore seemed to be a great deliverance to the nation.

From Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

THE CHARACTER OF CROMWELL

He was one of those men, *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent* (whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time); for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humors of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth (though of a good family), without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humors, and interests into a consistence that contributed to his designs, and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What Velleius Paterculus said of Cinna may very justly be said of him,— *ausum eum, quæ nemo auderet bonus; perfecisse, quæ a nullo, nisi fortissimo, perfici possent* (he attempted those things which no good man durst have ventured on and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded). Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral

honesty; yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those trophies without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to reconcile the affections of the standerby; yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had concealed faculties, till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested protector by the humble petition and advice, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon, with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority; but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it.

When he had laid some very extraordinary tax upon the city, one Cony, an eminent fanatic, and one who had heretofore served him very notably, positively refused to pay his part, and loudly dissuaded others from submitting to it, as an imposition notoriously against the law, and the property of the subject, which all honest men were bound to defend. Cromwell sent for him, and cajoled him with the memory of the old kindness and friendship that had been between them; and that of all men he did not expect this opposition from him in a matter that was so necessary for the good of the commonwealth. But it was always his fortune to meet with the most rude and obstinate behavior from those who had formerly been absolutely governed by him, and they commonly put him in mind of some expressions and sayings of his own, in cases of the like nature; so this man remembered him how great an enemy he had expressed himself to such grievances, and had declared that all who submitted to them, and paid illegal taxes, were more to blame, and greater enemies to their country than they who had imposed them; and that the tyranny of princes could never be grievous but by the tameness and stupidity of the people. When Cromwell saw that he could not convert him, he told him that he had a will as

stubborn as his, and he would try which of them two should be master. Thereupon, with some terms of reproach and contempt, he committed the man to prison, whose courage was nothing abated by it, but as soon as the term came he brought his *habeas corpus* in the King's Bench, which they then called the Upper Bench. Maynard, who was of council with the prisoner, demanded his liberty with great confidence, both upon the illegality of the commitment, and the illegality of the imposition, as being laid without any lawful authority. The judges could not maintain or defend either, and enough declared what their sentence would be, and therefore the protector's attorney required a further day to answer what had been urged. Before that day, Maynard was committed to the Tower for presuming to question or make doubt of his authority, and the judges were sent for and severely reprehended for suffering that license; when they, with all humility, mentioned the law and *magna charta*, Cromwell told them their *magna charta* should not control his actions, which he knew were for the safety of the Commonwealth. He asked them who made them judges! Whether they had any authority to sit there but what he gave them? and if his authority were at an end, they knew well enough what would become of themselves; and therefore advised them to be more tender of that which could only preserve them, and so dismissed them with the caution, that they should not suffer the lawyers to prate what it would not become them to hear.

Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient, and subservient to his commands, as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory and dared to contend with his greatness, so towards all who complied with his good pleasure and courted his protection, he used a wonderful civility, generosity, and bounty.

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was indevoted to him and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the

Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honor and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him. To manifest which there needs only two instances. The first is when those of the valley of Lucerne had unwarily rebelled against the Duke of Savoy, which gave occasion to the Pope and the neighbor princes of Italy to call and solicit for their extirpation, and their prince positively resolved upon it, Cromwell sent his agent to the Duke of Savoy, a prince with whom he had no correspondence or commerce, and so engaged the cardinal, and even terrified the Pope himself, without so much as doing any grace to the English Roman Catholics (nothing being more usual than his saying that his ships in the Mediterranean should visit Civita Vecchia; and that the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome), that the Duke of Savoy thought it necessary to restore all that he had taken from them, and did renew all those privileges they had formerly enjoyed and newly forfeited.

The other instance of his authority was yet greater, and more incredible. In the city of Nismes, which is one of the fairest in the province of Languedoc, and where those of the religion do most abound, there was a great faction at that season when the consuls (who are the chief magistrates) were to be chosen. Those of the reformed religion had the confidence to set up one of themselves for that magistracy; which they of the Roman religion resolved to oppose with all their power. The dissension between them made so much noise that the intendant of the province, who is the supreme minister in all civil affairs throughout the whole province, went thither to prevent any disorder that might happen. When the day of election came, those of the religion possessed themselves with many armed men of the town house, where the election was to be made. The magistrates sent to know what their meaning was; to which they answered, they were there to give their voices for the choice of the new consuls, and to be sure that the election should be fairly made. The bishop of the city, the intendant of the province, with all the officers of the church and the present magistrates of the town, went together in their robes to be present at the election, without any suspicion that there would be any force used. When they came near the gate of the town house, which was shut, and they supposed would be opened when they came, they within

poured out a volley of musket shot upon them, by which the dean of the church and two or three of the magistrates of the town were killed upon the place and very many others wounded; whereof some died shortly after. In this confusion the magistrates put themselves into as good a posture to defend themselves as they could, without any purpose of offending the other till they should be better provided; in order to which they sent an express to the court with a plain relation of the whole matter of fact, and that there appeared to be no manner of combination with those of the religion in other places of the province; but that it was an insolence in those of the place, upon the presumption of their great numbers, which were little inferior to those of the Catholics. The court was glad of the occasion, and resolved that this provocation, in which other places were not involved, and which nobody could excuse, should warrant all kind of severity in that city, even to the pulling down their temples and expelling many of them forever out of the city; which, with the execution and forfeiture of many of the principal persons, would be a general mortification to all of the religion in France, with whom they were heartily offended; and a part of the army was forthwith ordered to march towards Nismes to see this executed with the utmost rigor.

Those of the religion in the town were quickly sensible into what condition they had brought themselves, and sent, with all possible submission, to the magistrates to excuse themselves, and to impute what had been done to the rashness of particular men, who had no order for what they did. The magistrates answered that they were glad they were sensible of their miscarriage, but they could say nothing upon the subject till the king's pleasure should be known; to whom they had sent a full relation of all that had passed. The others very well knew what the king's pleasure would be, and forthwith sent an express, one Moulins, a Scotchman, who had lived many years in that place and in Montpelier, to Cromwell, to desire his protection and interposition. The express made so much haste, and found so good a reception the first hour he came, that Cromwell, after he had received the whole account, bade him refresh himself after so long a journey, and he would take such care of his business that by the time he came to Paris he should find it despatched; and that night sent away another messenger to his embassador, Lockhart; who, by the time Moulins came thither, had so far

prevailed with the cardinal that orders were sent to stop the troops, which were upon their march towards Nismes; and within few days after, Moulins returned with a full pardon and amnesty from the king, under the great seal of France, so fully confirmed with all circumstances that there was never further mention made of it, but all things passed as if there had never been any such thing. So that nobody can wonder that his memory remains still in those parts, and with those people, in great veneration.

He would never suffer himself to be denied anything he ever asked of the cardinal, alleging that the people would not be otherwise satisfied; which the cardinal bore very heavily, and complained of to those with whom he would be free. One day he visited Madame Turenne, and when he took his leave of her, she, according to her custom, besought him to continue gracious to the churches. Whereupon the cardinal told her that he knew not how to behave himself; if he advised the king to punish and suppress their insolence, Cromwell threatened him to join with the Spaniard; and if he showed any favor to them, at Rome they accounted him a heretic.

He was not a man of blood, and totally declined Machiavel's method, which prescribes, upon any alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party as the only expedient to secure the government, but that Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be, out of too much contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he had all the wickednesses against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave bad man.

From the «History of the Rebellion.»

JULES CLARETIE

(1840–)

JULES CLARETIE, novelist, dramatist, and essayist, was born at Limoges, France, December 3d, 1840. He is a member of the French Academy and his writings have made him one of the most popular of the "Immortals." Among his best-known novels are "The American Woman" (1892), "The Million" (1882), and "Madeleine Bertin" (1868). Among his works as a historian and essayist are "The Revolution of 1870–71," "Paris Besieged," and "Five Years After."

SHAKESPEARE AND MOLIÈRE

THERE is no more striking exemplification of the occasional stupidity of clever men than Voltaire's letter to the French Academy, read aloud by D'Alembert on August 25th, 1776. That protest against Shakespeare to a corporation to whose judgment Cardinal de Richelieu, Pierre Corneille, and George Scudéri had submitted "Le Cid," is a monument of narrow-minded and absolutely ridiculous criticism. Voltaire, who loved, understood, and imparted to Frenchmen a knowledge of English literature at a time when — as he himself alleged — France knew nothing of England but the name of Marlborough and the doggerel song, "Marlbrook s'en va t-en guerre," Voltaire, who had translated Milton, Pope and Dryden, complimented Locke, and praised Newton, analyzed in that memorable letter "Macbeth," "Othello," and "Hamlet," applying to those masterpieces the critical process which an obscure Boulevard journalist might to-day apply to a drama of the Ambigu or the Porte Saint-Martin. He went so far with his facile pleasantries, aimed at "Billy" Shakespeare, that D'Alembert advised him to suppress certain offensive sentences, and eventually did not read his friend's letter to the Academy in its entirety.

This episode goes to prove what enormous progress has been achieved by the knowledge and, I may say, the cult of Shakes-

peare among intelligent Frenchmen in the course of a century — say, from 1776 to 1876. Voltaire admitted that Shakespeare, "low, unruly, and absurd as he was, displayed sparks of genius." Voltaire gave himself credit for audacity when he declared that "in this obscure chaos, composed of murder and buffoonery, heroism and turpitude, vulgar chatter and great interests, there were natural and striking features." Features!

A hundred years later Victor Hugo proclaims Shakespeare "the master of drama, one of those demigods before whom men bow down, one of the forces and glories of nature." The proscribed poet was gazing at the sea from the Guernsey beach, and his son, François Victor, suddenly asked him how the long, slow, dull hours of exile might best be utilized?

"Translate Shakespeare," replied his father. "I will contemplate the ocean!"

Thus Victor Hugo invested Shakespeare with the grandeur, power, charm, music, storminess, infinite seduction, and infinite terror of the sea He was, indeed, an ocean of thought — an ocean which reflected heaven itself. The nineteenth-century poet was endowed with a far more open mind, a far more vigorous understanding than the eighteenth-century philosopher. But one must do Voltaire the justice to admit that although he criticized Shakespeare with a silly vivacity which smacks more strongly of the dramatic author's professional jealousy than of critical justice, he also frequently sang his praises with convincing fervor. He did even better, for he imitated Shakespeare. Voltaire's "Mort de César" and "Zaïre" are timid but genuine Shakespearean adaptations. That admirable musician, Gounod, said to me one day, while listening to some of the "Faust" melodies, miserably droned out by a peripatetic barrel-organ: "You can hear, my dear friend, that we composers only reach popularity by the way of calumny!" I am tempted to say that Voltaire was one of the first to make Shakespeare known to us, and to popularize him in France — as the organ grinder popularized Gounod — by calumniating him.

Let me — quite temperately — defend Voltaire, who has been accused of despising Shakespeare, whereas the only acceptable pieces of Voltairean drama were borrowed from the plays of the author of "Hamlet." The truth is that Voltaire bows down as deeply as anybody before Shakespeare's genius. While pointing

out his defects he places him side by side, in admiring appraisement, with Newton and — perhaps ironically — with Frederick II. Now in Voltaire's opinion, Newton was "the sublime man!"

. . . . . .

All men of genius resemble one another in some particular respect. Molière and Shakespeare, for instance — two misanthropes whose disappointed love takes the form of bitter irony. The Jacques of "As You Like It," it has been well said, is an Alceste of the Renaissance. But he himself has a brother — an elder brother in respect to anger and hatred — Timon of Athens. Misanthropy incorporate never gave utterance to such eloquent curses as Timon hurled against mankind. Never did incensed prophet rain down upon social corruption more scathing invectives.

"Be abhorred
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men;
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!"

Here Alceste is far surpassed. The two geniuses, moreover, depict themselves in their respective works. Molière studies a man; Shakespeare humanity. Alceste is a misanthrope; Timon is misanthropy itself.

Shakespeare's torrents of rage may be easily accounted for by the fact that he lived at a time when men bore with difficulty "the burden and heat of the day." The pains suffered during heavy and sinister hours are reflected in the lamentations of his personages. The gloomy story of his age underlies his work. He wrote, so to speak, as one wading through blood; and he suffered, though not of his personal ills, for fortune had come to him with maturity of years. The poet might have allowed himself to lead a happy life; but could he? The man of imagination was also a man of conscience. It did not suffice him, as Taine will have it, to obey the genius that inspired him with terrible drama or sparkling comedy, manifesting the ghost of Banquo, or the chariot of Queen Mab. He insisted upon raising his voice in protest on behalf of the weak and oppressed, and in crying out aloud for justice.

The historian of English literature, as unjust to Shakespeare as he was to Sterne, either did not or would not see that Shakes-

peare was a humanitarian. The poet's eminent commentator turned a deaf ear to the appeals he addressed to the future; heartrending ejaculations, which resounded like consolatory anachronisms in Elizabeth's time, when the headman's ax was constantly imbrued in English blood.

Was Shakespeare a democrat? I am inclined to think so. In "King Lear," for instance, there are outbreaks which shed sudden light upon his inmost thoughts. The king, destitute and straying about the country in the rain with his fool and one faithful follower, takes refuge in an empty hovel. His thoughts turn towards the poor wretches whom he had erstwhile treated as beggars, and whom, in his misery, he recognizes as his brethren.

> "Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
> That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
> How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
> Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
> From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
> Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
> That thou may'st shake thy superflux to them
> And show the heavens more just."

Lear — that is Shakespeare — thus recommends self-sacrifice and preaches pity, inspired not only by heaven's decree, but with a profound love of justice. At other times Shakespeare, with cruel irony, shows us the dust of Alexander stopping a beer barrel. He goes still further, *e. g.*: —

"*King* — Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

"*Hamlet* — At supper . . . not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. . . . Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes but to one table; that's the end . . . A man may fish with the worm that has eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath eat of that worm.

"*King* — What dost thou mean by this?

"*Hamlet* — Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar."

Louis XIV. would have been extremely surprised had Molière taken the liberty of putting such realism as this into words. Mo-

lière, however, did not indulge in these infernal pleasantries. He was more reasonable and less formidable than Shakespeare, while every whit as human. His Tartuffe, to my mind, is a greater hypocrite than Iago, whose contrivances are somewhat clumsy. Again, I might compare, for instance, Harpagon with Shylock; or, rather, the women created by the genius of the supreme English and French dramatists. In the latter case I should venture to say that if Shakespeare's women — the offspring of dreams and magic spells — are made to be worshiped, Molière's women, delicious in their simplicity, reasonableness, and grace, are made to be espoused. But why compare, and why prefer? Let us admire and love.

A few months ago, in the presence of its author, M. Jean Aicard, I was conducting a rehearsal of the last translation of Shakespeare produced in France — that of "Othello." While the eternally thrilling drama was being acted on the stage — while Desdemona, surrounded by captains, soldiers, and Cypriotes, was awaiting her tempest-tossed consort, another storm seemed to be brewing between two great nations made to esteem and love one another, and to strive in common throughout the world in the cause of progress and liberty. In a word, Fashoda just then cast its shadow over our Shakespearean rehearsals, and the latest translator of "Othello," admiring like myself the great poet of sempiternal passion and pain, said to me: —

"Is it not amazing that — far above the contingent rivalries of politics and the futile questions which arise between peoples meant by nature to think, feel, and act in union — the poet's genius should soar like the sun above the clouds? It is in vain that newspapers, eagerly read to-day, torn up and forgotten to-morrow, essay to inflame anger and foment dissension. The poet is at his post, intent upon making all nations listen to the imperishable words, 'Concord and Peace.'"

And in fact while disquietude darkened the horizon, Shakespeare, everlasting Shakespeare, was drawing towards each other the publics of France and England by the agency of one of his master works. The dead man, entombed centuries ago, was mobilizing troops who were the soldiers of Art, and who — from Mounet-Sully down to the humblest "super" of the Venetian senate — took arms to fight for his glory. I admired that histrionic legion, stirred to action by the posthumous will of genius, those

men of to-day, moved by passions of the sixteenth-century man, those artists of another race interpreting, resuscitating, revivifying the work of a profoundly English genius which belongs to all nations; and I said to myself: "Nothing is finer, nobler, and greater than dramatic art." Just as heaven is the same for all men, art is the same for all nations. Genius is the great reservoir of human peace.

From a lecture delivered at the Lyceum Theatre in London 1899.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK

(1810–1841)

Willis Gaylord Clark, poet and essayist, was born in Otisco, New York, March 5th, 1810. He was by profession a journalist, and the most important work of his professional life was done as editor of the Philadelphia Gazette. As an essayist he contributed numerous papers to the Knickerbocker Magazine and other periodicals. His "Remains" in prose and verse were collected and published after his death, which occurred June 12th, 1841, at Philadelphia. His most notable poem, "The Spirit of Life," is written in the style and spirit of Pope.

ON LYING AS A FINE ART

There can be no doubt of the fact that Lemuel Gulliver has, in modern days, enjoyed too exclusive a reputation as a fictionist. Munchausen has laurels which, though partly deserved, are somewhat too exuberant for his deserts. Congreve showed his knowledge of liars, when he made one of his dramatic characters say to another: —

> "Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee,
> Thou Liar of the first magnitude!"

Pinto was great in his way, but he was a poor romancer compared with Sir John Mandeville. The elastic credulity of that gentleman could take in a mountain of mendacity. Marvels, that were such to others, were trifles to him; and with respect to the stories he heard in his travels, however gross they were, his great belief had stomach for them all. We design to rake up a few of his wonders, and, by comparing them with those of Pinto, prove conclusively that the latter is immeasurably distanced, as also are Rabelais, Munchausen, Gulliver, and indeed the whole olden tribe of pencilers by the wayside. We will begin with the Portuguese.

His travels were of one and twenty years' duration. They were made in the kingdoms of Ethiopia, China, Tartary, Cauchin-

China, Calaminham, Siam, Pegu, Japan, and a great part of the East Indies. They were "done in English by H. C. Gent, printed by J. Macock," and were "to be sold by Henry Herringman, at the sign of the Blew Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the London New Exchange," in the year of grace 1663. Poor Pinto! He suffered much; and Cervantes has blackened his memory by calling him the Prince of Liars. Among the various sovereigns of the East with whom he sojourned, and in whose various battles he fought, he does certainly give accounts of violence, and misfortunes, and scenes of bloodshed that are somewhat enlarged; but he does not expect them, we imagine, to be believed. In his wanderings, he "five times suffered shipwrack, was sixteen times sold, and thirteen times made a slave." He went first to the Indies, then to Ethiopia, thence to Turkey. Here he was purchased by a Greek (he was then a captive) and sold to a Jew. Then he was ransomed, and, passing to Goa, was received into the service of the king of Portugal. Here he is engaged in astonishing battles, sees the strangest sights, and does the daily labor of Hector. Here is one of his largest lies. "While coasting the ile of Sumatra," he saith, "we entered a litel river, and saw athwart a wood such a many adders and crawling creatures, no less prodigious for their length than for the strangeness of their formes, that I shall not marvel if they that read this history will not believe my report of them." With this preamble he emboldens himself to say: "Those of this country assured us that these creatures are so hardy as there be some of them will set upon an Armada, when there is not above four or five men in her, and overturn it with their tails, swallowing the men whole, without dismembering them!" Gathering confidence as he gets on, he observes: —

"In this place also we saw a strange kind of creatures which they call Caquisseitan; they are of the bigness of a great goose, very black and scaly on their backs, with a row of sharpe pricks on their chins, as long as a writing pen; moreover they have wings like unto bats, long necks, and a little bone growing on their necks resembling a cock's spur, with a very long tail, spotted black and green, like unto the lizards of that country; these creatures hop and fly together like grass-hoppers; and in that manner they hunt apes, and such other beasts, whom they pursue even to the tops of the highest trees. Also we saw adders that were copped on the crowns of their heads, as big as a man's thigh, and so venomous, as the negroes of that

country informed us, that if any living thing came within the reach of their breath it died presently, there being no remedy nor antidote against it. We likewise saw others not copped on their crowns, nor so venomous as the former, but far greater and longer, with an head as big as a calf's.»

In the course of his wanderings, he somehow got into the service of the king of China, during which time the city of Nanquin was attempted to be taken by the king of Tartaria, but his army was sorely discomfited. Mark the result. «Now,» says Pinto, «after they had taken an account of all the dead, there appeared four hundred and fifty thousand, the most of whom died by sickness, as also an hundred thousand horses, and threescore thousand 'rhinocerots,' which were eaten in the space of two months and a half, wherein they wanted victual; so that of eighteen hundred thousand men, wherewith the king of Tartaria came to besiege Pequin, he carried home seven hundred and fifty thousand less than he brought.» From carrying on an armament against the king of Mattaban, Pinto becomes embassador to the court of Calaminham, whose extraordinary magnificence he especially describes, and thence sails down the great river Ritsey, whose banks, if we may believe him, are stocked with marvels. He makes particular mention of «certain tawny men, who are great archers, having their feet like oxen, but their hands are like unto other men, except that they are exceedingly hairy.» He saw, beside, «men named Magares, who feed on wild beasts, which they eat raw, such as serpents and adders; they hunt these wild beasts, mounted on certain animals as big as horses, which have three horns in the middle of their foreheads, with thick, short legs, and on the middle of their backs a row of prickles; all the rest of their body is like a great lizard; beside, they have on their necks instead of hair, other prickles, far longer and bigger than those on their backs; and on the joints of their shoulders short wings (the real hippogriff!) wherewith they fly, as it were — leaping the length of five or six and twenty paces at a grasp.»

Let us now see how Sir John Mandeville bears away the palm in his Travels, «werein is sett down ye way to the Holie Lond, or Lond of Behest and Hieruzaleme; as also to the londs of the Great Caan, and of Prester Iohn; to Indy and diverse other countries, with manie and straunge merveilles therein.» His tour was commenced in 1322, and ended in 1356, making thirty-four years'

absence from his native land. He went first to Egypt, and engaged in the service of the Sultan of that country, Melek Maderon. His religion at last induced him to leave that court for the Holy Land. Thence he went to Tartary, where, with four other knights, he was in the service of the Great Chan. His object of travel is thus expressed: "And for als moche as it is long tyme past that there was no general passage ne vyage over the see; and many men were desiren for to here speke of the Holy Lond, I, John Mandeville, knyght, that was born in Englond, in the town of Seynt Albones, albeit not worthi, passed the see in the yeere of our Lord Iesu Crist MCCCXXII., in the day of Seynt Michelle, and hidre to have ben long tyme over the see, and have seen and gone thorghe divers londs, and manie provinces and kingdomes, and iles, and have passed thorghe Tartarye, Lybye, Calde, and a gret partie of Ethiope; thorghe Amazoyne, Inde the less and the more, a gret partie, and thorgheout manie other iles that ben abouten Inde; where dwellen many divers folkes, and of divers manners and laws, and of divers schappes of men."

Mandeville seemed to labor under a kind of mental elephantiasis. Nothing was too large for his credit. In dragons and evil spirits, that carried on their ambulatory carnival on earth, and appeared constantly to the "stark staring eyes" of men, he had the fullest belief; in fact, if we may trust him, he met with them in great abundance, and saw their nests, as it were, where most they bred and haunted. "In Ethiope," as we learn from him, "are such men that have but one foot, and they go so fast that it is a grete marvel; and that is a large foot, for the shadow thereof covereth the body from sun or rain when they lie on their backs." In the island of Macameran, which is a "great ile and fair," he says "the men and women have heads like hounds; they are reasonable, and worship an ox for their God; they are good men to fight, and bear a great target wherewith they cover all their body, and a spear in their hand." The population in the island of Tarkonet, which he visited, receive this mention: "In this ile, all men are as beasts, and dwell in caves, not having wit to make houses. They eat adders, and speke not, but make such noises as the beasts do one to another." He proceeds: "There is another ile called Dodyn, and in the same ile are many and divers sorts of men who have evil manners. The King of this ile is a great lord and mighty, and hath in many

iles other kings under him; and in one of these iles are men that have but one eye, and that is in the midst of their front; which eat their flesh and fish all raw. And in another ile are men that have no heads, and their eyes are in their shoulders, and their mouths in their breasts!»

This gives Mandeville our «suffrages» as a superior of Pinto. No doubt his work was familiar to Shakespeare, who unquestionably took from it the information which Othello conveyed to the grave and reverend seniors, in his great Defense, wherein he spoke

> ——«Of antres vast and deserts idle,
> Of cannibals, that did each other eat,
> And of the Anthropophagi, men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.»

Mandeville continues: «And in another ile nigh by, are men that have ne head, ne eyen, and their mouth is in their shoulders! Another ile is there, where be men that have flat faces without nosen and without eyen, but they have two small holes in lew of eyen, and they have flatted nosen, withouten lippes. And also in that ile are men that have their faces all flat, without eyen, without mouth, and withouten nose, but they have their eyen and their mouth behind, on their shoulders!»

The old knight was a perfect Yankee in inquisitiveness. These are his reasons for going to Tartary. We give them in his own quaint language: «And yee schalle undirstond that my fellowes and I with our zomen, we serveden this Emperour (of Tartary) and weren his soudyoures fifteen moneths agenst the kyng of Mancy, that held war agenst him. And the cause was, for we hadden grete lust for to see his noblesse, and the estat of his corte, and all his governance, to wyt gif it were soche as we herden say that it was.»

He regretted, when at Jerusalem, in the Land of Behest, that he could not find many of the relics of our Savior's crucifixion. He gives this account of some of them: «A part of the crown wherewithal our Lord was crowned, and eke one of the nales, and the speer's hed, and manie other relicks, are in France and Paris, in the kyng's chapelle. This crown was made of junks of the see; half whereof is at Paris, and the other at Constantinople; and the speer's shafte the emperour of Almany hath.

Likewise the emperour of Constantinople saith that he hath the speer's head — and I have seen his."

It was a subject of great regret to our traveler, that he did not visit Paradise! a place which he approached "very nearly," but concluded somehow not to enter. We wonder not at his scruples of unworthiness, after the large stories he had previously told. Yet, on reflection, we can hardly conceive that, after recording those stupendous narrations, he could shrink from any enterprise. But although he did not visit Paradise in *propria persona*, he leads us to infer that he met a great plenty of persons who had; and he offers us his information on the subject with an air of earnest confidence, as if he could not be gainsayed. He knew very well (if he disbelieved his own story, which is doubtful), that contradiction was almost impossible, since travel, in those days, was a matter of Herculean enterprise, seldom entered upon, save by Quixote's errant, and wights of suspicious integrity of brain. Therefore he was at liberty to speak as he did of the place beloved by our first parents, and where often

> "Hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
> That ever since in Love's embraces met:
> Adam the goodliest man of men, since born
> His sons; the fairest of her daughters, Eve."

He does not enter, like the sublime and imaginative Milton, upon a picture of the verdant coverts of laurel and myrtle, the bright acanthus, the roses, jessamines, crocus, and hyacinth, that "broidered with rich inlay" that holy ground; but he simply saith: "Of Paradys ne can I not speken properly,— for I was not there. It is far beyond, and that forthinketh me: also I was not worthi. This Paradys is enclosed all about with a wall, and men wyt not whereof it is made, for the walls beinge covered all over with mosse, as it seemeth: and that wall stretchethe fro the South unto the North, and it hath not but one entree, and that is closed with Fyre-brenning." This idea of the burning fire at the gate of Paradise he derived without question from the early Scriptures, wherein is recorded the ejection of Adam and Eve from Eden, whom God sent forth to till the earth *et collocavit angelum qui præferebat manu igneum gladium, ut custodiret aditum Paradisi.* Indeed, the hints of many of his gratuities are drawn from the Sacred Writings, which are thus perverted and obscured to his reader.

We have written enough, we think, to convince the most skeptical that Mandeville is a pre-eminent fabulist, worthy to stand like a Colossus among the great Fibbers of the Past. A closer comparison of his claims to distinction in this regard will add fresh leaves to his crown. We have not forgotten the Pantagruel and Gargantua of Rabelais; the tin horn and cherry tree of Munchausen; the Lilliputians that beset Gulliver, nor the extraordinary means which he subdued great conflagrations withal; but for "large discourse" in fiction, we prefer Mendez Pinto to all of them, and Mandeville to Pinto.

Complete. From his "Prose Miscellanies."

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS

(1740–1815)

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, the German poet, born at Reinfeld in 1740, lived the life of a "country editor" in the village of Wandsbeck near Hamburg, where for many years he published the Wandsbeck Messenger (Bote). In this he published the lyrics and short essays which made him famous. He was naturally a humorist, but the intensely religious undertone of his character became dominant as he grew older. Before his death he collected from the Messenger eight volumes of his verse and prose which he published under the name of "Asmus." He died January 21st, 1815.

NEW YEAR GREETINGS

A happy New Year! A happy New Year to my dear country, the land of old integrity and truth! A happy New Year to friends and enemies, Christians and Turks, Hottentots and Cannibals! To all on whom God permits his sun to rise and his rain to fall! Also to the poor negro slaves who have to work all day in the hot sun. It's wholly a glorious day,—the New Year's Day! At other times I can bear that a man should be a little patriotic, and not make court to other nations. True, one must not speak evil of any nation. The wiser part are, everywhere, silent; and who would revile a whole nation for the sake of the loud ones? As I said, I can bear at other times that a man should be a little patriotic; but on New Year's Day my patriotism is dead as a mouse; and it seems to me on that day as if we were all brothers, and had one Father who is in heaven; as if all the goods of the world were water which God has created for all men, as I once heard it said.

And so I am accustomed, every New Year's morning, to sit down on a stone by the wayside to scratch with my staff in the sand before me, and to think of this and of that. Not of my readers. I hold them in all honor; but on New Year's morning, on the stone by the wayside, I think not of them; but I sit there

and think that during the past year I saw the sun rise so often, and the moon,— that I saw so many rainbows and flowers, and breathed the air so often, and drank from the brook,— and then I do not like to look up, and I take, with both hands, my cap from my head and look into that.

Then I think also of my acquaintance who have died during the year; and how they can talk now with Socrates and Numa, and other men of whom I have heard so much good, and with John Huss. And then it seems as if graves opened round about me, and shadows with bald crowns and long gray beards came out of them and shook the dust out of their beards. That must be the work of the "Everlasting Huntsman," who has his doings about the twelfth. The old pious long-beards would fain sleep. But a glad New Year to your memory and to the ashes in your graves!

HOW TO TALK TO HEAVEN

To distort one's eyes in prayer does not seem to me necessary; I hold it better to be natural. But then one must not blame a man on that account, provided he is no hypocrite. But that a man should make himself great and broad in prayer, — that, it seems to me, deserves reproach and is not to be endured. One may have courage and confidence, but he must not be conceited and wise in his own conceit; for if one knows how to counsel and help himself, the shortest way is to do it. Folding the hands is a fine external decorum, and looks as if one surrendered himself without capitulation, and laid down his arms. But the inward, secret yearning, billow-heaving, and wishing of the heart,— that, in my opinion, is the chief thing in prayer; and therefore I cannot understand what people mean who will not have us pray. It is just as if they said one should not wish, or one should have no beard and no ears. That must be a blockhead of a boy who should have nothing to ask of his father, and who should deliberate the whole day whether he will let it come to that extremity. When the wish within you concerns you nearly, Andrew, and is of a warm complexion, it will not question long; it will overpower you like a strong and armed man. It will just hurry on a few rags of words, and knock at the door of heaven. . . .

Whether the prayer of a moved soul can accomplish and effect anything, or whether the *Nexus Rerum* does not allow of that, as some learned gentlemen think — on that point I shall enter into no controversy. I have great respect for the *Nexus Rerum*, but I cannot help thinking of Samson who left the *Nexus* of the gate leaves uninjured and carried the whole gate, as every one knows, to the top of the hill. And, in short, Andrew, I believe that the rain comes when it is dry, and that the heart does not cry in vain after fresh water, if we pray aright and are rightly disposed.

"Our Father" is once for all the best prayer, for you know who made it. But no man on God's earth can pray it after him, precisely as he meant it. We cripple it with a distant imitation; and each more miserably than the other. But that matters not, Andrew, if we only mean well; the dear God must do the best part at any rate, and he knows how it ought to be. Because you desire it, I will tell you sincerely how I manage with "Our Father." But it seems to me a very poor way, and I would gladly be taught a better.

Do you see, when I am going to pray, I think first of my late father, how he was so good and loved so well to give to me. And then I picture to myself the whole world as my Father's house, and all the people in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America are then, in my thoughts, my brothers and sisters; and God is sitting in heaven on a golden chair, and has his right hand stretched out over the sea to the end of the world, and his left full of blessing and good; and all around the mountain tops smoke — and then I begin: —

"Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name."

Here I am already at fault. The Jews are said to have known special mysteries respecting the name of God. But I let all that be, and only wish that the thought of God, and every trace by which we can recognize him, may be great and holy above all things, to me and all men.

"Thy kingdom come."

Here I think of myself, how it drives hither and thither within me, and now this governs and now that; and that all is sorrow

of heart and I can light on no green branch. And then I think how good it would be for me if God would put an end to all discord and govern me himself.

"Thy will be done as in heaven so on earth."

Here I picture to myself heaven and the holy angels who do his will with joy, and no sorrow touches them, and they know not what to do for love and blessedness, and frolic night and day; and then I think: if it were only so here on the earth!

"Give us this day our daily bread."

Everybody knows what daily bread means, and that one must eat as long as one is in the world, and also that it tastes good. I think of that. Perhaps, too, my children occur to me, how they love to eat, and are so lively and joyful at table. And then I pray that the dear God would only give us something to eat.

"Forgive us our debt as we forgive our debtors."

It hurts when one receives an affront; and revenge is sweet to man. It seems so to me, too, and my inclination leads that way. But then the wicked servant in the Gospel passes before my eyes and my heart fails, and I resolve that I will forgive my fellow-servant and not say a word to him about the hundred pence.

"And lead us not into temptation."

Here I think of various instances where people, in such and such circumstances, have strayed from the good and have fallen; and that it would be no better with me.

"But deliver us from evil."

Here I still think of temptations and that man is so easily seduced and may stray from the straight path. But at the same time I think of all the troubles of life, of consumption and old age, of the pains of childbirth, of gangrene and insanity, and the thousandfold misery and heart sorrow that is in the world and that plague and torture poor mortals, and there is none to

help. And you will find, Andrew, if tears have not come before, they will be sure to come here; and one can feel such a hearty yearning to be away and can be so sad and cast down in one's self, as if there were really no help at all. But then one must pluck up courage again, lay the hand upon the mouth and continue, as it were, in triumph:—

"For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen."

From "A Letter to My Friend Andrew."

HUGH ARTHUR CLOUGH

(1819–1861)

HUGH ARTHUR CLOUGH was a man of genius who failed to achieve greatness only because he had not the strength of character to free himself intellectually from the clog imposed on his faculties of expression by the moral weaknesses of his generation. He lived at a time when the spirit of rapacity had begun to dominate the acquisitive classes in England to such an extent that their influence impaired the general sense of order and justice. The result in the nonacquisitive and literary classes was a loss of direction, a feeling of uncertainty, a disposition to stop on the road to high achievement, and re-examine the guidebook in a spirit of criticism and skepticism. Clough, born at Liverpool, January 1st, 1819, was a favorite pupil of Dr. Arnold, a man of "the most brilliant promise," a poet of high possibilities, and a scholar of varied accomplishments. Longfellow and Matthew Arnold were his friends, and he wrote much both in prose and verse to justify their good opinion. His longest poem, the "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," is written in the German hexameter measure, which, unfortunately, is not adapted to the time and inflections of the English language: but in his prose he shows at its best the strength of what was really a fine and strong intellect. He goes to the very heart of his generation as with a knife thrust when he writes: "It is very fine — perhaps not very difficult — to do, every now and then, some noble or generous act. But what is wanted of us is to do no wrong ones! It may be, for instance, in many eyes, a laudable thing to amass a colossal fortune by acts not in all cases of quite unimpeachable integrity, and then to expend it in magnificent benevolence. But the really good thing is not to make the fortune. Thorough honesty and plain, undeviating integrity — these are our real needs; on these substructions only can the fabric of individual or national well-being safely be reared." Clough died in 1861.

A CONCLUSION BY PAREPIDEMUS

You are feeding, O you students of Greek and lovers of Latin, you that add to your German, French, and to your French, Italian and Spanish, you inquirers afar off into Persian and Sanskrit, you devotees of Chaucer and votaries of Shakespeare and Milton,—you are feeding upon that, precisely, which was tried by the wise men of old and found wanting. You stand picking up the dross where those before you have carried away the gold; you are swallowing as truth what they put away from them — expressed, because it was false or insufficient.

Or is this, peradventure, confined to our own weaker selves, our more impatient, irretentive, unthoughtful age? For, certainly, my dear sir, what you and I and the young people read in any modern page is, in the manner aforestated, "the thing that is not." Each striking new novel does but reveal a theory of life and action which its writer is anxious to be rid of; each enthusiastic address or oration is but that which its speaker is just beginning to feel disgusted with. Oh! happy and happy again, and thrice happy relief to the writer; but to the reader — ?

Said the Tree to the Children, "How can you go and pick up those dirty dead leaves I have thrown away?" Said the Children to the Tree, "Will you grow us any better next year?" Said the Tree to the Children, "What! are you positively going to put into your mouths those horrid things (fruit, do you call it?) that have fallen from my branches?" Said the Children to the Tree, "Why, they are very nice." Said the Tree then to itself, "Suppose I were to restrain myself next spring, and not grow any leaves, and to suppress, ascetically, all tendencies to blossom? Should I not then produce something better? By all that is wise and moral I will try." Said the Springtime six months after to the Tree, "My dear Tree, that is out of the question." The Children came again next fall, and the Tree made no remark.

An illustration, however, is not the same thing as an argument; though sometimes, indeed, it may be better. It is a game, in any case, for two to play at. For it is also told of the Phœnix, that, having reached its term of years it proceeded to Arabia, and built up carefully its pyre of odoriferous combustibles, and sat down to expect the new birth. But when the fire began to

kindle, and the odoriferous sticks crackled, the odors indeed were beautiful (ornithologists, however, are uncertain whether the Phœnix has any sense of smell), the flame meantime was most undoubtedly painful in the extreme when it got within the feathers (the Phœnix, there is no question, has the sense of touch). The Phœnix started up and exclaimed to itself, "Oh! surely, surely, I am young again now!" "Sit still, sit still, poor Phœnix; not till pain has deprived thee of the very sense of pain, not until thought and self-consciousness are burnt out and out of thee — not, by many pangs, yet — is the new creature born in thee!" with which exhortation the story concludes.

And with which illustration, upon which side, my dear sir, is the truth, or the most of the truth? "As the leaves are, so are the lives of men"; and so also their writings. Shall we yield to the promptings of nature, and let the eager sap aspire forth in the germination, and the leaflets open out, and display themselves, to fall from us dead and uncomely in November? Or shall we burn slowly, in silence, that hereafter something better may be born of us? *Quien sabe?*

Was it the silence or the speech of previous ages that formed the more perfect writers? Was Perugino necessary to Raphael, or had Raphael been more himself without him? Some function, indeed, higher than that of mere self-relief, we must conceive of for the writer. To sum up the large experience of ages, to lay the finger on yet unobserved, or undiscovered, phenomena of the inner universe, something we can detect of these in the spheric architecture of St. Peter's in the creative touches of the "Tempest."

Imperfect, no doubt, both this and that is; short of the better thing to come — the real thing that is. Yet not impotent, not wholly unavailing.

In conclusion, will you let me offer you the last "modern invocation" to the poet — shall we say in modern phrase — of the future? "Come, poet, come" — no, I will trouble you only with a few verses at the end: —

> "In vain I seem to call, and yet
> Think not the living years forget:
> Ages of heroes fought and fell,
> That Homer, in the end, might tell;
> O'er groveling generations past
> The Doric column rose at last.

A thousand hearts on thousand years
Had wasted labor, hopes, and fears,
Knells, laughters, and unmeaning tears,
Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome,
The pure perfection of her dome.
Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see;
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead have sown—
The dead, forgotten and unknown."

From "A Letter of Parepidemus."

SOME RECENT SOCIAL THEORIES

THE crying evil, as it appears to us, of the present system of unrestricted competition is not so much the distress of the workmen as the extreme slovenliness and badness of their work. The joy and satisfaction of making really good things is destroyed by the criminal eagerness to make them to suit the market. The love of art, which, quite as much as virtue, is its own reward, used in the old times to penetrate down as far as to the meanest manufacture, of kettles, for example, and pots. With us, on the contrary, the miserable truckling to the bad taste of the multitude has gradually stolen up to the very regions of the highest art,—into architecture, sculpture, painting, music, literature. Nay, has it not infected even morality and religion? And do we never hear spiritual advice, which in fact bids us do as little good, and get as much applause for it, as we can; and above all things, know the state of the market?

So far as co-operative societies or guilds would remove this evil, they would be of great use. But let it not be forgotten that the object of human society is not the mere "culinary" one of securing equal apportionments of meat and drink to all its members. Men combine for some higher object; and to that higher object it is, in their social capacity, the privilege and real happiness of individuals to sacrifice themselves. The highest political watchword is not Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, nor yet Solidarity, but Service.

The true comfort to the soldiers, serving in the great industrial army of arts, commerce, and manufactures, is neither to

tell them, with the Utopians, that a good time is coming, when they will have plenty of victuals and not so much to do; nor yet, with the Economists, to hold out to them the prospect of making their fortune; but to show them that what they are now doing is good and useful service to the community; to call upon them to do it well and thoroughly; and to teach them how they may; and all this quite irrespectively of any prospects either of making a fortune or living on into a good time.

We are not sure that our author would quite coincide with us in a comparative disregard of physical discomfort, privation, and suffering. Yet we think he would join us in the belief that the real want of the present time is, above all things, the distinct recognition and steady observance of a few plain, and not wholly modern, rules of morality.

It is very fine, perhaps not very difficult, to do every now and then some noble or generous act. But what is wanted of us is to do no wrong ones. It may be, for instance, in many eyes, a laudable thing to amass a colossal fortune by acts not in all cases of quite unimpeachable integrity, and then to expend it in magnificent benevolence. But the really good thing is not to make the fortune. Thorough honesty and plain, undeviating integrity — these are our real needs; on these substructions only can the fabric of individual or national well-being safely be reared. "Other foundation can no man lay." Common men, who, in their petty daily acts, maintain these ordinary unostentatious truths are the real benefactors of mankind, the real pillars of the State, are the apostles and champions of — something not to be named within a few pages of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, the Solidarity of the Peoples, and the Universal Republic.

From "Prose Remains of Hugh Arthur Clough."

WORDSWORTH, BYRON, AND SCOTT

WORDSWORTH succeeded beyond the other poets of the time in giving a perfect expression to his meaning, in making his verse permanently true to his genius and his moral frame. Let us proceed to inquire the worth of that genius and moral frame, the sum of the real significance of his character and view of life.

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man,"

are the words which he himself adopts from the Elizabethan poet Daniel, translated by him from Seneca, and introduces into that part of "The Excursion" which gives us what I might call his creed, the statement of those substantive enduring convictions upon which after a certain amount of fluctuation and tossing about in the world he found himself or got himself anchored.

A certain elevation and fixity characterize Wordsworth everywhere. You will not find, as in Byron, an ebullient overflowing life, refusing all existing restrictions, and seeking in vain to create any for itself, to own in itself any permanent law or rule. To have attained a law, to exercise a lordship by right divine over passions and desires,— this is Wordsworth's pre-eminence.

Nor do we find, as in Scott, a free, vigorous animal nature ready to accept whatever things earth has to offer, eating and drinking and enjoying heartily; like charity, hoping all things, believing all things, and never failing; a certain withdrawal and separation, a moral and almost religious selectiveness, a rigid refusal and a nice picking and choosing, are essential to Wordsworth's being. It has been not inaptly said by a French critic that you may trace in him, as in Addison, Richardson, Cowper, a spiritual descent from the Puritans.

Into what Byron might have remade himself in that new and more hopeful era of his life upon which, when death cut him down at Missolonghi, he appeared to be entering, it would be over bold to conjecture. But assuredly (without passing judgment on a human soul simply according to the errors of those thirty-six years which may claim perhaps the name and palliation of an unusually protracted youth) — assuredly, to be whirled away by the force of mere arbitrary will, whose only law was its own willfulness, to follow passion for passion's sake, and be capricious for the love of one's own caprice — this is not the honor or the excellence of a being breathing thoughtful breath, looking before and after.

The profounder tones of Walter Scott's soul were never truly sounded until adversity and grief fell upon his latter days, and those old enjoyments in which he seemed to live, and move, and have his being, his natural and as it were predestined vocation, fell from him and were no more. The constancy, courage, and

clear manly sense which, amid broken fortunes, severed ties, and failing health, spirits, and intellect, the extracts from his journals given in Mr. Lockhart's life evince, constitute a picture, I think, far more affecting than any to be found in "Kenilworth" or the "Bride of Lammermoor." But the sports and amusements of Abbotsford, the riding and coursing and fishing and feasting and entertaining of guests, etc., etc., these, it appears to me, a little disappoint, dissatisfy, displease us; and make us really thankful, while we read, for the foreknowledge that so strong and capable a soul was ere the end to have some nobler work allotted it, if not in the way of action, at any rate in that of endurance.

More rational certainly, either than Byron's hot career of willfulness, or Scott's active but easy existence amidst animal spirits and out-of-door enjoyments, more dignified, elevated, serious, significant, and truly human, was Wordsworth's homely and frugal life in the cottage at Grasmere. While wandering with his dear wagoners round his dearer lakes, talking with shepherds, watching hills and stars, studying the poets, and fashioning verses, amidst all this there was really something higher than either wild crying out to have things as one chose, or cheerfully taking the world's good things as one found them, working to gain the means and the relish for amusement. He did not, it is true, sweep away with him the exulting hearts of youth, "o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea"; he did not win the eager and attentive ear of the high and low, at home and abroad, with the entertainment of immortal Waverley novels; but to strive not unsuccessfully to build the lofty rhyme, to lay slowly the ponderous foundations of pillars to sustain man's moral fabric, to fix a centre around which the chaotic elements of human impulse and desire might take solid form and move in their ordered ellipses, to originate a spiritual vitality, this was perhaps greater than sweeping over glad blue waters or inditing immortal novels.

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man."

From "Prose Remains."

FRANCES POWER COBBE

(1822—)

FRANCES POWER COBBE, one of the notable women of the nineteenth century, became celebrated through her essays on scientific, ethical, and religious topics. She is at her best in her protests against the tendency shown by some scientific investigators to develop a mechanical theory of the universe. She was born at Dublin, December 4th, 1822, and during the third quarter of the century her essays held a place in English reviews scarcely less conspicuous than those of Spencer and Huxley. Among her published works are "The Hopes of the Human Race, Here and Hereafter," "Duties of Women," and "Hours of Work and Play."

THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT OF THE AGE

TO MANY readers it may appear that the antagonism of science to art may be condoned in favor of her high claim to be the guide, not to beauty, but to truth. But is it indeed truth, in the sense which we have hitherto given to that great and sacred word, at which physical science is now aiming? Can we think of truth merely as a vast heap of facts, piled up into an orderly pyramid of a science, like one of Timur's heaps of skulls? To collect a million facts, test them, classify them, raise by induction generalizations concerning them, and hand them down to the next generation to add a few thousand more facts and (probably) to reconstruct the pyramid on a different basis and another plan — if this be indeed to arrive at "truth," modern science may boast she has touched the goal. Yet in other days truth was deemed something nobler than this. It was the interests which lay behind and beyond the facts, their possible bearing on man's deepest yearnings and sublimest hopes, which gave dignity and meaning to the humblest researches into rock and plant, and which glorified such discoveries as Kepler's, till he cried in rapture: "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee!" and Newton's, till he closed the "Principia" (as Parker said of

him) by "bursting into the Infinite and kneeling there." In our time, however, science has repeatedly renounced all pretension to throw light in any direction beyond the sequence of physical causes and effects; and by doing so she has, I think, abandoned her claim to be man's guide to truth. The Alpine traveler who engages his guides to scale the summit of the Jungfrau, and finds them stop to booze at the *Wirthschaft* at the bottom, would have no better right to complain than those who fondly expected science to bring them to God, and are told that she now never proceeds above the Ascidian. So long as all the rivulets of laws which science traced flowed freshly onward toward the sea, our souls drank of them with thankfulness. Now that they lose themselves in the sands, they have become mere stagnant pools of knowledge.

Let us turn to the influence of the scientific spirit on morals.

Respecting the theory of ethics, the physico-scientific spirit has almost necessarily been from the first utilitarian, not transcendental. To Mr. Herbert Spencer the world first owed the suggestion that moral intuitions are only results of hereditary experiences. "I believe," he wrote in 1868 to Mr. Mill, "that the experiences of utility, organized and consolidated through all past generations of the human race, have been producing corresponding modifications which, by continued transmission and accumulation, have become in us certain faculties of moral intuition, certain emotions responding to right and wrong conduct, which have no apparent basis in the individual experiences of utility." Mr. Darwin took up the doctrine at this stage, and in his "Descent of Man" linked on the human conscience to the instincts of the lower animals, from whence he holds it to be derived. Similar instincts, he taught, would have grown up in any other animal as well endowed as we are, but those other animals would not necessarily attach their ideas of right and wrong to the same conduct. "If, for instance, men were reared under precisely the same conditions as hive-bees, there can hardly be a doubt that our unmarried females would, like the worker bees, think it a sacred duty to kill their brothers."

These two doctrines — that conscience is only the "capitalized experience of the human tribe" (as Dr. Martineau has summarized Mr. Spencer), and that there is no such thing as absolute or immutable morality, but only a convenient rule for each particular class of intelligent animals — have, between them, revo-

lutionized theoretic ethics, and deeply imperiled, so far as they are accepted, the existence of human virtue. It is in vain that the plea is often entered on the side of faith that, after all, Darwin only showed how conscience has been evolved, possibly by divine prearrangement; and that we may allow its old authority as before. He has done much more than this. He has destroyed, for those who accept his views, the possibility of a rational reverence for the dictates of conscience. As he himself asks: "Would any of us trust in the convictions of a monkey's mind? . . . The doubt always arises whether the convictions of man's mind, which have been developed from the mind of the lower animals, are of any value." Who, indeed, could attach the same solemn authority to the monitions of the

"Stern Daughter of the Voice of God,"

and to the prejudices of ancestors just emerging from apehood? It was hard enough heretofore for tempted men to be chaste, sober, honest, unselfish, while passion was clamoring for indulgence or want pining for relief. The basis on which their moral efforts rested needed to be in their minds as firm as the law of the universe itself. What fulcrum will they find henceforth in the sand heap of hereditary experiences of utility?

Thus the scientific spirit has sprung a mine under the deepest foundations of morality. It may, indeed, be hereafter countermined. I believe that it will be so, and that it will be demonstrated that many of our broadest and deepest moral intuitions can have had no such origin. The universal human expectation of justice, to which all literature bears testimony, can never have arisen from such infinitesimal experience of actual justice, or rather such large experience of prevailing injustice, as our ancestors in any period of history can have known. Nor can the "set of our (modern) brains" against the destruction of sickly and deformed infants have come to us from the consolidated experience of past generations, since the "utility" is all on the side of Spartan infanticide. But for the present, and while Darwinism is in the ascendant, the influence of the doctrine of hereditary conscience is simply deadly. It is no more possible for a man who holds such a theory to cherish a great moral ambition than for a stream to rise above its source. The high ideal of goodness, the hunger and thirst after righteousness,

which have been the mainspring of heroic and saintly lives, must be exchanged at best for a kindly good-nature and a mild desire to avoid offense. The man of science may be anxious to abolish vice and crime. They offend his tastes and distract him from his pursuits. But he has no longing to enthrone in their place a lofty virtue, demanding his heart and life's devotion. He is almost as much disturbed by extreme goodness as by wickedness. Nay, it has been remarked by a keen and sensitive observer, that the companionship of a really great and entirely blameless man of science invariably proved a "torpedo touch to aspiration." . . .

Turn we, lastly, to the influences of the scientific spirit on religion. It is hardly too much to affirm that the advance of that spirit has been to individuals and classes the signal for a subsidence of religious faith and religious emotion. Judging from Darwin's experience as that of a typical man of science, just as such an one becomes an embodiment of the scientific spirit, his religious sentiment flickers and expires like a candle in an airless vault. Speaking of his old feelings of "wonder, admiration, and devotion," experienced while standing amid the grandeur of a Brazilian forest, he wrote in later years when science had made him all her own: "Now the grandest scenes would not cause any such convictions and feelings to rise in my mind. It may be truly said that I am like a man who has become color-blind." Nor did the deadening influences stop at his own soul. As one able reviewer of his Life in the Spectator wrote: "No sane man can deny Darwin's influence to have been at least contemporaneous with a general decay of belief in the unseen. Darwin's Theism faded from his mind without disturbance, without perplexity, without pain. These words describe his influence as well as his experience."

The causes of the anti-religious tendency of modern science may be found, I believe, first, in the closing up of that "Gate called Beautiful," through which many souls have been wont to enter the Temple; second, in the diametric opposition of its method to the method of spiritual inquiry; and, third, to the hardness of character frequently produced (as we have already noted) by scientific pursuits. These three causes, I think, sufficiently account for the antagonism between the modern scientific and the religious spirits, quite irrespectively of the bearings of scientific researches and criticisms on the doctrines of either natural or

traditional religion. Had science inspired her votaries with religious sentiment, they would have broken their way through the tangle of theological difficulties, and have opened for us a highway of faith at once devout and rational. But of all improbable things to anticipate now in the world is a scientific religious reformation. Lamennais said there was one thing worse than Atheism — namely, indifference whether Atheism be true. The scientific spirit of the age has reached this point. It is contented to be agnostic, not atheistic. It says aloud, "I don't know"; it mutters to those who care to listen, "I don't care."

The scientific spirit has undoubtedly performed prodigies in the realms of physical discovery. Its inventions have brought enormous contributions to the material well-being of man, and it has widened to a magnificent horizon the intellectual circle of his ideas. Yet, notwithstanding all its splendid achievements, if it foster only the lower mental faculties, while it paralyzes and atrophies the higher; if reverence and sympathy and modesty dwindle in its shadow; if art and poetry shrink at its touch; if morality be undermined and perverted by it; and if religion perish at its approach as a flower vanishes before the frost,— then, I think, we must deny the truth of Sir James Paget's assertion that "Nothing can advance human prosperity so much as science." She has given us many precious things, but she takes away things more precious still.

From an essay published in 1888.

THE CONTAGION OF LOVE

It is impossible to form the faintest estimate of the good — the highest kind of good, which a single devout soul may accomplish in a lifetime by spreading the holy contagion of the love of God in widening circles around it. But just as far as the influence of such men is a cause for thankfulness, so great would be the calamity of a time, if such should ever arrive, when there should be a dearth of saints in the world, and the fire on the altar should die down. A glacial period of religion would kill many of the sweetest flowers in human nature; and woe to the land where (as it would seem is almost the case in France at this moment) the priceless tradition of prayer is being lost, or only maintained in fatal connection with outworn superstitions.

To resume the subject of this paper. We have seen that the emotions, which are the chief springs of human conduct, may either be produced by their natural stimuli, or conveyed by contagion from other minds, but that they can neither be commanded nor taught. If we desire to convey good and noble emotions to our fellow-creatures, the only means whereby we can effect that end is by filling our own hearts with them till they overflow into the hearts of others. Here lies the great truth which the preachers of Altruism persistently overlook. It is better to be good than to do good. We can benefit our kind in no way so much as by being ourselves pure and upright and noble-minded. We can never teach religion to such purpose as we can live it.

It was my privilege to know a woman who for more than twenty years was chained by a cruel malady to what Heine called a "mattress grave." Little or nothing was it possible for her to do for any one in the way of ordinary service. Her many schemes of usefulness and beneficence were all stopped. Yet merely by attaining to the lofty heights of spiritual life and knowledge, that suffering woman helped and lifted up the hearts of all who came around her, and did more real good, and of the highest kind, than half the preachers and philanthropists in the land. Even now, when her beautiful soul has been released at last from its earthly cage, it still moves many who knew her to the love of God and duty to remember what she was; and to the faith in immortality to think what now she must be — within the golden gates.

From an essay on the «Emotions.»

WILLIAM COBBETT

(1762–1835)

WILLIAM COBBETT, born in Surrey, England, March 9th, 1762, was one of the most remarkable of the race of agitators who by scolding and threats have compelled England to progress. He was the son of a farm laborer, and while he acquired by his own efforts an education much above the average, he never learned to value the graces of life either in writing or in associating with others. As a result, he made himself unnecessarily odious in doing a highly useful and necessary work which would have made him hated in any event. He was a hearty hater himself, hating the Tories for their tyranny and detesting the Whigs for their cowardice. He visited America in 1792 and remained until 1800. For some time he was highly pleased with the United States, but he concluded finally that his mission lay in England. Returning there, he attacked the government so effectively that he was repeatedly prosecuted and at last imprisoned. He died in June, 1835.

AMERICANS OF THE GOLDEN AGE

THE causes of hypocrisy are the fear of loss and the hope of gain. Men crawl to those, whom, in their hearts, they despise, because they fear the effects of their ill-will and hope to gain by their good-will. The circumstances of all ranks are so easy here, that there is no cause for hypocrisy; and the thing is not of so fascinating a nature that men should love it for its own sake.

The boasting of wealth, and the endeavoring to disguise poverty, these two acts, so painful to contemplate, are almost total strangers in this country; for no man can gain adulation or respect by his wealth, and no man dreads the effects of poverty, because no man sees any dreadful effects arising from poverty.

That anxious eagerness to get on, which is seldom unaccompanied with some degree of envy of more successful neighbors, and which has its foundation first in a dread of future want, and

next in a desire to obtain distinction by means of wealth; this anxious eagerness, so unamiable in itself, and so unpleasant an inmate of the breast, so great a sourer of the temper, is a stranger to America, where accidents and losses, which would drive an Englishman half mad, produce but very little agitation.

From the absence of so many causes of uneasiness, of envy, of jealousy, of rivalship, and of mutual dislike, society, that is to say, the intercourse between man and man, family and family, becomes easy and pleasant; while the universal plenty is the cause of universal hospitality. . . .

This American way of life puts one in mind of Fortesque's fine description of the happy state of the English, produced by their good laws, which kept every man's property sacred, even from the grasp of the king. "Every inhabitant is at his liberty fully to use and enjoy whatever his farm produceth, the Fruits of the Earth, the Increase of his Flock, and the like: All the Improvements he makes, whether by his own proper industry, or of those he retains in his service, are his own to use and enjoy without the Lett, Interruption, or Denial of any: If he be in any wise injured or oppressed, he shall have his Amends and Satisfaction against the party offending: Hence it is, that the Inhabitants are rich in Gold, Silver, and in all the Necessaries and Conveniences of Life. They drink no Water, unless at certain Times, upon a Religious Score, and by way of doing Penance. They are fed, in great Abundance, with all sorts of Flesh and Fish, of which they have plenty everywhere; they are clothed throughout in good Woolens; their Bedding and other Furniture in their Houses are of Wool, and that in great Store: They are also well provided with all other Sorts of Household Goods, and necessary Implements for Husbandry: Every one, according to his Rank, hath all Things which conduce to make Life easy and happy. They are not sued at Law, but before the Ordinary Judges, where they are treated with Mercy and Justice, according to the Laws of the Land; neither are they impleaded in Point of Property, or arraigned for any Capital Crime, how heinous soever, but before the King's Judges, and according to the Laws of the Land. These are the Advantages consequent from that Political Mixt Government which obtains in England ——."

This passage, which was first pointed out to me by Sir Francis Burdett, describes the state of England four hundred years ago; and this, with the polish of modern times added, is now the state

of the Americans. Their forefathers brought the "English hospitality" with them; for when they left the country, the infernal Boroughmongers' Funding system had not begun. The Stuarts were religious and prerogative tyrants; but they were not, like their successors, the Boroughmongers, taxing, plundering tyrants. Their quarrels with their subjects were about mere words; with the Boroughmongers it is a question of purses and strong-boxes, of goods and chattels, lands and tenements. "Confiscation" is their word; and you must submit, be hanged, or flee. They take away men's property at their pleasure, without any appeal to any tribunal. They appoint commissioners to seize what they choose. There is, in fact, no law of property left. The bishop-begotten and hell-born system of Funding has stripped England of every vestige of what was her ancient character. Her hospitality along with her freedom have crossed the Atlantic; and here they are to shame our ruffian tyrants, if they were sensible of shame, and to give shelter to those who may be disposed to deal them distant blows.

It is not with a little bit of dry toast so neatly put in a rack: a bit of butter so round and small; a little milk-pot so pretty and so empty; an egg for you, the host and hostess not liking eggs. Is it not with looks that seem to say, "Don't eat too much, for the tax gatherer is coming." It is not thus that you are received in America. You are not much asked, not much pressed, to eat and drink; but such an abundance is spread before you, and so hearty and so cordial is your reception, that you instantly lose all restraint, and are tempted to feast whether you be hungry or not. And though the manner and style are widely different in different houses, the abundance everywhere prevails. This is the strength of the government: a happy people; and no government ought to have any other strength.

But you may say, perhaps, that plenty, however great, is not all that is wanted. Very true; for the mind is of more account than the carcass. But here is mind too. These repasts, amongst people of any figure, come forth under the superintendence of industrious and accomplished housewives, or their daughters, who all read a great deal, and in whom that gentle treatment from parents and husbands, which arises from an absence of raking anxiety, has created an habitual and even an hereditary good humor. These ladies can converse with you upon almost any subject, and the ease and gracefulness of their behavior are surpassed

by those of none of even our best-tempered Englishwomen. They fade at an earlier age than in England; but, till then, they are as beautiful as the women in Cornwall, which contains, to my thinking, the prettiest women in our country. However, young or old, blooming or fading, well or ill, rich or poor, they still preserve their good humor.

> "But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
> Curl'd, or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray;
> Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
> And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
> What, then, remains, but well our pow'r to use,
> And keep good humor still, whate'er we lose?
> And, trust me, Dear, good humor can prevail,
> When flights and fits and screams and scolding fail."

This beautiful passage, from the most beautiful of poets, which ought to be fastened in large print upon every lady's dressing table, the American women of all ranks seem to have by heart. Even amongst the very lowest of the people you seldom hear of that torment which the old proverb makes the twin of a smoky house.

There are very few really ignorant men in America of native growth. Every farmer is more or less of a reader. There is no brogue, no provincial dialect. No class like that which the French call peasantry, and which degrading appellation the miscreant spawn of the Funds have, of late years, applied to the whole mass of the most useful of the people in England, those who do the work and fight the battles. And as to the men who would naturally form your acquaintances, they, I know from experience, are as kind, frank, and sensible men as are, on the general run, to be found in England, even with the power of selection. They are all well informed; modest without shyness; always free to communicate what they know, and never ashamed to acknowledge that they have yet to learn. You never hear them boast of their possessions, and you never hear them complaining of their wants. They have all been readers from their youth up; and there are few subjects upon which they cannot converse with you, whether of a political or scientific nature. At any rate, they always hear with patience. I do not know that I ever heard a native American interrupt another man while he was speaking. Their sedateness and coolness, the deliberate manner in which

they say and do everything, and the slowness and reserve with which they express their assent,—these are very wrongly estimated, when they are taken for marks of a want of feeling. It must be a tale of woe indeed, that will bring a tear from an American's eye; but any trumped-up story will send his hand to his pocket, as the embassadors from the beggars of France, Italy, and Germany can fully testify.

However, you will not, for a long while know what to do for want of the quick responses of the English tongue, and the decided tone of the English expression. The loud voice; the hard squeeze by the hand; the instant assent or dissent; the clamorous joy; the bitter wailing; the ardent friendship; the deadly enmity; the love that makes people kill themselves; the hatred that makes them kill others: all these belong to the characters of Englishmen, in whose mind and hearts every feeling exists in the extreme. To decide the question, which character is, upon the whole, best, the American or the English, we must appeal to some third party. But it is no matter: we cannot change our natures. For my part, who can, in nothing, think or act by halves, I must belie my very nature if I said that I did not like the character of my own countrymen best. We all like our own parents and children better than other people's parents and children; not because they are better, but because they are ours; because they belong to us and we to them, and because we must resemble each other. There are some Americans that I like full as well as I do any man in England; but if, nation against nation, I put the question home to my heart, it instantly decides in favor of my countrymen.'

From «A Year's Residence in the United States» 1828.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

(1796–1849)

ALTHOUGH the reputation of Hartley Coleridge as a writer of prose has been overshadowed by the greater reputation of his father, no one who compares a page of his essay on "Black Cats" with any page of prose ever written by his father will hesitate between them. The undercurrent of metaphysics which makes "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Kubla Khan" the most remarkable poems of their kind in existence, is no longer an undercurrent in the prose of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He has a tendency to abstract statement to which in his prose he gives the freer rein because poetry does not permit its indulgence at all. Hartley Coleridge, on the other hand, writes prose which is as full of interesting incident as that of Charles Lamb. He may not be great even at his best, but he is an excellent companion even at his worst.

Born at Bristol in 1796, he was bred in the society of Wordsworth, De Quincey, Wilson, and Southey, and it is said with probability that listening to their conversation with his father did more to educate him than his incomplete course at Oxford. He had his father's sensitive nerves and lack of self-control. As a result of his weaknesses, his whole life seemed a continuous series of misfortunes and failures, but at its close he left prose and verse which assure him a permanent place in English literature.

ON BLACK CATS

SLEEP thou in peace, my sable Selima; rest and be thankful, for thou wert born in an enlightened age, and in a family of females and elderly gentlemen. Well is it for thee that thou wert not cotemporary with the pious Baxter, that detester of superstition; or the learned Sir Thomas Brown, the exploder of vulgar errors; or the great Sir Matthew Hale, whose wholesome severities against half-starved sorceresses so aptly illustrated his position, that Christianity is "parcel of the common law of England"; rest, I say, and be thankful, for the good old times had been bitter times for thee.

Why should color excite the malignant passions of man? Why will the sole patentee of reason, the *soi disant* lord of creation, degrade himself to the level of the turkey cock, that is filled with rage and terror at a shred of scarlet? What is a hue — an absorbed reflected ray, or, as other sages tell, a mere extended thought — that we should love or hate it? Yet such is man, with all his boasted wisdom. Ask why the negro is a slave. He's black, not like a Christian. Why should Bridget's cat be worried? Why, to be sure, she's black, an imp of darkness, the witch's own familiar; nay, perhaps, the witch herself in disguise; a thing most easily put to proof; for if you knock out Grimalkin's eye, Bridget will appear next day with only one; maim the cat, its mistress halts; stab it, she is wounded. Such are the dangers of necromantic masquerading, when the natural body is punished with the stripes inflicted on the assumed one: and this was once religion with royal chaplains, and philosophy with the Royal Society!

These superstitions are gone; this baseless fabric of a vision is dissolved; I wish that it had left not a wreck behind. But when Satan disappears an unsavory scent remains behind him; and from the carcass of buried absurdity, there often proceeds an odor of prejudice — the more distressing because we know not whence it comes. Neither elderly ladies nor black cats are now suspected of witchcraft; yet how seldom are they fully restored to their just estimation in the world.

Be it perverseness, or be it pity, or be it regard for injured merit, I confess myself an advocate for the human tabbies, so famed for loquacity, and for their poor dumb favorites in black velvet.

Whether it be true that Time, which has such various effects on divers subjects, which is so friendly to wine, and so hostile to small beer, which turns abuse to right, and usurpation to legitimacy, which improves pictures while it mars their originals, and raises a coin no longer current to a hundred times the value it ever went for; — whether this wonder-working Time be able to deface the loveliness of woman, shall be a subject for future inquiry. But, my pretty Selima; thou that, like Solomon's bride, art black, but comely; thee, and thy kind — the sable order of the feline sisterhood, I would gladly vindicate from those aspersions, which take occasion from the blackness of thy coat to blacken thy reputation.

Thy hue denotes thee a child of night; Night, the wife of Chaos, and, being a female, of course the oldest female in being. How aptly, therefore, dost thou become the favorite of those ladies, who, though not so old as night, are nevertheless in the evening of their days. Thou dost express thy joy at the return of thy mother, even as the statue of Memnon at the approach of her rival, frisking about in thy mourning garb by moonlight, starlight, or no light, an everlasting merry mourner; and yet a mute in dress, and silence too, not belying thy name by volubility.

How smooth, how silky soft are thy jetty hairs! A peaceful multitude, wherein each knows its place, and none obstructs its neighbors. Thy very paws are velvet, and seem formed to walk on carpets of tissue. What a pretty knowing primness in thy mouth, what quick turns of expression in thy ears, and what maiden dignity in thy whiskers. Were it not for thine emerald eyes, and that one white hair on thy breast, which I abstain from comparing to a single star in a cloudy sky, or a water lily lying on a black lake (for, in truth, it is like neither), I should call thee nature's monochrome. And then the manifold movements of thy tail, that hangs out like a flag of truce, and the graceful sinuosity of thy carriage, all bespeak thee of the gentle kind. False tokens all: thou canst be furious as a negro despot; thy very hairs, if crossed, flash fire. Thou art an earth-pacing thundercloud, a living electric battery; thy back is armed with the wrath of Jove.

Hence do thy enemies find occasion to call thee a daughter of darkness, clad in Satan's livery — a patch on the fair face of nature; and therefore an unseemly relic of a fashion, not only unbecoming in itself, but often perverted to the purposes of party.

Yet, my Selima, if thy tribe have suffered much from the follies of mankind, they have profited by them also. If the dark age looked black upon them; if the age of black arts, black friars, and black letter set them in its black book, and delivered over their patronesses to the blackness of darkness; yet time hath been when they partook of the honor and worship paid to all their species, while they walked in pride at the base of the pyramids, or secreted their kittens in the windings of the labyrinth. Then was their life pleasant, and their death as a sweet odor.

This was, indeed, common to all thy kind, however diversified by color, or divided by condition. Tabby and tortoise-shell, black,

white, and gray, tawny and sandy, gib and grimalkin, ye were a sacred race, and the death of one of you was mourned as a brother's — if natural; and avenged as a citizen's — if violent; and this is in the cradle of the sciences (so called, I presume, because the sciences were babies there), and in spite of the seven hundred thousand volumes of Alexandria.

Yet I cannot but think that the wise Egyptians distinguished black with peculiar reverence. We know that their religion, like their writing, was hieroglyphical; that their respect for various animals was merely symbolical; that under the form of the ox, they gratefully remembered the inventor of agriculture, and adopted a beetle as the representative of the sun. Now, of how many virtues, how many powers, how many mysteries may not a black cat be an emblem? As she is cat, of vigilance; as she is black, of secrecy; as both, of treachery, one of the greatest of political virtues, if we judge from the high rewards continually given and daily advertised for it. Again, we know the annual circle, and the signs by which it was measured, was another object of idolatry; but one ample half of time is typified by a black cat.

But should these deep speculations be deemed mystical by the present age, which, if it be an age of light, is certainly an age of lightness, it may at least be admitted that the Egyptians would prefer their own color, and we are assured by Volney and others that they were not only black, but literally negroes.

As for the esteem they entertained for cats in general, we may account for it on the supposition that they were delivered, at some period of their history, in an extraordinary manner, from a swarm of rats, either national or political. And that the agents of this deliverance were represented under the feline figure, which may be plausibly considered as a bodily representative of the spirit of reform.

After all, Selima, I doubt whether thou hast lost as much by never being worshiped as thou hast gained by living in a Christian country. State is burdensome, and superstition is seldom prone to regard its objects with affection.

But there is one of thy hue whose condition might have been envied by all the sacred mousers of Egypt. Well may she be proud and coy whom fate has appointed, not to be the idol of the children of Ham, but the favorite of the loveliest of the daughters of Britain.

Complete. From «Essays and Marginalia.»

ATRABILIOUS REFLECTIONS UPON MELANCHOLY

"PERFECT melancholy," says honest Ben, "is the complexion of the ass." I have heard it asserted that the observation is no longer applicable. This is certainly a broad grinning age. A grave face is no longer the frontispiece to the apocryphal book of wisdom. Gravity is laughed out of countenance. But melancholy is not the fashion of an age, nor the whim of an individual — it is the universal humor of mankind — so far, indeed, I differ from Ben Jonson (whose memory may heaven preserve from editorial spite and editorial adulation!) inasmuch as I think that melancholy is a passion properly and exclusively human. The ass and the owl are solemn, the cat is demure, the savage is serious, but only the cultivated man is melancholy. Perhaps the fallen spirits may partake of this disposition. So Ben would imply by the title of his comedy, called "The Devil Is an Ass," and if, as hath been more plausibly affirmed, the devil be a great humorist, then he must needs be melancholy — for whatever tends to laughter (unless it be mere fun) proceeds from that complexion.

Melancholy can scarce exist in an undegraded spirit — it cannot exist in a mere animal. It is the offspring of contradiction — a hybrid begotten by the finite upon infinity. It arose when the actual was divided from the possible. To the higher natures all possible things are true; the lower natures can have no conception of an unreal possibility. Neither, therefore, can properly be supposed capable of melancholy. They may be sad indeed; but sadness is not melancholy, nor is melancholy always sadness. It is a seeking for that which can never be found — a reminiscence or an anticipation of immortality — a recognition of an eternal principle, hidden within us, crying from amidst the deep waters of the soul. Melancholy, I say, proceeds from the juxtaposition of contraries — of time and eternity — of flesh and spirit — it considers human life to be a —

"Still waking sleep, that is not what it is."

Whether this consideration shall give rise to laughter or tears, to hope or to despondence, to pity or to scorn, to reverence for the better or to contempt for the worse element, depends much upon the heart, and much on the mind. But tears and laughter are but different modes of melancholy. Hope and fear, despair and

scorn, and love and pity (when they are anything more than mere animal emotions), are but various manifestations of the same great power. Melancholy is the only Muse. She is Thalia and Melpomene. She inspired Milton and Michael Angelo, and Swift and Hogarth. All men of genius are melancholy — and none more so than those whose genius is comic. Men (those I mean who are not mere animals) may be divided, according to the kind of their melancholy, into three great classes. Those who seek for the infinite, in contradistinction to the finite — those who seek for the infinite in the finite — and those who seek to degrade the finite by a comparison with the infinite. The first class comprehends philosophers and religionists; the second, poets, lovers, conquerors, misers, stockjobbers, etc.; and the third comprises satirists, comedians, jokers of all kinds, man-haters, and woman-haters, epicures, and *bon vivants* in general.

The philosopher, conscious that his spiritual part requires spiritual food, and finding none such among the realities of sense, acknowledges no permanence but that of ideal truth — truth is his God. He is in love with invisible beauty. He finds harmony in dumb quantities, grace in a diagram, and sublimity in the multiplication table. He is a denizen of the *mundus intelligibilis*, and holds the possible to be more real than reality.

The religionist, like the philosopher, craves for eternity, but his appetite is not to be satisfied with such ethereal diet. He cannot live upon matterless forms, and truths that have no life, no heart, no will. He finds that his spirit is vital as well as eternal, and therefore needs a God that is living as well as true. He longs and hopes for an actual immortality, a permanent existence, a blessedness that shall be felt and known. The heaven of philosophers is indifference, that of the religious is love.

In attributing to melancholy the origin of philosophy and of religion, let me not be supposed to attribute the love of truth and holiness to any mere humor or complexion. All that I mean is that both presuppose a consciousness of a contradiction in human nature and a searching for the things that are not seen. No man was ever religious or philosophic who was thoroughly contented with the world as it appears.

The second class,— those, namely, who imagine a spiritual power in things temporal or material, who truly seek for what they cannot find, may be said to comprise, at some period of life or other, the whole human race. All men are lovers or poets,—

if not in their waking moments, in their dreams. Now, it is the essence of love, of poetry, of ambition, of avarice,—in fact, of every species of passion,—to confer reality on imagination, eternity on the offspring of a moment, spirituality and permanence on the fleeting objects of sense. No man who is in love considers his mistress as a mere woman. He may be conscious, perhaps, that she is neither better nor fairer than thousands of her sex; but if he loves truly, he must know that she is something to him which she is not in herself,—that love in fact is a creative power that realizes its own dreams. The miser knows that money is more to him than metal; it is more than meat, drink, or pleasure; more than all which its earthly omnipotence can command. The lover and the miser alike are poets, for they are alike enamored of the creature of their own imagination.

This world is a contradiction — a shade, a symbol — and, spite of ourselves, we know that it is so. From this knowledge does all melancholy proceed. We crave for that which the earth does not contain; and whether this craving display itself by hope, by despair, by religion, by idolatry, or by atheism,—it must ever be accompanied with a sense of defect and weakness — a consciousness, more or less distinct, of disproportion between the ideas which are the real objects of desire and admiration, and the existences which excite and represent them.

The poet does that for his subject which all men do for the things they long for and the persons they love. He makes it the visible symbol of a spiritual power. In proportion to the adequacy of these symbols, men are happy or unhappy. But few, indeed, are wholly free from an aching suspicion of their inadequacy. The satirist is the poet's contrary. The poet's office is to invest the world with light. The satirist points out the light, to convince the world of darkness. When melancholy assumes this, its worst and most hopeless form, it generally leads into one or both of two evils: a delight in personal power, derived solely from the exposure of others' weakness; or a gross and willful sensuality, arising not so much from an eagerness for the things of sense, as from a contempt and unbelief, say rather an uneasy and passionate hatred, of the things of the nobler being.

Complete. From «Essays and Marginalia.»

LOVE POETRY

Love is certainly a poetical subject. All poets who deserve the name are, or have been, lovers; and a considerable portion wish to be poets. How comes it, then, that of the innumerable amatory effusions which comprise more than half the minor literature of the world, so few are even tolerable. If the lover would but express his real feelings in plain language, with such figures, and such only, as the passion spontaneously suggested, surely we should have sense at least, if not poetry. But a notion long prevailed that poetry must be something different from sense, and that love must be irrational because it is sometimes indiscreet. Love is a divinity; therefore, it must talk as unintelligibly as the Pythian Prophetess. He is a child; therefore, it is proper he should whine and babble: or, to speak less like a pagan, it is too genteel an emotion to call anything by its proper name. Love poets seem to have borrowed from the amorous Italians a fashion of paying their addresses in masquerade. The fair lady is changed into a nymph, a siren, a goddess, a shepherdess, or a queen. She lives upon air, like the chameleon, or on dew, like the grasshopper. Like the bird of paradise, she disdains to touch the earth. She is not to be courted, but worshiped. She is not composed of flesh and blood, but of roses and lilies and snow. In short, she is altogether overwhelmed and mystified with the multitude of her own perfections. The adorer is Damon or Strephon; a shepherd, or a pilgrim, or a knight errant; and his passion is a dart, a flame, a wound, a Cupid, a religion,—anything but itself.

We are afraid that the weary iteration of these extravagant commonplace conundrums arises from a source very different from passionate admiration. Authors are but too apt to have a mean opinion of the female intellect. Ladies' men of the school of Will Honeycomb rarely appreciate women as they should do, and recluse students, conscious of their own deficiency in the graces which are supposed indispensable to gain the favor of the fair, endeavor to despise the sex which overawes them. Another source of this silly sameness of love verses is the notion that a lover must compose as well as dress in the height of the fashion. Hence the endless repetition of stock phrases and similes; the impertinent witticism; the willful exclusion of plain sense

and plain English; the scented, powdered, fringed, and furbelowed coxcombry of quality love poets.

The drawing-room style is, however, well nigh obsolete. We hear little of the Damons and Strephons, with their Phillis and Amaryllis, for all the world like the porcelain shepherds and shepherdesses that used to adorn our mantelpieces before geology and mineralogy became fashionable for ladies. Diana and Minerva, and Hebe and Aurora, and the rest of those folks, are left to slumber peacefully in Tooke's Pantheon, though a certain class of poets have bestowed the names of those divinities on a whimsical set of beings of their own invention.

We should not, however, censure the introduction of the Grecian deities in Greek and Roman poetry. Not only were they objects of popular belief, but distinct and glorious forms, familiar as household things to every eye and memory. Sculpture and painting had given them a real being; their names immediately suggested a fair or sublime image,—a delightful recollection of the wonders of art sanctified by something of a religious feeling that inspired them with immortal life, and invested them with imaginary beauty. Even the classic allusions of our own early writers may be defended, but on different ground. Mythologic names were not then unavoidably associated with schoolboys' tasks and court or cockney poetry. They were flowers fresh from the gardens of Italy and Greece, perfumed with recollection of the olden time. They did not, indeed, suggest distinct images to ordinary readers; but, what perhaps was better, they gave a momentum to the imagination in a certain direction; they excited an indefinite expansion —a yearning after the ideal,—a longing for beauty beyond what is seen by the eye or circumscribed by form and color, a passionate uncertainty.

Complete. From «Essays and Marginalia.»

AN ESSAY ON PINS

How many occasions of instruction do we daily omit, or pervert to the worst purposes! How seldom are we aware that every atom of the universe is a text, and every article of our household an homily! Few out of the immense female population of these realms but in some way are beholden to pins; and yet how few, how very few, derive any advantage from them

beyond a temporary concinnity of garments, the support of an apron, or the adhesion of a neckerchief: they stick them in at morning, and pull them out at night, daily, for years, without enlargement of intellect, or melioration of morals. Yet there is not a pin in a tailor's arm, not one that contributes to the annual groat of a miser, but might teach the wise of the world a lesson. Let us divide it into matter and form, and we shall perceive that it is the form alone that constitutes it a pin. Time was when it slumbered in the chaos of brazen wire, amid the multitude of concentric circles, cycles, and epicycles. Time was, too, when that wire was molten in the furnace, when the solid brass became as water, and rushed from its ore with a glowing rapidity. When this took place we know not; what strange mutations the metals may have undergone we cannot conjecture. It may have shone on the breast of Achilles, or ejected the spirit of Hector. Who knows but it may have partaken of the sacredness of Solomon's lavers, or have gleamed destruction in the mirror of Archimedes?

From form, then, is derived disgrace or dignity; of which the poor passive matter is but the involuntary recipient; yet forms are all fleeting, changeable creatures of time and circumstance, will and fancy: there is nothing that abides but a brute inert mass, and even that has no existence at any time, but in the form which it then bears.

Just like this pin is man. Once he was, while yet he was not, even in the earth, from whence the fiery spirit which pervades all nature, and contains in itself the forms and living principles of all things, summoned him to life and consciousness. How various his subsequent fates! — how high his exaltation! — how sacred his offices! — how brilliant his genius! — how terrible his valor! — yet still the poor human animal is the same clod of earth, or the same mass of bullion, that is sown by the seeds that float in the atmosphere of circumstance, and stamped by the dies of education and example. See him in the decline, in the supercivilization of social life. He is sunk to a pin. His sole solidity is brazen impudence. His outside mercurial glitter, a counterfeit polish, as deleterious as it is attractive; composed of changeable fashions, that glide away like quicksilver, and, like quicksilver, are excellent to denote the changes of the seasons.

Consider the head of a pin. Does it not resemble those royal personages which the English have been in the habit of import-

ing from foreign parts to govern them? For, observe, it is no part of the pin, but superinduced upon it,—a more exotic,—a naturalized alien; or, like the noses of Taliacotius, adopted to supply natural or contingent deficiencies. It is a common remark upon a person of modern intellect, that he has a head, and so has a pin; but I believe it is to our national rather than our individual heads that this is meant to be applied; for what similarity can there exist between the silliest head that grows between a pair of shoulders and an adventitious nob, owing its elevation wholly to the caprice or convenience of a pin maker? But if the public head be intended, the analogy is strong enough for a commentator on the Apocalypse. A foreign prince, by the wisdom of a British parliament, became united to the headless trunk of the nation; becomes part of us by force of time and adhesion; yea, the very part from which the rest derive honor and usefulness.

But if the head be thus dignified, shall the point want respect, without which the head were no head, and the shaft of no value, though, in relation to these noble members, it is but as the tail? Is it not the operative artificer, the pioneer to clear the way, the herald to announce, the warrior to subdue opposition? How aptly does this little javelin typify the frame of human society! What the head of a pin would be without its point, and the point without the head, that were the laborer without the ruler, or the ruler without the laborer.

There is one more resemblance I would fain suppress, did not truth call for its statement. That pin may long glitter in the orderly rank of the paper, or repose in the soft security of the cushion; it may fix itself on the bosom of beauty, or support the cumbrous honors of her train; but an end is predestined to its glories, and Abasement the minor shall seize the possessions from Pride the trustee. It shall one day be broken, lost, trampled under foot, and forgotten; its slender length, which is now as straight as the arrow of Cupid, shall be as crooked as his bow; and it shall share the fate of decrepit demireps and exploded patriots.

Remember, ye statesmen, and learn from the pin. While it was upright as the councils of—(no statesman that I ever heard of) it remained in office and preferment; and was not laid aside till it became sinuous as the politics of Machiavel.

Complete. From «Essays and Marginalia.»

A NURSERY LECTURE DELIVERED BY AN OLD BACHELOR

A whimsical old bachelor acquaintance of mine — less wit than humorist, more pendant than either; whose tediousness is tolerated by men who like their naps after dinner, because he can talk without listeners; and his ugliness endured by women who are mothers, because he is rather fond of babies — maintained, a few days ago, with a paradoxical gravity of countenance peculiar to himself, that the common playthings of children are all derived from the first ages of the world, and were originally of a religious or commemorative character.

Of the ninepins, he remarked that nine had ever been a mystic number, much regarded in magical operations and cabalistic lore; that it was the square of three, and the number of the Muses; that the Fates, the Furies, and the Graces, make up exactly nine; that nine, multiplied by seven, a like numerical mystery, produced the grand climacteric sixty-three. He was disposed to think that the ninepins were intended by the ancient sages to represent Time, whose triple denominations of Past, Present, and Future, are continually involved, and, as it were, multiplied into each other; while the spherical form, and the solidity of the bowl, clearly figured eternity, by which the divisions of time were to be finally supplanted. He referred the invention of the game to the Celtic bards and Druids, whose leashes of triads are well known to the Cymrodorion Society, and who taught the transmigration of the soul through nine cycles of existence, before it attained perfection. The wooden rocking-horse was an invaluable document, confirming the descent of the aboriginal Britons from the remnant of Troy. The poor infant's coral he condemned as useless, heathenish, and popish; useless, because all animals except man, and possibly the hammer-headed shark, cut their teeth without it: heathenish and popish, inasmuch as it was nothing more than the *Fascinum*, or amulet of pagan Rome, worn by the Ancients to avert fascination, with the addition of bells, those tintinnabular terrors of Satan, whose thaumaturgic sound, as holy friars have told, could disperse a coming thunderstorm, make the air wholesome, and procure a safe passage for the parting soul. The rattle, though not, to his knowledge, ever patronized by the Church of Rome, was of classic sanctity, being much used in the

rites of the Syrian goddess, and of the mother of the gods; it was the *crepitaculum* of the towered Berecynthia, and the *crotala* of the inexorable Nemesis. (This piece of learning he gleaned from the notes on "Childe Harold," Canto IV.)

"The literature of the nursery," he continued, waxing so earnest that I suspected him of being half convinced by his own irony (as some, by feigning sleep, have sunk into a sincere snore), "the literature of the nursery has every mark of extreme antiquity; an antiquity far beyond the reach of chronology or written records. Oral tradition, a musical accompaniment, a quaint simplicity of phrase, a number of allusions to forgotten circumstances; a variety of readings (the *variæ lectiones* in the metrical romances of 'Old Father Long-Legs,' 'Jack a Manory,' etc., would fill a respectable sheet in the Museum Criticum); a prevalence of the supernatural; combined with those little details of familiar and domestic things, which make the 'Odyssey' so interesting; above all, the utter uncertainty — nay, the absence of so much as a rumor as to the author of those truly popular compositions — these are characteristics that can meet only in the productions of the remotest era; such as our lullabys, nurses' songs, and dandling ditties, unquestionably are. The very rhythm and melody of the verse bespeak them of the time when music, dance, and poetry went hand in hand. The air is strictly imitative; that is to say, significant which can scarce be said of modern music in general.

"Then, what poetry is so universally diffused as these ancient strains — these lilting lays — these soft and slumberous rocking rhymes? How many thousands, even in this educated generation, never heard of 'Paradise Lost,' or the 'Fairy Queene'! but who is unacquainted with 'Jack Horner' and little 'Tom Tucker'? Who has not sympathized with the sorrows of 'Billy Pringle'? How circumscribed is the fame of Pegasus and Bellerophon to that of the 'Cow that Jumped over the Moon.' So intimately intertwined are these madrigals with the fibres of the brain, that it is not without effort we remember that they must all have been made at some time by somebody. We rather deem them like the song of birds, 'a natural product of the air.'

"I know that, in this printing age of ours, several collections of these poetical antiquities have been published by 'the trade.' I have been applied to myself by an eminent London house to

superintend an edition of the 'Poetæ Minimi,' the Muse in swaddling clothes, with notes, illustrations, and prolegomena; and as a specimen I have actually seen the moral ballad, 'Three Children Sliding on the Ice,' and the spirited dithyrambic, 'Ride a Cock-Horse,' in the original Greek. But I think these effusions should never be printed. They were originally derived from an age anterior to letters; and they still pertain to the unlettered part of human life. To see them in types is like looking at a glow worm in the sun. But what is more lamentable, there is a profuse issue of new-fangled nursery books, meretriciously tricked out with gaudy colored prints, and bearing internal evidence that they are manufactured by gentlemen of the press. Surely, as 'the world is all before them' where to do mischief, they might let the babies alone. Everything nowadays must be done by the press, or the steam engine, and all by wholesale. Ere long the cradle will be banished from the fireside, like the spinning wheel; and the rising generation will be consigned from their birth to national establishments. Suckling of infants will be exploded, as unproductive labor. Pap will be made by contract in subscription soup-kettles. A single engine will put in motion as many cradles as spindles; and official nurses, appointed by the committee, will sing 'Songs of Reason' to the grinding of a steam apollonicon. Yet notwithstanding the unquiet innovations of your all-in-all educationists, who would make your little ones read before they can well speak, spoiling their dear lisp with abominable words; which, poor things, they pronounce so right, it is heart-breaking to hear them,—cramming them, it may be, with the theory of animal mechanics, when they should be feeling their life in every limb—there is still, thank heaven, and the kind, sensible hearts of English mothers, a genial feeling of old times about a nursery. When I see a numerous small family at play, my mind sinks back, through dream and vision, to the world's infancy. In the life, the innocence, the simple bliss before me, I hail a something that is not changed. The furniture of the well-littered playroom reminds me of Chaldea, Egypt, Etruria, and the Druids; so that, were it not for the rosy faces of the darlings, and the grisette prettiness of the prim, smiling nurse-maiden, with her ringlets just out of paper, peeping so alluringly from beneath her coiffure of curious needlework, which, though very winsome, is not strictly classical, I might imagine myself in

the museum of the Antiquarian Society, of which I have the honor not to be a member; while the strange and affecting analogy between childhood, as it still appears, and what we conceive of man, in the simple days of yore, 'when human hope was bold and strong, nor feared the cold rebuke of memory,' ofttimes gives rise to reflections which leave me better acquainted with myself, and with kindlier feelings towards my species.

> 'The child is father of the man,
> And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety.'"

It was evident that my friend had talked himself quite serious, for he was running into blank verse. And truly, in his peroration, amid the umbrageous multitude of words, there were certain lunar gleams of sense. The world's infancy is something more than a figure of speech. There is analogy between the growth of the individual mind, and the development of the public soul in communities. If we except the helpless, unremembered state of babyhood, there is no stage of the individual life which has not its parallel in the annals of the kind. There is a boyhood of nations, when the joy and pride of man is like that of a vigorous schoolboy; in bodily strength, in the pursuit and capture of animals; in running, riding, swimming, wrestling, and all perfections of bones and sinews. Then comes the amorous, romantic youth; the age of gallantry and chivalry, fond of splendor and marvel; eager as childhood, but more imaginative, more disputatious, more impassioned. This is succeeded by the peculiar age of poetry; when its heroic and romantic themes are but just remembered, and its wonders but half believed, the poet comes and gives them a mausoleum in the imagination. Next succeeds the busy, calculating manhood of society; the age of common sense, prudential ethics, satire, and "vile criticism"; the age of the Aristotles, Horaces, Boileaus, and Popes; of all ages the most presumptuous, despising all that has gone before; wise in its own conceit, not, like noble youth, in the strong passion of imagined certainty, but in the cold vacuity of skepticism and scorn. After this, is the sere and yellow leaf; when men and nations begin to review their days, and finding little to approve in the short-sighted wisdom of latter times, recur, with something of a tender piety,

or it may be with a fond idolatry, even to the green and childish issue of their nonage. Such, methinks, is the present state of Britain; and our national taste may best be typified by an old man reading again the fairy tales that delighted his childhood, the amorous stories that engaged his youth, the first plays he had seen, the poems he had first got by heart; striving to recall the age of hope by spells of memory, and loving best the things he has known the longest.

Complete. From «Essays and Marginalia.»

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(1772–1834)

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born in Devonshire, October 21st, 1772. His father, Rev. John Coleridge, vicar of the parish of Ottery St. Mary, was "a kindly and learned man," whose second wife bore him ten children. Samuel Taylor, the youngest of them, showed when a boy the same dreamy and speculative disposition which made it possible for him to write "The Ancient Mariner." At Cambridge his first indication of poetical talent was a Greek ode on the slave trade, which won him a gold medal from the university. He left the university without a degree, however, and in connection with Southey planned a colony in Pennsylvania, where ideal liberty, equality, and justice were to be established. As a first step towards this, he and Southey married sisters, the Misses Fricker, of Bristol, and, instead of founding "Pantisocracy" in America, Coleridge found himself obliged to make vigorous efforts to support his wife in England by giving lectures, writing essays, and publishing poems. In 1796 he began a brief experiment as a Unitarian minister, but abandoned the pulpit for literature and journalism. He did not earn a living for his family at either, but he found patrons in the brothers Wedgwood and other wealthy admirers. His friendship with Wordsworth and Southey was the beginning of the "Lake School" of English poets. It was to Coleridge that Wordsworth dedicated his "Prelude," and in return Coleridge addressed him a highly complimentary ode. His friendship for Wordsworth also brought him the suggestion for his best poem, "The Ancient Mariner," the publication of which at once fixed his place as a man of genius. His productiveness was interrupted by his habit of eating opium, and for fifteen years he wrote almost nothing. It was after his recovery from this diseased habit that he published a number of his best essays, including "The Friend," the "Essays on Method," and "The Sailor's Fortune." "Table Talk" was published a year after his death by H. N. Coleridge. Strictly speaking, it is a record of his conversations, but it represents him at his best in prose, as, in the prose which comes from his own pen, interest often flags because of his neglect of incident. In his "Table Talk" it never does. He died July 25th, 1834.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

After the Portrait by Washington Allston.

"CHARLES, did you ever hear me preach?" Coleridge once asked Charles Lamb. "I never heard you do anything else," replied Lamb, and the reply suggests the reason for the ecclesiastical background of this striking portrait. No one reads now the sermons Coleridge preached in church, but those he preached out of it will never be forgotten. This portrait was painted probably ten years or more after his first meeting with Dorothy Wordsworth, who describes him as "thin and pale, the lower part of his face not good, the mouth wide, the lips thick, the teeth not very good,—the hair longish, loose, half-curling and rough." As he grew towards middle age, Coleridge became better kept, with a tendency to portliness.

DOES FORTUNE FAVOR FOOLS?

Fortuna plerumque est veluti
Galaxia quarundam obscurarum
Virtutum sine nomine.
— *Bacon.*

"Fortune is for the most part but a galaxy or milky way, as it were, of certain obscure virtues without a name."

"Does Fortune favor fools? Or how do you explain the origin of the proverb, which, differently worded, is to be found in all the languages of Europe?"

This proverb admits of various explanations, according to the mood of mind in which it is used. It may arise from pity, and the soothing persuasion that Providence is eminently watchful over the helpless, and extends an especial care to those who are not capable of caring for themselves. So used, it breathes the same feeling as "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" — or the more sportive adage, that "the fairies take care of children and tipsy folk." The persuasion itself, in addition to the general religious feeling of mankind, and the scarcely less general love of the marvelous, may be accounted for from our tendency to exaggerate all effects that seem disproportionate to their visible cause, and all circumstances that are in any way strongly contrasted with our notions of the persons under them. Secondly, it arises from the safety and success which an ignorance of danger and difficulty sometimes actually assists in procuring; inasmuch as it precludes the despondence, which might have kept the more foresighted from undertaking the enterprise, the depression which would retard its progress, and those overwhelming influences of terror in cases where the vivid perception of the danger constitutes the greater part of the danger itself. Thus men are said to have swooned and even died at the sight of a narrow bridge, over which they had ridden, the night before, in perfect safety; or at tracing the footmarks along the edge of a precipice which the darkness had concealed from them. A more obscure cause, yet not wholly to be omitted, is afforded by the undoubted fact that the exertion of the reasoning faculties tends to extinguish or bedim those mysterious instincts of skill, which, though for the most part latent, we nevertheless possess in common with other animals.

Or the proverb may be used invidiously; and folly in the vocabulary of envy or baseness may signify courage and magnanimity. Hardihood and foolhardiness are indeed as different as green and yellow, yet will appear the same to the jaundiced eye. Courage multiplies the chances of success by sometimes making opportunities, and always availing itself of them: and in this sense Fortune may be said to favor fools by those who, however prudent in their own opinion, are deficient in valor and enterprise. Again, an eminently good and wise man, for whom the praises of the judicious have procured a high reputation even with the world at large, proposes to himself certain objects, and adapting the right means to the right end attains them; but his objects not being what the world calls Fortune, neither money nor artificial rank, his admitted inferiors in moral and intellectual worth, but more prosperous in their worldly concerns, are said to have been favored by Fortune and he slighted; although the fools did the same in their line as the wise man in his; they adapted the appropriate means to the desired end, and so succeeded. In this sense the proverb is current by a misuse, or a catachresis at least, of both the words, Fortune and Fools.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPLY

For shame! dear friend, renounce this canting strain;
What would'st thou have a good great man obtain?
Place? titles? salary? a gilded chain?
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures, love, and light,
And calm thoughts regular as infants' breath:
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

But, lastly, there is, doubtless, a true meaning attached to Fortune, distinct both from prudence and from courage; and distinct too from that absence of depressing or bewildering passions,

which (according to my favorite proverb, "extremes meet"), the fool not seldom obtains in as great perfection by his ignorance as the wise man by the highest energies of thought and self-discipline. Luck has a real existence in human affairs, from the infinite number of powers that are in action at the same time, and from the co-existence of things contingent and accidental (such as to us at least are accidental) with the regular appearances and general laws of nature. A familiar instance will make these words intelligible. The moon waxes and wanes according to a necessary law. The clouds likewise, and all the manifold appearances connected with them, are governed by certain laws no less than the phases of the moon. But the laws which determine the latter are known and calculable, while those of the former are hidden from us. At all events, the number and variety of their effects baffle our powers of calculation; and that the sky is clear or obscured at any particular time, we speak of, in common language, as a matter of accident. Well! at the time of the full moon, but when the sky is completely covered with black clouds, I am walking on in the dark, aware of no particular danger: a sudden gust of wind rends the cloud for a moment, and the moon emerging discloses to me a chasm or precipice, to the very brink of which I had advanced my foot. This is what is meant by luck, and according to the more or less serious mood or habit of our mind we exclaim, how lucky! or, how providential! The co-presence of numberless phenomena, which from the complexity or subtlety of their determining causes are called contingencies, and the co-existence of these with any regular or necessary phenomenon (as the clouds with the moon for instance), occasion coincidences, which, when they are attended by any advantage or injury, and are at the same time incapable of being calculated or foreseen by human prudence, form good or ill luck. On a hot sunshiny afternoon came on a sudden storm and spoilt the farmer's hay; and this is called ill luck. We will suppose the same event to take place, when meteorology shall have been perfected into a science, provided with unerring instruments; but which the farmer had neglected to examine. This is no longer ill luck, but imprudence. Now apply this to our proverb. Unforeseen coincidences may have greatly helped a man, yet if they have done for him only what possibly from his own abilities he might have effected for him-

self, his good luck will excite less attention and the instances be less remembered. That clever men should attain their objects seems natural, and we neglect the circumstances that perhaps produced that success of themselves without the intervention of skill or foresight; but we dwell on the fact and remember it, as something strange, when the same happens to a weak or ignorant man. So, too, though the latter should fail in his undertakings from concurrences that might have happened to the wisest man, yet his failure being no more than might have been expected and accounted for from his folly, it lays no hold on our attention, but fleets away among the other undistinguished waves, in which the stream of ordinary life murmurs by us, and is forgotten. Had it been as true as it was notoriously false, that those all-embracing discoveries, which have shed a dawn of science on the art of chemistry, and give no obscure promise of some one great constitutive law, in the light of which dwell dominion and the power of prophecy; if these discoveries, instead of having been as they really were, preconcerted by meditation, and evolved out of his own intellect, had occurred by a set of lucky accidents to the illustrious father and founder of philosophic alchemy; if they presented themselves to Sir Humphry Davy exclusively in consequence of his luck in possessing a particular galvanic battery; if this battery, as far as Davy was concerned, had itself been an accident, and not (as in point of fact it was) desired and obtained by him for the purpose of insuring the testimony of experience to his principles, and in order to bind down material nature under the inquisition of reason, and force from her as by torture, unequivocal answers to prepared and preconceived questions — yet still they would not have been talked of or described, as instances of luck, but as the natural results of his admitted genius and known skill. But should an accident have disclosed similar discoveries to a mechanic at Birmingham or Sheffield, and if the man should grow rich in consequence, and partly by the envy of his neighbors, and partly with good reason, be considered by them as a man below par in the general powers of his understanding; then, "Oh, what a lucky fellow! Well, Fortune does favor fools — that's certain! It is always so!" — and forthwith the exclaimer relates half a dozen similar instances. Thus accumulating the one sort of facts and never collecting the other, we do, as poets in their diction,

and quacks of all denominations do in their reasoning, put a part for the whole, and at once soothe our envy and gratify our love of the marvelous, by the sweeping proverb, "Fortune favors fools."

Complete. From "A Sailor's Fortune."

ON MEN, EDUCATED AND UNEDUCATED

WHAT is that which first strikes us, and strikes us at once, in a man of education, and which, among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind, that (as was observed with eminent propriety of the late Edmund Burke) "we cannot stand under the same archway during a shower of rain without finding him out"? Not the weight or novelty of his remarks; not any unusual interest of facts communicated by him; for we may suppose both the one and the other precluded by the shortness of our intercourse, and the triviality of the subjects. The difference will be impressed and felt, though the conversation should be confined to the state of the weather or the pavement. Still less will it arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases. For if he be, as we now assume, a well-educated man as well as a man of superior powers, he will not fail to follow the golden rule of Julius Cæsar, *insolens verbum, tanquam scopulum, evitare.* Unless where new things necessitate new terms, he will avoid an unusual word as a rock. It must have been among the earliest lessons of his youth that the breach of this precept, at all times hazardous, becomes ridiculous in the topics of ordinary conversation. There remains but one other point of distinction possible; and this must be, and in fact is, the true cause of the impression made on us. It is the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing, in each integral part, or (more plainly) in every sentence, the whole that he then intends to communicate. However irregular and desultory his talk, there is method in the fragments.

Listen, on the other hand, to an ignorant man, though perhaps shrewd and able in his particular calling, whether he be describing or relating. We immediately perceive that his memory alone is called into action; and that the objects and events

recur in the narration in the same order, and with the same accompaniments, however accidental or impertinent, in which they had first occurred to the narrator. The necessity of taking breath, the efforts of recollection, and the abrupt rectification of its failures, produce all his pauses; and with exception of the "and then," the "and there," and the still less significant "and so," they constitute likewise all his connections.

Our discussion, however, is confined to method as employed in the formation of the understanding and in the constructions of science and literature. It would, indeed, be superfluous to attempt a proof of its importance in the business and economy of active or domestic life. From the cotter's hearth or the workshop of the artisan to the palace or the arsenal, the first merit, that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is, that everything be in its place. Where this charm is wanting every other merit either loses its name, or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one by whom it is eminently possessed we say, proverbially, he is like clockwork. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time. But the man of methodical industry and honorable pursuits does more; he realizes its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul; and that, the very essence of which is to fleet away and evermore to have been, he takes up into his own permanence and communicates to it the imperishableness of a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies thus directed are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed that he lives in time than that time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more.

THE CHARACTER OF OTHELLO

OTHELLO must not be conceived as a negro, but a high and chivalrous Moorish chief. Shakespeare learned the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry, which was prevalent in England in his time. Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature, whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It was the struggle not to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall:—"But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O Iago! the pity of it, Iago!" In addition to this, his honor was concerned; Iago would not have succeeded but by hinting that his honor was compromised. There is no ferocity in Othello; his mind is majestic and composed. He deliberately determines to die; and speaks his last speech with a view of showing his attachment to the Venetian state, though it had superseded him.

Complete. From his «Table Talk.»

MATERIALISM AND GHOSTS

EITHER we have an immortal soul, or we have not. If we have not, we are beasts; the first and wisest of beasts, it may be; but still true beasts. We shall only differ in degree, and not in kind; just as the elephant differs from the slug. But by the concession of all the materialists of all the schools, or almost all, we are not of the same kind as beasts—and this also we say from our own consciousness. Therefore, methinks, it must be the possession of a soul within us that makes the difference.

Read the first chapter of Genesis without prejudice, and you will be convinced at once. After the narrative of the creation of the earth and brute animals, Moses seems to pause, and says: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." And in the next chapter he repeats the narrative: "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life"; and then he adds these words,—"and man became a living soul." Materialism will never explain those last words.

Define a vulgar ghost with reference to all that is called ghost-like. It is visibility without tangibility; which is also the definition of a shadow. Therefore, a vulgar ghost and a shadow would be the same; because two different things cannot properly have the same definition. A visible substance without susceptibility of impact, I maintain to be an absurdity. Unless there be an external substance, the bodily eye cannot see it; therefore, in all such cases, that which is supposed to be seen is, in fact, not seen, but is an image of the brain. External objects naturally produce sensation; but here, in truth, sensation produces, as it were, the external object.

In certain states of the nerves, however, I do believe that the eye, although not consciously so directed, may, by a slight convulsion, see a portion of the body, as if opposite to it. The part actually seen will by common association seem the whole; and the whole body will then constitute an external object, which explains many stories of persons seeing themselves lying dead. Bishop Berkeley once experienced this. He had the presence of mind to ring the bell, and feel his pulse; keeping his eye still fixed on his own figure right opposite to him. He was in a high fever, and the brain image died away as the door opened. I observed something very like it once at Grasmere; and was so conscious of the cause that I told a person what I was experiencing, whilst the image still remained.

Of course, if the vulgar ghost be really a shadow, there must be some substance of which it is the shadow. These visible and intangible shadows, without substances to cause them, are absurd.

Complete. From his «Table Talk.»

THE DESTINY OF THE UNITED STATES

The possible destiny of the United States of America,— as a nation of a hundred millions of freemen,— stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakespeare and Milton, is an august conception. Why should we not wish to see it realized? America would then be England viewed through a solar microscope; Great Britain in a state of glorious magnification! How deeply to be lamented is the spirit of hostility and sneering which some of the popular books of travels have shown in treating of

the Americans! They hate us, no doubt, just as brothers hate; but they respect the opinion of an Englishman concerning themselves ten times as much as that of a native of any other country on earth. A very little humoring of their prejudices, and some courtesy of language and demeanor on the part of Englishmen, would work wonders, even as it is, with the public mind of the Americans.

Capt. Basil Hall's book is certainly very entertaining and instructive; but, in my judgment, his sentiments upon many points, and more especially his mode of expression, are unwise and uncharitable. After all, are not most of the things shown up with so much bitterness by him mere national foibles, parallels to which every people has and must of necessity have?

What you say about the quarrel in the United States is sophistical. No doubt, taxation may, and perhaps in some cases must, press unequally, or apparently so, on different classes of people in a State. In such cases there is a hardship; but in the long run, the matter is fully compensated to the overtaxed class. For example, take the householders in London who complain so bitterly of the house and window taxes. Is it not pretty clear that, whether such householder be a tradesman who indemnifies himself in the price of his goods; or a letter of lodgings who does so in his rent; or a stockholder who receives it back again in his dividends; or a country gentleman who has saved so much fresh levy on his land or his other property; one way or other, it comes at last pretty nearly to the same thing, though the pressure for the time may be unjust and vexatious, and fit to be removed? But when New England, which may be considered a State in itself, taxes the admission of foreign manufactures in order to cherish manufactures of its own, and thereby forces the Carolinas, another State of itself, with which there is little intercommunion, which has no such desire or interest to serve, to buy worse articles at a higher price, it is altogether a different question, and is, in fact, downright tyranny of the worst, because of the most sordid, kind. What would you think of a law which should tax every person in Devonshire for the pecuniary benefit of every person in Yorkshire? And yet that is a feeble image of the actual usurpation of the New England deputies over the property of the Southern States.

There are two possible modes of unity in a State; one by absolute co-ordination of each to all, and of all to each; the other

by subordination of classes and offices. Now, I maintain that there never was an instance of the first, nor can there be, without slavery as its condition and accompaniment, as in Athens. The poor Swiss cantons are no exception.

The mistake lies in confounding a State which must be based on classes and interests and unequal property, with a church, which is founded on the person, and has no qualification but personal merit. Such a community may exist, as in the case of the Quakers; but in order to exist, it must be compressed and hedged in by another society,—*mundus mundulus in mundo immundo.*

The free class in a slave State is always, in one sense, the most patriotic class of people in an empire; for their patriotism is not simply the patriotism of other people, but an aggregate of lust of power and distinction and supremacy.

Complete. From his «Table Talk.»

MORTIMER COLLINS

(1827–1876)

THE essays collected by the literary executors of Mortimer Collins are among the most attractive of his works. He was an extensive reader, not only of English literature, but of the Greek and Roman classics. He loved poetry and wit, and he is equally at home with Shakespeare and with Horace. He was born in Plymouth, June 29th, 1827. Among the poems which gave him popularity are "Idyls and Rhymes," "Summer Songs," and "The British Birds." Among his novels are "Sweet Anne Page," "The Ivory Gate," and "Blacksmith and Scholar." His essays were collected in "Pen Sketches from the Papers of the Late Mortimer Collins." (London 1879.)

AN ESSAY ON EPIGRAMS

THERE are certain departments of literature in which excellence is attainable only by labor; and the epigram is among them. It requires a thought tersely expressed in perfection of words:—

> "Just as crushed carbon doth produce
> The diamond for Beauty's use,
> Condense the wisdom of the years,
> And, lo! an epigram appears."

Recently there have been published some good collections of epigrams, and there appears to exist an impression that this form of writing will again be in vogue. I doubt it. Life is not long enough? There is less thought in many a three-volume novel of the present day than in a single first-rate epigram which a man might write upon his thumb nail.

"*Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.*"

This canon of literature is rather too much neglected by the easy writers of the day—gentlemen who perpetually bring to one's remembrance Rogers's epigram:—

> "You write with ease to show your breeding—
> Your easy writing is hard reading."

Expect no epigrams from the man who earns his bread by the gray-goose quill. They don't pay. A Greek tyrant in the old days would give a poet a dozen female slaves for a tetrastich; a prince or an archbishop in the Middle Ages would send him fat venison and abundant wine; but the patron of to-day (the publisher) would probably think sixpence a line generous payment. If we are to have any epigrams in this toiling and moiling age, this perturbed period of the steam wagon and the lightning wire, it must be from literati of leisure. Peers of the realm and country gentlemen, deans of cathedral chapters and fellows of colleges, are your natural epigrammatists — if only they have the genius. The epigram should be matured in a lofty library with windows looking to the sunset, shut in from all rude sounds of the outer world, with a plate of filberts and a glass of old Madeira or port to occupy the intervals of thought. It grows in the brain like the pearl within the oyster. To reach perfection, it demands silence and seclusion and time. These are conditions rarely attainable in the hot afternoon of the nineteenth century — for which reason I am not sanguine in anticipating the rise among us of a race of epigrammatists.

What the Greeks meant by an epigram was simply an inscription, and its primary use was funereal. It gradually extended itself to other themes, but never became that "rapier-pointed" versicle which the name now implies. The function of the Greek epigram is fulfilled by the modern sonnet, a felicitous invention of Italy, which has been successfully acclimatized in England. What since the days of Martial has been called an epigram differs as widely from the Greek form as Mr. Tennyson's idyls differ from those of Theocritus, or as a burlesque by Burnand from one by Aristophanes. It is, however, with the modern epigram that I am now concerned, and of this Martial is the undoubted master. Only a few of his epigrams contain that sting in the tail which now characterizes the hornet of poetry; but those few are perfect. Others of the fifteen hundred which he wrote are more like the *vers de societe* of Praed and Luttrel and Locker; they are lapidary verse, cameos cut and polished with infinite skill. . . .

When we come among the English writers of epigram, we find Martial frequently echoed. Sir John Harington follows the old Roman very closely. Here is an example:—

"Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many;
But yet she never gave enough to any."

Sir John was a fertile writer, and produced one epigram that not likely to die:—

"Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason."

Ben Jonson was another prolific disciple of Martial, from whom he borrowed his tremendous line upon Inigo Jones:—

"Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand."

Some of the rare old dramatist's songs have a fine aroma of epigram, as one stanza shall prove:—

"Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue;
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?"

Henry Parrott was another of these seventeenth-century men with a wealth of epigrammatic wit. Here we have him chaffing the Welsh:—

"A Welshman and an Englishman disputed
Which of their land maintain'd the greatest state;
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted;
Yet would the Welshman naught his brags abate.
'Ten cooks (quoth he) in Wales one wedding sees';
'True (quoth the other); each man toasts his cheese.'"

Herrick, Waller, Prior, are especially noticeable for the vein of epigram which runs through their lyrics, like the purple streaks that lie deep in the snow-white marble of Sicily. What can surpass the delicious couplet in courtly Waller's girdle song?—

"Give me but what this ribbon bound;
Take all the rest the sun goes round."

The same peculiarity belongs to those fine gentlemen and facile poets, Suckling, Etherege, Sedley, Lovelace; masters, it seems to me, of the lyric epigram, though three out of four are not even named in Mr. Dodd's portly and valuable volume, entitled "The Epigrammatists." If Sir John Suckling's piquant little chanson —

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?"—

is not to be classed with the epigrams, I am at a loss how to define it. The light literature of two centuries ago had a choice flavor of its own, being the natural growth of a lively and careless society. The men who wore rapiers were gay intriguers, and their love songs sparkled like the Toledo steel they were always ready to draw.

"Out upon it! I have loved
Three whole days together,
And am like to love three more —
If it prove fine weather!"

sings Sir John Suckling; and the words bring before us a picture of the man, young, gallant, daring, ready with pen and purse and sword, the darling of St. James's, the marvel of the Mall, the handsomest fellow that ever ate mulberries and drank iced champagne in Spring Gardens. . . .

It may surprise some readers to learn that two of the four celebrated psalmists, Sternhold and Hopkins, and Tate and Brady, were epigrammatists. From the lace-ruffle-wearing gallants of the court to these grave versifiers is a long step; it is the truth, however, that John Hopkins and Nahum Tate wrote epigrams, but they were very bad ones. Grave men write good epigrams occasionally: there are many dignified clergymen in *l'eglise epigrammatique*. The Rev. William Clarke, chancellor of Chichester a hundred years ago, produced one epigram which it would be hard to excel. On the tomb of a duke of Richmond in Chichester Cathedral was an inscription ending with these words: —

"*Haec est domus ultima.*"

This is the epigram: —

"Did he who thus inscribed this wall
Not read or not believe Saint Paul,

Who says there is, where'er it stands,
Another house not made with hands?
Or may we gather from these words
That House is not a House of Lords?"

Passing onward, I might delay with Gray and Garrick, both epigrammatists, and the latter singularly fertile in the art. He is the best of all prologue writers, and a prologue must be epigrammatic. His epigrams on Johnson's Dictionary and on Goldsmith's oddity of character are pretty well known; let me quote instead of them the Rev. Richard Kendal on Barry and Garrick, who were playing "King Lear" at rival houses: —

"The town has found out different ways
To praise its different Lears;
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.

"A king? Aye, every inch a king,
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite another thing —
He's every inch King Lear."

Epigrams sometimes produce permanent changes. The present Primate of all England signs himself "Archibald Cantuar," but a hundred years ago "Cant" was the customary abbreviation. Horace Walpole caused the change. Thus wrote he of Archbishop Secker: —

"The bench has oft posed us, and set us a-scoffing,
By signing Will London, John Sarum, John Roffen.
But this head of the Church no expounder will want,
For his grace signs his own proper name, Thomas Cant."

Secker got nicknamed Tom Cant throughout his diocese in consequence; and hence it happened that his successors took to "Cantuar." . . .

Another veteran epigrammatist, the last I shall name, died at the age of eighty a few months ago, — the Rev. Charles Townsend, rector of Kingston-by-Sea. This fine old parson was famed as a lover of his friends and a hater of women. I suppose some wicked witch had played him a trick —

"In his hot youth, when George the Third was king."

He had been a great friend of Wordsworth and the other Lakers, on whom he bestowed this impromptu: —

> "They dwell at the Lakes; an appropriate quarter
> For poems diluted with plenty of water."

Not long before his death some thieves broke into the rectory; whereupon he naturally consoled himself with an epigram: —

"They came and prigg'd my stockings, my linen, and my store;
But they couldn't prig my sermons, for they were prigg'd before."

From "Pen Sketches from the Papers of the Late Mortimer Collins."

ALONG THE AVON

Village after village, quaint and beautiful, lie along the margin of the Avon; the keen eye will notice whence Shakespeare drew his choicest descriptions of nature; the longest summer day will not be too long to loiter around the vicinity of Stratford. One of the best proofs that Avon River flows through rich and lovely country is the multitude of monastic institutions which have left their names to the villages, with here and there a noble tower and graceful gateway. Founders of abbeys loved a pleasant river flowing through fertile meadows; salmon and trout and eels for fast days were as important as beeves and deer for festivals. So there are more conventual remains between Naseby and Tewkesbury than in almost any equal distance of which I have knowledge; and the glory of those old ecclesiastic foundations is peculiarly realized as the noble bell-tower of Evesham Abbey rises above the town. The great monastery had lasted more than a thousand years when the ruthless hand of Henry VIII. fell upon it. The bell-tower and a most delightful old gateway are the only relics of it left.

The pilgrim through the beautiful vale of Evesham comes upon another battlefield, where, six hundred years ago, fell a famous leader of the Commons against the Crown. Simon de Montfort fought for the right, so far as we can judge at this remote period; but his antagonist was the greatest general of the day, and afterwards became England's greatest king. He was but

twenty-six when he won the immortal victory known as the murder of Evesham. If Montfort gave England its first Parliament, Edward gave us Wales and Scotland, and made the priests pay taxes in defiance of the Pope. A poetic prince, as well as a gallant; for did he not, when Eleanora the Castilian died in Lincolnshire, cause Peter l'Imagineur to build a stately cross wherever her corpse rested on its way to Westminster? Thanks to the poetry of a railway company, London is to see the last and stateliest of those crosses rebuilt in what was once the quiet village of Charing.

There was another abbey at Pershore, which takes its name from its abundant pear trees. Bredon Hill, not far from this town, is worth climbing for its fine view towards the Malverns. At the village of Strensham the author of "Hudibras" was born. I must not be retarded by reminiscences of that most humorous writer of wonderful doggerel; but pass on to Tewkesbury, last of the towns on the Avon, which here falls into the wide and shining Severn. Tewkesbury had also its abbey and its famous battle; it has, moreover, its legend of that unfortunate gentleman, Brihtric of Bristol.

Farewell, beautiful Avon, with all thy poetic and historic memories; thy great abbeys and bloody battlefields; thy golden dream of Shakespeare the divine. As I stand in the bloody meadow at Tewkesbury and look at the meeting of the waters, my chief thought is how many great men have fought in tented field — have written famous books — how many strange and terrible events have occurred — ere this England could become what it is,—

> "A land of settled government,
> A land of just and old renown."

From "Pen Sketches."

ROBERT COLLYER

(1823-)

REV. ROBERT COLLYER, one of the most eloquent public speakers and writers of the second half of the nineteenth century, was born in Yorkshire, England, December 8th, 1823. His family belonged to the working classes and he learned the blacksmith's trade, supporting himself at the forge during the early years of his work as a Wesleyan minister. After coming to America in 1847, he became a Unitarian in 1850. In 1860, he founded Unity Church in Chicago; and after a pastorate of several years in that city, took charge of the Church of the Messiah in New York. Among his works are "Nature and Life," "Lectures to Young Men and Young Women," etc.

NEWSPAPERS AND MODERN LIFE

I THINK there can be no doubt that the most potent power for good or evil in our period of modern life is the newspaper. In countries that take to a monarchy it is the real king, and in republics like this of ours it is the real president, and citizens and subjects alike look to it for inspiration and direction, as few of them, I imagine, ever look to the Lord.

The newspaper is also the most remarkable outcome of our modern civilization. I know of no one thing beside that has gathered into itself so faithfully the very essence of the invention and discovery which has made the last hundred years peerless in this respect over all that went before, or which employs so much of the finest power to-day in the thought and life of man.

The steam engine does no day's work so marvelous in its whole result as that which is done by the steam printing press; the wire flashes no such weight of interest, the railroad carries no such freight as its last edition, while the artist has no such opening beside as this that transfers his work at once to the block and then sends his pictures flying into the hearts and homes of a million men. I went once into the northwestern

wilderness after trout, and came to a log house where we halted for a chat, and the good woman told us that the ladies of our party were the first white women she had seen for almost two years. It was a very pretty place, and was full of rosy children, and this was to be noted, that she had covered her walls carefully and with a fine taste with pictures from our great papers, so that the children were living in a sort of art gallery, which brought the great world home to them in a very charming fashion. I was driven by a thunderstorm into another log house some years after among the Rocky Mountains, and here was the same sight: a capital farmer's wife, a house full of children, and the walls of the living room just like those in Grand Traverse,— a picture gallery of our thought and life and land.

"How do you manage to find your faces?" I said once to an artist who has taken a first place on these papers. "I know the real men, but these others who are born of your hand and brain seem to be as genuine and true to the life as the rest." Then I mentioned one I had just seen as an instance, and said: "Is that an ideal portrait?" "No," he answered, with a smile; "that is just as real as those of the men you know. I hunted all over New York for that man's face, and found it in a saloon." Hogarth, you will remember, did this in his day, and so his pictures are photographs of life in the London of his age. But the modern newspaper prints such pictures, and instead of confining them to the portfolios of the curious and the print shops of the capitals, it sends them over the prairies and into the backwoods on their messages of good or evil, and to do their work for those who can make no more of a printed page than they can of Sanskrit and the old runes, as well as for those who can blend the thoughts and the pictures into one. And as the newspaper makes tributary to its purpose the finest result of art and science and discovery, so it captures some of the choicest framers in our current thought and life. Dr. Chalmers said, many years ago, that the best writing and a good deal of the best thinking of his day was done for the newspapers. It was a perfect wonder to him how such essays as he read in them every day could be written on the spur of the moment, in the clash and clang of the intensest life of the world, and when each question which came up for discussion had been sprung there and then on the writer. It is not too much to say that the newspaper articles are as much better now than they were then as the papers are on which

Chalmers based his wonder. It is the result of this devouring enterprise, fed by ample means which searches through every corner and cranny of the land for men and women of the finest ability, and then fastens them with chains of gold, as the old masters of the world did to their own place in the triumphal procession, but with this distinction between the old captains and the new, that in our day they are apt to be proud and glad, as most ministers are, for that matter, in proportion to the weight of the chains. And not content with the best thought, the newspaper at the same time secures the choicest enterprise. Do the hidden forces break out in an earthquake, a man springs up with his notebook and pencil while the land is rocking under his feet, and begins to write and to flash his words over the first wire he can lay his hands on. Is the fire burning up a city, there he is among the flames scratching at his paper, the coolest man you shall find. "How did you come to write that account of that fearful morning in our city?" I said to a woman who had given a wonderful picture of it all in one of your great papers. "I was rushing out with all the rest of you," she said, "when I met a reporter for that paper who knew me; he said: 'You are the very person I was looking for; come right along. You must write me the story of this morning for our paper, and it must go over the wires to-day. We will pay you more than you ask.' 'Write you the story?' I cried through my tears; 'Why, my heart is breaking, and I have lost my folks; and just look at me with the grime.' 'All right,' he answered; 'put the heartbreak into the story. Leave your face to take care of itself, and let the folks seek you; now come along.' And come I did, across the river to a house where he found a table, put paper and pencil down, and so I did it, blotting the thing all over with my tears." Is there war far afield, the newspaper will give you news of the battles far ahead of anything the governments can get who are most deeply involved, and vastly more true as a rule. The reporter is there in the midst of the shot and shell, rides out of the battle in a way that would break most men's necks, tires down horse after horse if he must, and flashes his words with the very fire and smoke of the battle in them over sea and land to the editor's room. Nothing escapes this ever-present and all-present eye, or shall I say this power one can liken best to the trunk of the great creature of the forests, which can pick up a pin or wrench down a pine. It mirrors the great

markets on one page, and on the other tells you of an oyster supper in the basement of a church, and reports impartially a murder or a sermon.

Does the old Lion roar over there in Europe, or the Bear growl, or the Eagle scream? You hear them all through this wonderful telephone of the newspaper. It brings to you the froth and foam on the chalice of our life, and reports the vast and awful movements which belong to all the centuries and are felt all round the world.

"It is the abstract and brief chronicle of the time, showing virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

So it is no great wonder, as you will see, that the newspaper should be about the most potent power we know of among visible things, or that fair-minded men should be glad for this power, and proud of it wherever it is held sacred to truth and virtue in a wide and true sense. I would venture to say also, that we, of all men, should be glad and proud of this power for good, because among newspapers of the first rank there are very few indeed that are not conducted in a broad and liberal spirit whenever they touch the great questions which belong especially to the pulpit. Indeed, I saw a paragraph not very long ago which professed to give the bias or the belonging of the most eminent editors in this country, and it was something of a wonder to find what numbers of them were what we should call liberal, until I remembered how hard it must be to find a man of any other mind who can conduct a great paper, or, conducting one, should not catch this spirit through his work of the broad Church.

Nor is this true only of these States. You would think that in a city like London, where the roots of things must run down deep as the old red sandstone, there would be no room for such a spirit; there is not much room for the letter of heresy, as some call it, but there is a great deal of room for the spirit. Don't label your basket of seed, and Master John will not trouble you much any more about its nature. Shall I tell you a story? I was wandering about London one day, and came on a place from which vast numbers of publications flow perpetually; and looking at the place, with no idea of being known, a gentleman invited me in, told me as we sat in his office he was one of the firm, had heard me preach in an old meetinghouse near by, was himself a liberal, as they all were; but then, you see, we have to keep all this to ourselves, he said, and take care no bigotry, at

the least, gets into our books, but that they shall all have something in them of a broad and liberal spirit. It is the truth about the great papers we print on this side of the water, when they touch religion at all it is in a wide and inclusive way. They give no quarter to religious bigotry on any side, or bitter and narrow dogmas. It seems as if the very substance out of which most of the men are made who create or stamp their image on a great journal holds within it this leaven of free thought that they can no more hide than they can hide their shadow as they stand in the sun.

It has come to pass once more that for all these reasons, and others I shall not name, the newspaper has come to be beyond all doubt more popular and more widely read in this country than the Bible, while no man has to make such a confession about it as quaint Master Fuller made about the lesson for the day: "Forgive me in this, that when I set myself this morning to read Thy Blessed Word, I first turned the leaf to see if it was a long chapter." You never turn the page in this spirit, of your paper, to see if it is a long chapter, or find your long-lost glasses in the folded sheets, while most men, I doubt not, are stirred by what they read there, as they are seldom stirred by the great Old Book; and the reason for this is that the newspaper comes right home and bears the thought and life of the world about us, caught on the wing, and transferred to the pages, throbbing with love and hate, with terror and joy, with life and death, and it is not distance now but nearness which brings enchantment. . . .

I look for the good to master the evil again in those things that offend the moral, and social, and religious instincts of our people. In all these things and for them all we are more or less responsible. It is our business to see that nothing shall enter our home that defileth or maketh a lie in the shape of a newspaper, to make our convictions known about these things wherever we go, and to court no smile and fear no frown for this from any side. Those who come to look at us from abroad say this is our weak place, this haunting sense of the inquisition of a newspaper that is down on us. I think sometimes there is something in this surmise. It is the most terrible power we know of when it is used to crush a man, but I say that the man who knows his own place, and is sure of his own uprightness, can dare even the newspaper and defy it for the truth and the right, come what may.

From the Library Magazine.

COLMAN AND THORNTON

(GEORGE COLMAN) (1733–1794)

(BONNEL THORNTON) (1724–1768)

THE Connoisseur founded in 1754 by Colman and Thornton survived for two years and at times promised high excellence in the field of essay writing, which had been previously occupied by the Spectator and the Rambler. It died after the one hundred and fortieth number, however, and Dr. Johnson's verdict was that it "lacked weight." It was asserted by its editors that the essays were all their joint productions; and though this is not wholly probable, it has been accepted in mere default of refutation. Thornton had made some reputation as a parodist at the time the paper was founded, but the master mind of the combination was undoubtedly the elder Colman (born April 28th, 1733; died August 14th, 1794.) He was a writer of many popular comedies, some of which have become classical. Of his method of co-operating with Thornton, he says in the last number of the Connoisseur (September 30th, 1756):—

"We have not only joined in the work taken together, but almost every single paper is the joint product of both; and, as we have labored equally in erecting the fabric, we cannot pretend that any one particular part is the sole workmanship of either. A hint has perhaps been started by one of us, improved by the other, and still further heightened by a happy coalition of sentiment in both; as fire is struck out by a mutual collision of flint and steel. Sometimes, like Strada's lovers conversing with the sympathetic needles, we have written papers together at fifty miles distance from each other: the first rough draught or loose minutes of an essay have often traveled in a stage-coach from town to country, and from country to town; and we have frequently waited for the postman (whom we expected to bring us the precious remainder of a Connoisseur) with the same anxiety as we should wait for the half of a bank note, without which the other half would be of no value."

THE OCEAN OF INK

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.
— *Lucretius.*

"When raging winds the ruffled deep deform,
We look at distance, and enjoy the storm;
Toss'd on the waves with pleasure others see,
Nor heed their dangers, while ourselves are free."

WE WRITERS of essays, or (as they are termed) periodical papers, justly claim to ourselves a place among the modern improvers of literature. Neither Bentley nor Burman, nor any other equally sagacious commentator, has been able to discover the least traces of any similar productions among the Ancients; except we can suppose that the history of Thucydides was retailed weekly in sixpenny numbers; that Seneca dealt out his morality every Saturday; or that Tully wrote speeches and philosophical disquisitions, whilst Virgil and Horace clubbed together to furnish the poetry for a Roman magazine.

There is a word, indeed, by which we are fond of distinguishing our works, and for which we must confess ourselves indebted to the Latin. Myself, and every petty journalist, affect to dignify our hasty performances by styling them Lucubrations; by which we mean, if we mean anything, that as the day is too short for our labors, we are obliged to call in the assistance of the night,— not to mention the modest insinuation that our compositions are so correct, that (like the orations of Demosthenes) they may be said to smell of the lamp. We would be understood to follow the directions of the Roman satirist, "to grow pale by the midnight candle"; though, perhaps, as our own satirist expresses it, we may be thought —

"Sleepless ourselves, to give our readers sleep."

But, as a relief from the fatigue of so many restless hours, we have frequently gone to sleep for the benefit of the public: and surely we, whose labors are confined to a sheet and a half, may be indulged in taking a nap now and then, as well as those engaged in longer works; who (according to Horace) are to be excused, if a little drowsiness sometimes creeps in upon them.

After this preface the reader will not be surprised if I take the liberty to relate a dream of my own. It is usual on these occasions to be lulled to sleep by some book, and most of my brethren pay that compliment to Virgil or Shakespeare; but as I could never discover any opiate qualities in those authors, I chose rather to doze over some modern performance. I must beg to be excused from mentioning particulars, as I would not provoke the resentment of my contemporaries; nobody will imagine that I dipped into any of our modern novels, or took up any of our late tragedies. Let it suffice that I presently fell fast asleep.

I found myself transported in an instant to the shore of an immense sea, covered with innumerable vessels; and though many of them suddenly disappeared every minute, I saw others continually launching forth and pursuing the same course. The seers of visions and dreamers of dreams have their organs of sight so considerably improved that they can take in any object, however distant or minute. It is not therefore to be wondered at that I could discern everything distinctly, though the waters before me were of the deepest black.

While I stood contemplating this amazing scene, one of those good-natured genii, who never fail making their appearance to extricate dreamers from their difficulties, rose from the sable stream and planted himself at my elbow. His complexion was of the darkest hue, not unlike that of the Dæmons of a printing house; his jetty beard shone like the bristles of a blacking brush; on his head he wore a turban of imperial paper; and —

"There hung a calfskin on his reverend limbs,"

which was gilt on the back, and faced with robings of Morocco, lettered (like a rubric post) with the names of the most eminent authors. In his left hand he bore a printed scroll, which from the marginal corrections I imagined to be a proof sheet; and in his right he waved the quill of a goose.

He immediately accosted me. "Town," said he, "I am the Genius who is destined to conduct you through these turbulent waves. The sea that you now behold is the Ocean of Ink. Those towers, at a great distance, whose bases are founded upon rocks, and whose tops seem lost in the clouds, are situated in the Isle of Fame. Contiguous to these you may discern by the glittering of its golden sands is the Coast of Gain, which leads to a

fertile and rich country. All the vessels which are yonder sailing with a fair wind on the main sea are making towards one or other of these; but you will observe that on their first setting out they were irresistibly drawn into the eddies of Criticism, where they were obliged to encounter the most dreadful tempests and hurricanes. In these dangerous straits you see with what violence every bark is tossed up and down; some go to the bottom at once; others, after a faint struggle, are beat to pieces; many are much damaged; while a few, by sound planks and tight rigging, are enabled to weather the storm."

At this sight I started back with horror; and the remembrance still dwells so strong upon my fancy that I even now imagine the torrent of criticism bursting in upon me, and ready to overwhelm me in an instant.

"Cast a look," resumed my instructor, "on that vast lake divided into two parts, which lead to yonder magnificent structures, erected by the Tragic and Comic Muse. There you may observe many trying to force a passage without chart or compass. Some have been overset by crowding too much sail, and others have foundered by carrying too much ballast. An Arcadian vessel (the master an Irishman) was, through contrary squalls, scarce able to live nine days; but you see that light Italian gondola Gli Amanti Gelosi, skims along pleasantly before the wind, and outstrips the painted frigates of our country, Didone and Artaserse. Observe that triumphant squadron, to whose flag all the others pay homage. Most of them are ships of the first rate, and were fitted out many years ago. Though somewhat irregular in their make, and but little conformable to the exact rules of art, they will ever continue the pride and glory of these seas; for as it is remarked by the present laureate, in his prologue to Papal Tyranny: —

> "Shakespeare, whose art no playwright can excel,
> Has launch'd us fleets of plays, and built them well."

The Genius then bade me turn my eye where the water seemed to foam with perpetual agitation. "That," said he, "is the strong current of Politics, often fatal to those who venture on it." I could not but take notice of a poor wretch on the opposite shore, fastened by the ears to a terrible machine. This, the Genius informed me, was the memorable Defoe, set up there as a landmark to prevent future mariners from splitting on the same rock.

To this turbulent prospect succeeded objects of a more placid nature. In a little creek, winding through flowery meads and shady groves, I descried several gilded yachts and pleasure boats, all of them keeping due time with their silver oars, and gliding along the smooth, even, calm, regularly flowing rivulets of Rhyme. Shepherds and shepherdesses playing on the banks, the sails were gently swelled with the soft breezes of amorous sighs, and little Loves sporting in the silken cordage.

My attention was now called off from these pacific scenes to an obstinate engagement between several ships, distinguished from all others by bearing the Holy Cross for their colors. These, the Genius told me, were employed in the Holy War of Religious Controversy; and he pointed out to me a few Corsairs in the service of the Infidels, sometimes aiding one party, sometimes siding with the other, as might best contribute to the general confusion.

I observed in different parts of the ocean several galleys which were rowed by slaves. "Those," said the Genius, "are fitted out by very oppressive owners, and are all of them bound to the Coast of Gain. The miserable wretches whom you see chained to the oars are obliged to tug without the least respite; and though the voyage should turn out successful, they have little or no share in the profits. Some few you may observe who rather choose to make a venture on their own bottoms. These work as hard as the galley slaves, and are frequently cast away; but though they are never so often wrecked, necessity still constrains them to put out to sea again," —

———— *Reficit rates*
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
— *Horace.*

"Still must the wretch his shatter'd bark refit,
For who to starve can patiently submit?"

It were needless to enumerate many other particulars that engaged my notice. Among the rest was a large fleet of Annotators, Dutch built, which sailed very heavy, were often aground, and continually ran foul on each other. The whole ocean, I also found, was infested by pirates, who ransacked every rich vessel that came in their way. Most of these were endeavoring to make the Coast of Gain, by hanging out false colors or by forging their

passports, and pretending to be freighted out by the most reputable traders.

My eyes were at last fixed, I know not how, on a spacious channel running through the midst of a great city. I felt such a secret impulse at this sight that I could not help inquiring particularly about it. "The discovery of that passage," said the Genius, "was first made by one Bickerstaff, in the good ship called the Tatler, and who afterwards embarked in the Spectator and Guardian. These have been followed since by a number of little sloops, skiffs, hoys, and cock boats, which have been most of them wrecked in the attempt. Thither, also, must your course be directed." At this instant the Genius suddenly snatched me up in his arms, and plunged me headlong into the inky flood. While I lay gasping and struggling beneath the waves, methought I heard a familiar voice calling me by my name, which awaking me, I with pleasure recollected the features of the Genius in those of my publisher, who was standing by my bedside, and had called upon me for copy.

Complete. From the Connoisseur, Number 3.

CHARLES CALEB COLTON

(*c.* 1780–1832)

COLTON'S "Lacon" contains the best examples in English of what the French call *Pensées*. They illustrate the growth of the essay from the popular proverb towards its fully developed literary form. Colton frequently follows up an epigram or an apothegm with a fully developed essay, as when he writes on "Knavery" and "Pride" in a style not unworthy of Bacon, and relapses from it into epigrams in the style and spirit of La Rochefoucauld. In the preparation of "Lacon" it is said that he drew heavily on Bacon and Barton, but the book is nevertheless his own — so entirely original that it holds its place as almost the only book of its class in English which has a reasonable assurance of permanent survival. Colton was born at Salisbury, England, about the year 1780. He was educated at Cambridge for the Church and was placed as rector of Kew and Petersham, but his life was dissolute, and in 1828 he absconded to escape his creditors. He took up his residence in Paris and two years later published "Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words." He had already published "Hypocrisy," a satirical poem, which is now remembered only by title. He committed suicide in Paris, April 28th, 1832, on learning that his life depended on a painful surgical operation. This has occasioned much comment at the expense of his slender reputation for consistency, but he is by no means the first philosopher who showed himself unable to "bear the toothache patiently."

LACON

FORTUNE has been considered the guardian divinity of fools; and, on this score, she has been accused of blindness; but it should rather be adduced as a proof of her sagacity, when she helps those who certainly cannot help themselves.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial as much beyond the belief as the practice of the great — a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the

few, yet flourishing amidst ruins and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world as the falls of the Missouri in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.

To know a man, observe how he wins his object rather than how he loses it; for when we fail our pride supports us; when we succeed it betrays us.

After hypocrites, the greatest dupes the devil has are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and live miserably and meanly, only to die magnificently and rich. For, like the hypocrites, the only disinterested action these men can accuse themselves of is that of serving the devil, without receiving his wages; for the assumed formality of the one is not a more effectual bar to enjoyment than the real avarice of the other. He that stands every day of his life behind a counter, until he drops from it into the grave, may negotiate many very profitable bargains; but he has made a single bad one, so bad indeed that it counterbalances all the rest; for the empty foolery of dying rich, he has paid down his health, his happiness, and his integrity; since a very old author observes that "as mortar sticketh between the stones, so sticketh fraud between buying and selling." Such a worldling may be compared to a merchant who should put a rich cargo into a vessel, embark with it himself, and encounter all the perils and privations of the sea, although he was thoroughly convinced beforehand that he was only providing for a shipwreck at the end of a troublesome and tedious voyage.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels: first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

It is an unfortunate thing for fools, that their pretensions should rise in an inverse ratio with their abilities, and their presumption with their weakness; and for the wise, that diffidence

should be the companion of talent, and doubt the fruit of investigation.

Were a plain, unlettered man, but endowed with common sense and a certain *quantum* of observation and of reflection, to read over attentively the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, without any note or comment, I hugely doubt whether it would enter into his ears to hear, his eyes to see, or his heart to conceive the purport of many ideas signified by many words ending in ism, which nevertheless have cost Christendom rivers of ink and oceans of blood.

Should the world applaud, we must thankfully receive it as a boon; for if the most deserving of us appear to expect it as a debt, it will never be paid. The world, it has been said, does as much justice to our merits as to our defects, and I believe it; but, after all, none of us are so much praised or censured as we think; and most men would be thoroughly cured of their self-importance, if they would only rehearse their own funeral, and walk abroad *incognito* the very day after that on which they were supposed to have been buried.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.

We are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions, when performed by others, than good motives for bad actions, when performed by ourselves.

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

Few things are more destructive of the best interests of society than the prevalent but mistaken notion that it requires a vast deal of talent to be a successful knave. For this position, while it diminishes that odium which ought to attach to fraud on the part of those who suffer by it, increases also the temptation to commit it on the part of those who profit by it; since there are so many who would rather be written down knaves than fools. But the plain fact is, that to be honest with success requires far more talent than to be a rogue, and to be honest without success requires far more magnanimity; for trick is not dexterity, cunning is not skill, and mystery is not profoundness.

The honest man proposes to arrive at a certain point, by one straight and narrow road that is beset on all sides with obstacles and with impediments. He would rather stand still than proceed by trespassing on the property of his neighbor, and would rather overcome a difficulty than avoid it by breaking down a fence. The knave, it is true, proposes to himself the same object, but arrives at it by a very different route. Provided only that he gets on, he is not particular whether he effects it where there is a road, or where there is none; he trespasses without scruple, either on the forbidden ground of private property, or on those bypaths where there is no legal thoroughfare; what he cannot reach over he will overreach, and those obstacles he cannot surmount by climbing, he will undermine by creeping, quite regardless of the filth that may stick to him in the scramble. The consequence is that he frequently overtakes the honest man, and passes by him with a sneer What then shall we say? that the rogue has more talent than the upright? let us rather say that he has less. For wisdom is nothing more than judgment exercised on the true value of things that are desirable; but of things in themselves desirable, those are the most so that remain the longest. Let us therefore mark the end of these things, and we shall come to one conclusion, the fiat of the tribunal both of God and of man,—that honesty is not only the deepest policy, but the highest wisdom; since however difficult it may be for integrity to get on, it is a thousand times more difficult for knavery to get off; and no error is more fatal than that of those who think that virtue has no other reward, because they have heard that she is her own.

Pride differs in many things from vanity, and by gradations that never blend, although they may be somewhat indistinguishable. Pride may perhaps be termed a too high opinion of ourselves, founded on the overrating of certain qualities that we do actually possess; whereas vanity is more easily satisfied, and can extract a feeling of self-complacency from qualifications that are imaginary. Vanity can also feed upon externals, but pride must have more or less of that which is intrinsic; the proud therefore do not set so high a value upon wealth as the vain, neither are they so much depressed by poverty. Vanity looks to the many and to the moment, pride to the future and the few; hence pride has more difficulties, and vanity more disappointments; neither does she bear them so well for she at times distrusts herself,

whereas pride despises others. For the vain man cannot always be certain of the validity of his pretensions, because they are often as empty as that very vanity that has created them; therefore it is necessary for his happiness, that they should be confirmed by the opinion of his neighbors, and his own vote in favor of himself he thinks of little weight, until it be backed by the suffrages of others. The vain man idolizes his own person, and here he is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right. But the proud man wants no such confirmations; his pretensions may be small, but they are something, and his error lies in overrating them. If others appreciate his merits less highly, he attributes it either to their envy, or to their ignorance, and enjoys in prospect that period when time shall have removed the film from their eyes. Therefore the proud man can afford to wait, because he has no doubt of the strength of his capital, and can also live, by anticipation, on that fame which he has persuaded himself that he deserves. He often draws indeed too largely upon posterity, but even here he is safe; for should the bills be dishonored, this cannot happen until that debt which cancels all others shall have been paid.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself; — all that runs over will be yours.

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.

Many schemes ridiculed as utopian, decried as visionary, and declaimed against as impracticable, will be realized the moment the march of sound knowledge has effected this for our species: that of making men wise enough to see their true interests, and disinterested enough to pursue them.

There is this of good in real evils, they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.

From «Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words.»

GEORGE COMBE

(1788–1858)

COMBE's essay on "The Constitution of Man Considered in Relation to External Objects" is characterized by frequent passages of remarkable power. He was a specialist in phrenology and his best-known essays are devoted to discussing it. As phrenology has not been admitted to the list of recognized sciences, his speculations in attempting to make a science of it have served to distract attention from the power of his reasoning on other subjects. He was a pupil of the celebrated Spurzheim whose lectures he attended as the beginning of a painstaking course of study in support of the theory that "the brain as the organ of mind is the aggregate of several parts, each subserving a distinct mental faculty."

He was born at Edinburgh, October 21st, 1788, and educated for the bar, but after seeing Spurzheim dissect the human brain and explain the phrenological theory of its functions, he devoted himself to physiology and psychology. He published "Essays on Phrenology," "Moral Philosophy," "Notes on the United States," and other works which attracted international attention. The essay on the "Constitution of Man" has passed through many editions. He was revising the ninth when the work was interrupted by what proved to be his last illness. He died August 14th, 1858.

HOW PEOPLES ARE PUNISHED FOR NATIONAL SINS

THE principle which regulates national responsibility is that the precise combination of faculties which leads to the national transgression carries in its train the punishment. Nations are under the moral and intellectual law as well as individuals. A carter who half starves his horse, and unmercifully beats it, to supply, by the stimulus of pain, the vigor that nature intended to flow from abundance of food, may be supposed to practice this barbarity with impunity in this world, if he evade the eye of Mr. Martin, and that of the police; but this is not the case. The hand of Providence reaches him by a direct punishment: he fails in his object, for blows cannot supply the vigor which, by

the constitution of the horse, flows only from sufficiency of wholesome food. In his conduct he manifests an excessive combativeness and destructiveness, with deficient benevolence, veneration, justice, and intellect, and he cannot reverse this character by merely averting his eyes and his hand from the horse. He carries these dispositions into the bosom of his family, and into the company of his associates, and a variety of evil consequences ensue. The delights that spring from active moral sentiments and intellectual powers are necessarily unknown to him; and the difference between these pleasures, and the sensations attendant on his moral and intellectual condition, are as great as between the external splendor of a king and the naked poverty of a beggar. It is true that he has never felt the enjoyment, and does not know the extent of his loss; but still the difference exists; we see it, and know that, as a direct consequence of this state of mind, he is excluded from a very great and exalted pleasure. Further, his active animal faculties rouse the combativeness, destructiveness, self-esteem, secretiveness, and cautiousness, of his wife, children, and associates, against him, and they inflict on him animal punishment. He, no doubt, goes on to eat, drink, blaspheme, and abuse his horse, day after day, apparently as if Providence approved of his conduct; but he neither feels, nor can any one who attends to his condition believe him to feel, happy; he is uneasy, discontented, and disliked,—all which sensations are his punishment, and it is fairly owing to his own grossness and ignorance that he does not connect it with his offense. Let us apply these remarks to nations. England, for instance, under the impulses of an excessively strong acquisitiveness, self-esteem, and destructiveness, for a long time protected the slave trade. Now, according to the law which I am explaining, during the periods of greatest sin in this respect, the same combination of faculties ought to be found working most vigorously in her other institutions, and producing punishment for that offense. There ought to be found in these periods a general spirit of domineering and rapacity in her public men, rendering them little mindful of the welfare of the people; injustice and harshness in her taxations and public laws; and a spirit of aggression and hostility towards other nations, provoking retaliation of her insults. And, accordingly, I have been informed, as a matter of fact, that, while these measures of injustice were publicly patronized by the government, its servants vied with each other in injustice towards it, and that

its subjects dedicated their talents and enterprise towards corrupting its officers, and cheating it of its due. Every trader who was liable to excise or custom duties, evaded the one-half of them, and felt no disgrace in doing so. A gentleman, who was subject to the excise laws fifty years ago, described to me the condition of his trade at that time. The excise officers, he said, regarded it as an understood matter, that at least one-half of the goods manufactured were to be smuggled without being charged with duty; but then, said he, "they made us pay a moral and pecuniary penalty that was at once galling and debasing. We were required to ask them to our table at all meals, and place them at the head of it in our holiday parties; when they fell into debt we were obliged to help them out of it; when they moved from one house to another, our servants and carts were in requisition to perform this office; and, by way of keeping up discipline upon us, and also to make a show of duty, they chose every now and then to step in and detect us in a fraud, and get us fined; if we submitted quietly they told us that they would make us amends by winking at another fraud; and generally did so; but if our indignation rendered passive obedience impossible, and we spoke our mind of their character and conduct, they enforced the law on us, while they relaxed it on our neighbors; and these being rivals in trade, undersold us in the market, carried away our customers, and ruined our business. Nor did the bondage end here. We could not smuggle without the aid of our servants; and as they could, on occasion of any offense given to themselves, carry information to the headquarters of excise, we were slaves to them also, and were obliged tamely to submit to a degree of drunkenness and insolence that appears to me now perfectly intolerable. Further, this evasion and oppression did us no good; for all the trade were alike, and we just sold our goods so much cheaper the more duty we evaded; so that our individual success did not depend upon superior skill and superior morality, in making an excellent article at a moderate price, but upon superior capacity for fraud, meanness, sycophancy, and every possible baseness. Our lives were anything but enviable. Conscience, although greatly blunted by practices that were universal, and viewed as inevitable, still whispered that they were wrong; our sentiments of self-respect very frequently revolted at the insults to which we were exposed, and there was a constant feeling of insecurity from the great extent to which we

were dependent upon wretches whom we internally despised. When the government took a higher tone, and more principle and greater strictness in the collection of the duties were enforced, we thought ourselves ruined; but the reverse has been the case. The duties, no doubt, are now excessively burdensome from their amount; but that is their least evil. If it were possible to collect them from every trader with perfect equality, our independence would be complete, and our competition would be confined to superiority in morality and skill. Matters are much nearer this point now than they were fifty years ago; but still they would admit of considerable improvement." The same individual mentioned that, in his youth, now seventy years ago, the civil liberty of the people of Scotland was held by a weak tenure. He knew instances of soldiers being sent in times of war to the farmhouses to carry off, by force, young men for the army; and as this was against the law, they were accused of some imaginary offense, such as a trespass, or an assault, which was proved by false witnesses, and the magistrate, perfectly aware of the farce and its object, threatened the victim with transportation to the colonies as a felon if he would not enlist; which he, of course, unprotected and overwhelmed by power and injustice, was compelled to consent to.

If the same minute representation were given of other departments of private life, during the time of the greatest immoralities on the part of the government, we would find that this paltering with conscience and character in the national proceedings, tended to keep down the morality of the people, and fostered in them a rapacious and gambling spirit, to which many of the evils that have since overtaken us have owed their origin.

But we may take a more extensive view of the subject of national responsibility.

In the American war England desired to gratify her acquisitiveness and self-esteem, in opposition to benevolence and justice, at the expense of the trans-Atlantic colonies. This roused the animal resentment of the latter, and the lower faculties of the two nations came into collision; that is to say, they made war on each other; England to support a dominion in direct hostility to the principles which regulate the moral government of the world, in the expectation of becoming rich and powerful by success in that enterprise; the Americans, to assert the supremacy of the higher sentiments, and to become free and independent.

According to the principles which I am now unfolding, the greatest misfortune that could have befallen England would have been success, and the greatest advantage, failure in her attempt; and the result is now acknowledged to be in exact accordance with these views. If England had subdued the colonies in the American war, every one must see to what an extent her self-esteem, acquisitiveness, and destructiveness would have been let loose upon them; this, in the first place, would have roused their animal faculties, and led them to give her all the annoyance in their power, and the fleets and armies requisite to repress this spirit would have far counterbalanced, in expense, all the profits she could have wrung out of the colonists, by extortion and oppression. In the second place, the very exercise of these animal faculties by herself, in opposition to the moral sentiments, would have rendered her government at home an exact parallel of that of the carter in his own family. The same malevolent principles would have overflowed on her own subjects, the government would have felt uneasy, the people rebellious, discontented, and unhappy, and the moral law would have been amply vindicated by the suffering which would have everywhere abounded. The consequences of her failure have been exactly the reverse. America has sprung up into a great and moral nation, and actually contributes ten times more to the wealth of Britain, standing as she now does, in her natural relation to this country, than she ever could have done, as a discontented and oppressed colony. This advantage is reaped without any loss, anxiety, or expense; it flows from the divine institutions, and both nations profit by and rejoice under it. The moral and intellectual rivalry of America, instead of prolonging the predominance of the propensities in Britain, tends strongly to excite the moral sentiments in her people and government; and every day that we live, we are reaping the benefits of this improvement in wiser institutions, deliverance from endless abuses, and a higher and purer spirit pervading every department of the executive administration of the country. Britain, however, did not escape the penalty of her attempt at the infringement of the moral laws. The pages of her history, during the American war, are dark with suffering and gloom, and at this day we groan under the debt and difficulties then partly incurred.

If the world be constituted on the principles of the supremacy of the moral sentiments and intellect, the method of one nation

seeking riches and power, by conquering, devastating, or obstructing the prosperity of other states, must be essentially futile. Being in opposition to the moral constitution of creation, it must occasion misery while in progress, and can lead to no result except the impoverishment and mortification of the people who pursue it. The national debt of Britain has been contracted chiefly in wars, originating in commercial jealousy and thirst of conquest; in short, under the suggestions of combativeness, destructiveness, acquisitiveness, and self-esteem. Did not our ancestors, therefore, impede their own prosperity and happiness by engaging in these contests? and have any consequences of them reached us, except the burden of paying nearly thirty millions of taxes annually as the price of the gratification of their propensities? Would a statesman, who believed in the doctrine of this essay, have recommended these wars as essential to national prosperity? If the twentieth part of the sums had been spent in objects recognized by the moral sentiments, for example, in instituting seminaries of education, penitentiaries, making roads, canals, public granaries, etc., how different would have been the present condition of the country!

From the essay on «The Constitution of Man.»

JOHANN AMOS COMENIUS

(1592–1671)

THE "Orbis Sensualium Pictus" of Comenius, published in 1658, was the beginning of the modern method of object teaching. For this alone Comenius might deserve the admiration of those who call him "the greatest of all pedagogues," even if he were not the author of "The Great Didactic," in which he founded the modern science of pedagogy. He considers children as immortal beings with a supernatural character which, while it is never to be lost sight of, is to be carefully studied in its analogy to the whole order of nature. He was a pupil of Böhme and, as a matter of course, he is frequently mediæval in his habit of thought and expression. But his work as a whole shows an intellect above the limitations of his own or any other century. He was born at Nivnitz, Moravia, in 1592, and educated chiefly at Herborn and Heidelberg. After his return to his native province he became bishop of the Moravian Brethren and supported himself as a teacher of Latin at Lissa. His "Janua Linguarum Reserata" (1631) made him famous, but it is by "The Great Didactic" that he is now chiefly remembered. He died in Holland, October 15th, 1671.

MAN THE HIGHEST, THE MOST ABSOLUTE, AND THE MOST EXCELLENT OF THINGS CREATED

WHEN Pittacus of old gave to the world his saying "Know thyself," the sentiment was received by the wise with so much approval, that, in order to impress it on the people, they declared that it had fallen from heaven, and caused it to be written in golden letters on the temple of the Delphic Apollo, where great assemblies of men used to collect. Their action was prudent and wise, though their statement was false. It was, however, in the interests of truth, and is of great importance to us.

For what is the voice from heaven that resounds in the Scriptures but "Know thyself, O man, and know me,"— me the source of eternity, of wisdom, and of grace; thyself, my creation, my likeness, my delight.

For I have destined thee to be the companion of my eternity; for thy use I designed the heaven, the earth, and all that in them is, to thee alone I gave all those things in conjunction, which to the rest of creation I gave but singly,—namely, existence, vitality, sense, and reason. I have made thee to have dominion over the works of my hands. I have placed all things under thy feet, sheep and oxen and the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea, and I have crowned thee with glory and with honor. To thee, finally, lest anything should be lacking, I have given myself in personal communion, joining my nature to thine for eternity, and in this distinguishing thee from all created things, visible and invisible. For what creature in heaven or in earth can boast that God was manifest in his flesh and was seen of angels not, forsooth, that they might only see and marvel at him whom they desired to see, but that they might adore God made manifest in the flesh, the son of God and of man. Know therefore that thou art the corner stone and epitome of my works, the representative of God among them, the crown of my glory.

Would that this were inscribed, not on the doors of temples, not on the title-pages of books, not on the tongues, ears, and eyes of all men, but on their hearts! Would that this could be done to all who undertake the task of educating men, that they might learn to appreciate the dignity of the task and of their own excellence, and might bring all means to bear on the perfect realization of their divinity!

Chapter i. of «The Great Didactic» complete.

THE ULTIMATE END OF MAN BEYOND THIS LIFE

Reason itself dictates that such a perfect creature is destined to a higher end than all other creatures, that of being united with God, the culmination of all perfection, glory, and happiness, and of enjoying with him absolute glory and happiness forever.

Now although this is clear from Scripture, and we steadfastly believe that it is the truth, it will be no loss of time if we lightly touch on the various ways in which God has indicated that our destination lies beyond this life.

First, in the creation itself; for he did not simply command man to exist, as he did the rest of his creatures; but, after solemn consideration, he formed a body for him with his own fingers and breathed the soul into it from himself.

Our nature shows that this life is not sufficient for us. For here we live a threefold life, the vegetative, the animal, and the intellectual or spiritual. Of these the action of the first is confined to the body, the second can extend itself to objects by the operation of the senses and of movement, while the third is able to exist separately, as is most evident in the case of angels. So that, as it is evident that this, the last stage of life, is greatly overshadowed and hindered in us by the two former, it follows of necessity that there will be a future state in which it may be brought to perfection.

All our actions and affections in this life show that we do not attain our ultimate end here, but that everything connected with us, as well as we ourselves, has another destination. For whatever we are, do, think, speak, contrive, acquire, or possess, contains a principle of gradation, and, though we mount perpetually and attain higher grades, we still continue to advance and never reach the highest.

For in the beginning a man is nothing, and has been nonexistent from eternity. It is from his mother's womb that he takes his origin. What, then, is a man in the beginning? Nothing but an unformed mass endowed with vitality. This soon assumes the outlines of a human body, but has, as yet, neither sense nor movement.

Later on it begins to move, and by a natural process bursts forth into the world. Gradually the eyes, ears, and other organs of sense appear. In the course of time the internal senses develop and the child perceives that he sees, hears, and feels. Then the intellect comes into existence by cognizing the differences between objects; while, finally, the will assumes the office of a guiding principle by displaying desire for certain objects and aversion for others.

But in all these individual points of progress we find nothing but succession. For the intelligence that underlies matter makes itself seen by degrees, like a ray of dawn shining through the darkness of night, and, as long as life remains, there is a continual access of light, unless a man become utterly brutish. Thus our actions are at first weak, unformed, and confused; then

the virtues of the mind unfold themselves proportionately to the forces of the body, so that as long as we live (unless the greatest lethargy take possession of us and bury us alive) we are continually exercising our faculties.

In a worthy mind all these functions tend to a higher development, nor can we find any end of the things that we desire or wish to accomplish.

In whatever direction a man turns, he may perceive this experimentally. If any have an excessive desire for riches, he will not find anything that can satisfy his greed, though he possess the whole world; as was evident in the case of Alexander. If any burn with desire for honor, he will not be able to rest, though the whole world adore him.

If any give himself over to pleasure, rivers of delight may bathe all his senses, but he becomes accustomed to them, and his appetite continues to desire one thing after another. If any apply his mind to the study of wisdom, he will find no end; for the more a man knows, the more he realizes his ignorance. Rightly did Solomon say that the eye could not grow tired of seeing or the ear of hearing.

Indeed, the examples of those who die teach us that death does not put the last touch to existence. For those whose life has been righteous rejoice that they are to enter on a better one; while those who are filled with love of the present life, seeing that they must leave it and migrate elsewhere, begin to tremble and to reconcile themselves with God and man, if by any chance this be still possible. And, although the body, broken down by pain, grows faint, the senses become clouded, and life itself slips away, the mind fulfills its functions more vividly than ever, as we see when a man circumspectly summons his family and heirs about his deathbed. So that he who sees a pious and wise man dying sees nothing but the structure of clay falling asunder; he who listens to him hears an angel's voice and cannot but confess that the dweller is only taking his departure while the house falls to ruin about him. Even the heathen understood this, so that the Romans, according to Festus, called death *abitio*, and with the Greeks, οἴχεσθαι, which signifies "to go away," is frequently used instead of "to die" and "to perish." This can only be because by "death" nothing is understood but transition to another life.

This is all the more evident to us Christians, now that Christ, the Son of the living God, has been sent from heaven to regen-

erate in us the image of God. For having been conceived of a woman he walked among men; then, having died, he rose again and ascended into heaven, nor had death any more dominion over him. Now he has been called "our forerunner," "the firstborn among his brethren," "the head over all things," and the archetype of all who are to be formed in the image of God. As then, he did not visit this earth in order to remain on it, but that, when his course was run, he might pass to the eternal mansions; so we also, his companions, must pass on and must not make this our abiding place.

To each of us then, his life and his abiding place is threefold. The mother's womb, the earth, and the heaven. From the first into the second he passes by nativity, and from the second into the third by death and resurrection. From the third he makes no move, but rests there for all eternity.

In the first stage we find life in its simplicity, with the commencement of movement and of feeling. In the second we have life, motion, sense, and the elements of intellect. In the third we find the full plenitude of all.

The first life is preparatory to the second, and the second to the third, while the third exists for itself and is without end. The transition from the first into the second and from the second into the third is narrow and accompanied by pain; and in both cases some covering or surrounding must be laid aside, just as the eggshell is discarded when the chicken is hatched. Thus the first and second abiding places are like workshops in which are formed, in the first the body, for use in the following life; in the second the rational soul, for use in the life everlasting. In the third abiding place the perfection and fruition of both will be realized.

Thus (to use them as a type) were the Israelites born in Egypt. Thence, through the passes of the mountains and through the Red Sea, they were brought into the desert. They built temples, they learned the law, they fought with various tribes, and at length, having with difficulty crossed the Jordan, they were made heirs of Canaan, the land flowing with milk and honey.

Chapter ii. of "The Great Didactic" complete.

THOROUGHNESS IN TEACHING AND LEARNING

NATURE never remains at rest, but advances continually; never begins anything fresh at the expense of work already in hand, but proceeds with what she has begun, and brings it to completion.

For instance, in the formation of the embryo, it is the feet, the head, and the heart that come first into existence, and these organs are not discarded, but are perfected. A tree which is transplanted does not cast the branches that have previously grown upon it, but continues to provide them with sap and vitality, that with each successive year they may put forth more shoots.

Imitation.— In the schools therefore

1. All the studies should be so arranged that those which come later may depend on those that have gone before, and that those which come first may be fixed in the mind by those that follow.

2. Each subject taught, when it has been thoroughly grasped by the understanding, must be impressed on the memory as well.

For since, in this natural method of ours, all that precedes should be the foundation of all that comes after, it is absolutely essential that this foundation be thoroughly laid. For that only which has been thoroughly understood, and committed to memory as well, can be called the property of the mind.

Truly does Quintilian say: "The acquisition of knowledge depends on the memory. Instruction is in vain if we forget what we hear or read." Ludovicus Vives also says· "The memory should be exercised in early youth, since practice develops it, and we should therefore take care to practice it as much as possible. Now, in youth, the labor is not felt, and thus the memory develops without any trouble and becomes very retentive." And in the "Introduction to Philosophy" he says: "The memory should not be permitted to rest, for there is no faculty that acts with greater readiness or develops more through action. Commit something to memory daily, for the more you commit to memory the more faithfully it will be retained, and the less the less faithfully." The example of nature shows us that this is true. The more sap a tree sucks up, the stronger it grows, and, conversely, the stronger it grows, the more sap it pours through its fibres.

An animal also develops in proportion to the strength of its digestion; and, conversely, the larger it grows the more nourishment it requires and the more it digests. This is the characteristic of every natural body that develops. In this respect, therefore, children should not be spared (though of course no over-pressure should be applied), for the foundations of unfailing progress will thus be laid.

Chapter xviii. of "The Great Didactic." Keatinge's translation. Adam and Charles Black. London 1896.

AUGUSTE COMTE

(1798–1857)

AUGUSTE COMTE, the celebrated founder of the Positivist Philosophy, was born at Montpellier, France, January 19th, 1798. In 1814 he was sent to the École Polytechnique at Paris, from which he returned after two years, "having broken up the school as one of the ringleaders in a mutiny." Soon after this, he adopted Benjamin Franklin for his model. "I seek to imitate that modern Socrates," he wrote in a letter to a friend. "You know that at five and twenty he formed the design of becoming perfectly wise and that he fulfilled his design. I have dared to undertake the same thing, though I am not yet twenty." Going to Paris in pursuance of his plans, he became a tutor in the family of Casimir Perier, but held the place only a short time. In 1818 he came under the influence of St. Simon, who, he says, "helped in a powerful degree" to give him his direction. In 1825 he married so unhappily that his only recourse was "to concentrate existence on intellectual work." In 1826 he began a course of lectures which attracted great attention, but were interrupted by his temporary insanity, due to overstudy and domestic trouble. Recovering, he resumed his lectures in 1828, and in 1830 began the publication of the "Course of Positive Philosophy." Six volumes of this celebrated work appeared, the last in 1842. In 1832, he was appointed one of the examiners of the École Polytechnique, but lost the place because of the offense given by the preface to the sixth volume of his "Philosophy." In the straits to which this loss reduced him, he was helped by John Stuart Mill, and later (1848) by a public subscription which gave him enough to live upon until his death, September 5th, 1857. According to his biographer, Mr. John Morley, he was "of the type of Brutus or Cato,—a model of austere fixity of purpose, but ungracious, domineering, and not quite free from petty bitterness." This may account for such incidents as his separation from his wife, or it may perhaps be a deduction from them. His principal works are "Positive Philosophy," "Positive Catechism," and "Positive Polity,"—all supporting and developing his worship of "Humanity" and his tenet that "Society can only be regenerated by the greater subordination of politics to morals; by the moralization of capital; by the renovation of the family,"—ends to be reached "by the development of the sympathetic interest."

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

INDUSTRIAL evolution has gone on, as in natural course of prolongation from the preceding period. The revolutionary crisis assisted and confirmed the advance by completing the secular destruction of the ancient hierarchy, and raising to the first social rank, even to a degree of extravagance, the civic influence of wealth. Since the peace this process has gone on without interruption, and the technical progress of industry has kept pace with the social. I assigned the grand impetus of the movement to the time when mechanical forces were largely adopted in the place of human industry; and during the last half-century the systematic use of machinery, owing to the application of steam, has caused prodigious improvements in artificial locomotion, by land, river, and sea, to the great profit of industry. This progression has been caused by the union of science and industry, though the mental influence of this union has been unfavorable to the philosophy of science, for reasons which I shall explain. In recent times the industrial class, which is, by its superior generality, most capable of entertaining political views, has begun to show its capability, and to regulate its relations with the other branches by means of the system of public credit which has grown out of the inevitable extension of the national expenditure. In this connection we must take note, unhappily, of the growing seriousness of the deficiencies which I pointed out at the end of the last chapter. Agricultural industry has been further isolated through the stimulus given to manufacturing and commercial industry, and their engrossing interest under such circumstances. A worse and wholly unquestionable mischief is the deeper hostility which has arisen between the interest of employers and employed,— a state of things which shows how far we are from that industrial organization which is illustrated by the very use of those mechanical agencies, without which the practical expansion of industry could not have taken place. There is no doubt that the dissension has been aggravated by the arts of demagogues and sophists, who have alienated the working class from their natural industrial leaders; but I cannot but attribute this severance of the head and the hands much more to the political incapacity, the social indifference, and especially the blind selfishness of the employers, than to the unreasonable demands of the employed. The employers have taken no pains to

guard the workmen from seduction by the organization of a broad popular education, the extension of which, on the contrary, they appear to dread; and they have evidently yielded to the old tendency to take the place of the feudal chiefs, whose fall they longed for, without inheriting their antique generosity towards inferiors. Unlike military superiors, who are bound to consider and protect their humblest brother soldiers, the industrial employers abuse the power of capital to carry their points in opposition to the employed; and they have done so in defiance of equity, while the law authorized or countenanced coalitions among the one party which it forbade to the other. Passing thus briefly over evils which are unquestionable, I must once more point out the pedantic blindness of that political economy which, in the presence of such conflicts, hides its organic helplessness under an irrational declaration of the necessity of delivering over modern industry to its unregulated course. The only consolation which hence arises is the vague but virtual admission of the insufficiency of popular measures, properly so called,— that is, of purely temporal resources,— for the solution of this vast difficulty, which can be disposed of by no means short of a true intellectual and moral reorganization.

From Miss Martineau's translation of the «Positive Philosophy.»

CONDORCET

(MARIE JEAN ANTOINE NICOLAS CARITAT, MARQUIS DE CONDORCET)

(1743–1794)

CONDORCET'S most famous work, his essay on "The Future Progress of the Human Mind" ("Esquisse d'un Tableau Historique des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain") was written when he was an outlaw, condemned to the guillotine. It is characteristic of his genius that the dominant tone of his last and greatest work is one of triumphant assurance that no amount of crime and folly can check the growth of intellect and the evolution of higher civilization.

Born at Ribemont, September 17th, 1743, from an ancient family, Condorcet was educated at the Jesuit College in Rheims and the College of Navarre in Paris. He became a brilliant mathematician, and at the age of twenty-two wrote a treatise on Integral Calculus which won him the admiration of the greatest mathematician of his day. He was the friend of D'Alembert and Turgot and was one of the makers of the celebrated French Encyclopædia. At the beginning of the French Revolution, he was a bold champion of liberty, and this boldness did not desert him when the Girondists were overthrown and sent to the scaffold by the Jacobins. Proscribed and outlawed, he was welcomed to a refuge in the house of Madame Vernet, a lady who knew him only by reputation. Remembering how greatly she was endangered by her hospitality, he attempted to take leave of her, but she refused to permit it, and in order to distract his mind from the subject, he was persuaded to write the essay on "The Future Progress of the Mind." Finally convinced, that it was his duty to relieve Madame Vernet of the danger of harboring him, he left her house secretly and, disguised as a carpenter, made his way to the village of Clamart where he was suspected and arrested. A copy of Horace found in his pocket decided his fate and he was imprisoned at Bourg-la-Reine, to await orders from Paris. Next morning (March 28th, 1794) he was found dead in his cell. He was a man of great intellect and high purpose, and the progress achieved since he lived is indebted to him in many ways. In his political standards, he was far above the civilization of the eighteenth century, as in his hopes he was above the nineteenth.

PEACE AND PROGRESS

When the people become more enlightened, and resume the right of disposing for themselves of their blood and their treasure, they will learn by degrees to regard war as the most dreadful of all calamities, the most terrible of all crimes. The first wars that will be superseded will be those into which the usurpers of sovereignty have hitherto drawn their subjects for the maintenance of rights pretendedly hereditary.

Nations will know that they cannot become conquerors without losing their freedom; that perpetual confederations are the only means of maintaining their independence; that their object should be security, and not power. By degrees commercial prejudices will die away; a false mercantile interest will lose the terrible power of imbuing the earth with blood, and of ruining nations under the idea of enriching them. As the people of different countries will at last be drawn into closer intimacy by the principles of politics and morality, as each, for its own advantage, will invite foreigners to an equal participation of the benefits which it may have derived either from nature or its own industry, all the causes which produce, envenom, and perpetuate national animosities, will one by one disappear, and will no more furnish to warlike insanity either fuel or pretext.

Institutions, better combined than those projects of perpetual peace which have occupied the leisure and consoled the heart of certain philosophers, will accelerate the progress of this fraternity of nations; and wars, like assassinations, will be ranked in the number of those daring atrocities, humiliating and loathsome to nature; and which fix upon the country or the age whose annals are stained with them, an indelible opprobrium.

In speaking of the fine arts in Greece, in Italy, and in France, we have observed that it is necessary to distinguish, in their productions, what really belongs to the progress of the art, and what is due only to the talent of the artist. And here let us inquire what progress may still be expected, whether, in consequence of the advancement of philosophy and the sciences, or from an additional store of more judicious and profound observations relative to the object, the effects and the means of these arts themselves; or lastly, from the removal of the prejudices that have contracted their sphere, and that still retain them in the shackles of authority, from which the sciences and philosophy have at length freed

themselves. Let us ask, whether, as has frequently been supposed, these means may be considered as exhausted? or, if not exhausted, whether, because the most sublime and pathetic beauties have been seized; the most happy subjects treated; the most simple and striking combinations employed; the most prominent and general characters exhibited; the most energetic passions, their true expressions and genuine features delineated; the most commanding truths, the most brilliant images displayed; that, therefore, the arts are condemned to an eternal and monotonous imitation of their first models?

We shall perceive that this opinion is merely a prejudice, derived from the habit which exists among men of letters and artists of appreciating the merits of men, instead of giving themselves up to the enjoyment to be received from their works. The second-hand pleasure which arises from comparing the productions of different ages and countries, and from contemplating the energy and success of the efforts of genius, will perhaps be lost; but, in the meantime, the pleasure arising from the productions considered in themselves, and flowing from their absolute perfection, need not be less lively, though the improvement of the author may less excite our astonishment. In proportion as excellent productions shall multiply, every successive generation of men will direct its attention to those which are the most perfect, and the rest will insensibly fall into oblivion; while the more simple and palpable traits, which were seized upon by those who first entered the field of invention, will not the less exist for our posterity, though they shall be found only in the latest productions.

The progress of the sciences secures the progress of the art of instruction, which again accelerates in its turn that of the sciences; and this reciprocal influence, the action of which is incessantly increased, must be ranked in the number of the most prolific and powerful causes of the improvement of the human race. At present, a young man, upon finishing his studies and quitting our schools, may know more of the principles of mathematics than Newton acquired by profound study, or discovered by the force of his genius, and may exercise the instrument of calculation with a readiness which at that period was unknown. The same observation, with certain restrictions, may be applied to all the sciences. In proportion as each shall advance, the means of compressing, within a smaller circle, the proofs of a greater number of truths, and of facilitating their comprehension, will equally

advance. Thus, notwithstanding future degrees of progress, not only will men of equal genius find themselves, at the same period of life, upon a level with the actual state of science, but respecting every generation, what may be achieved in a given space of time, by the same strength of intellect and the same degree of attention, will necessarily increase, and the elementary part of each science, that part which every man may attain, becoming more and more extended, will include, in a manner more complete, the knowledge necessary for the direction of every man in the common occurrences of life, and for the free and independent exercise of his reason.

In the political sciences there is a description of truths, which particularly in free countries (that is, in all countries in certain generations), can only be useful when generally known and avowed. Thus, the influence of these sciences upon the freedom and prosperity of nations, must, in some sort, be measured by the number of those truths that, in consequence of elementary instruction, shall pervade the general mind: and thus, as the growing progress of this elementary instruction is connected with the necessary progress of the sciences, we may expect a melioration in the doctrines of the human race which may be regarded as indefinite, since it can have no other limits than those of the two species of progress on which it depends.

From «The Future Progress of the Human Mind.»

CONFUCIUS

(K'UNG-FU-TZE)

(*c.* 550–478 B. C.)

HE first chapter of the "Great Learning" is attributed to Confucius, and if it was really written by him it is probably the only writing of his extant, as the "Analects," which represents him best, is a report of his conversations and lectures made by his disciples. The Philosopher Ch'ing, whose pupil T'sang edited the "Great Learning," speaks of it "as a book left by Confucius"; but in the English sense it is a very brief essay which becomes "a book" only when taken in connection with the copious commentaries of T'sang and others. It scarcely suggests the remarkable genius of the great Chinese philosopher, but in the "Analects," where he is adequately reported by his disciples, we have full proof that he is entitled to rank with Plato, Aristotle, and Bacon. Unless it be in Bacon, modern Europe has produced no one who equals him in comprehensiveness. Like Bacon he is utilitarian in all his habits of thought. The fundamental defect of his system is that it tends to lead those who adopt it to value superiority above quality and to strive for excellence rather than for goodness. It is a philosophy of expediency, and expediency has to do only with the comparative — with what excels or falls below something else. But its limitations are those of human life in society, and Confucius seems to have concentrated the powers of his mind on one after another of the deepest problems of social and political organization. Modern thinkers will be rash in concluding that they have gone beyond him in analysis, or have surpassed him in comprehensiveness. There is a certain negative quality in his philosophy, but he was capable of the highest nobility, not merely of conduct but of motive. When an exile and a wanderer, living in poverty, it was suggested that he become a recluse. He replied with a saying which suggests the secret of his strength: "With whom should I live except with the suffering people?"

The main facts of his life are well authenticated. He was born under the Chow dynasty in the year 550 or 551 B. C. His ancestry was noble, but his youth was passed in poverty and at the age of twenty-one he began teaching to support himself. China had even then a well-developed literature and a carefully recorded history, in

which he became thoroughly versed. He said of himself that he was a transmitter of thought rather than an original thinker; but no matter how much he owed to the ancient wisdom of his country, he owed more to his own faculty of co-ordination. For two years he was a cabinet minister in his native province of Lu, but he resigned because, after making great reforms, he found the hereditary aristocracy too corrupt and feeble to maintain them. The rest of his life was spent as a teacher — much of it in traveling from province to province in the hope of finding some ruler disinterested enough to inaugurate a model government in harmony with the theory that "the moral sense given by God to the people ought to be the guide of government." It was a vain hope, and when he died, in his seventy-second year (478 B. C.), it is said that his last words were an expression of regret that he had not found a ruler intelligent enough to adopt him for a master. From the date of his death until the present, all Chinese rulers have professed his principles, but their standard is still above the average morals of government in or out of China.

W. V. B.

THE "GREAT LEARNING"

["The 'Great Learning' is a book left by Confucius, and forms the gate by which first learners enter into virtue. That we can now perceive the order in which the Ancients pursued their learning is solely owing to the preservation of this work, the "Analects" and Mencius coming after it. Learners must commence their course with this, and then it may be hoped they will be kept from error." — Preface of the Philosopher Cheng.]

WHAT the "Great Learning" teaches, is — to illustrate illustrious virtue; to love the people; and to rest in the highest excellence.

The point where to rest being known, the object of pursuit is then determined; and that being determined, calm self-mastery may be attained to. To that calmness there will succeed a tranquil repose. In that repose there may be careful deliberation, and that deliberation will be followed by the attainment (of the desired end.)

Things have their root and their branches; affairs have their end and their beginning. To know what is first and what is last will lead near to what is taught (in the "Great Learning.")

The Ancients who wished to exemplify illustrious virtue throughout the kingdom first ordered well their own States. Wishing to order well their States, they first regulated their families.

Wishing to regulate their families, they first cultivated their own individuality. Wishing to cultivate their individuality, they first rectified their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they first sought to be sincere in their thoughts. Wishing to be sincere in their thoughts, they first extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things.

Things being investigated, their knowledge became complete. Their knowledge being complete, their thoughts were sincere. Their thoughts being sincere, their hearts were then rectified. Their hearts being rectified, their persons were cultivated. Their persons being cultivated, their families were regulated. Their families being regulated, their States were rightly governed. Their States being rightly governed, the whole kingdom was made tranquil and happy.

From the emperor down to the mass of the people, all must consider the cultivation of the individual mind as the root (of every thing besides.)

It cannot be, when the root is neglected, that what should spring from it will be well ordered. It never has been the case that what was of great importance has been slightly cared for, and, at the same time, that what was of slight importance has been greatly cared for.

"The Text of Confucius" in "the Great Learning," translated by James Legge, D.D., in the "Sacred Books of the East." Edited by Max Mueller.

"WEI CHING"—THE SUPERIOR MAN

THE Master said: "He who exercises government by means of his virtue may be compared to the north polar star, which keeps its place and all the stars turn towards it."

The Master said: "In the Book of Poetry are three hundred pieces, but the design of them all may be embraced in one sentence—'Have no depraved thoughts.'"

The Master said: "If the people be led by laws, and uniformity sought to be given them by punishments, they will try to avoid the punishment, but have no sense of shame. If they be led by virtue, and uniformity sought to be given them by the rules of propriety, they will have the sense of shame, and moreover will become good."

The Master said: "At fifteen, I had my mind bent on learning. At thirty, I stood firm. At forty, I had no doubts. At fifty, I knew the decrees of heaven. At sixty, my ear was an obedient organ for the reception of truth. At seventy, I could follow what my heart desired, without transgressing what was right."

Mang E asked what filial piety was. The Master said: "It is not being disobedient."

Soon after, as Fan Ch'e was driving him, the Master told him, saying: "Mang-sun asked me what filial piety was, and I answered him,— not being disobedient."

Fan Ch'e said: "What did you mean?" The Master replied: "That parents, when alive, should be served according to propriety; that, when dead, they should be buried according to propriety; and that they should be sacrificed to according to propriety."

Mang Woo asked what filial piety was. The Master said: "Parents are anxious lest their children should be sick."

Tsze-yew asked what filial piety was. The Master said: "The filial piety of nowadays means the support of one's parents. But the dogs and horses likewise are able to do something in the way of support;—without reverence, what is there to distinguish the one support given from the other?"

Tsze-hea asked what filial piety was. The Master said: "The difficulty is with the countenance. If, when their elders have any troublesome affairs, the young take the toil of them, and if, when the young have wine and food, they set them before their elders, is this to be considered filial piety?"

The Master said: "I have talked with Hwuy for a whole day, and he has not made any objection to any thing I said;—as if he were stupid. He has retired, and I have examined his conduct when away from me, and found him able to illustrate my teachings. Hwuy!—He is not stupid."

The Master said: "See what a man does. Mark his motives. Examine in what things he rests. How can a man conceal his character! How can a man conceal his character!"

The Master said: "If a man keep cherishing his old knowledge, so as continually to be acquiring new, he may be a teacher of others."

The Master said: "The accomplished scholar is not an utensil."

Tsze-kung asked what constituted the superior man. The Master said: "He acts before he speaks, and afterwards speaks according to his actions."

The Master said: "The superior man is catholic and no partisan. The mean man is a partisan and not catholic."

The Master said: "Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous."

The Master said: "The study of strange doctrines is injurious indeed!"

The Master said: "Yew, shall I teach you what knowledge is? When you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; — this is knowledge."

Tsze-chang was learning with a view to official emolument.

The Master said: "Hear much and put aside the points of which you stand in doubt, while you speak cautiously at the same time of the others: — then you will afford few occasions for blame. See much and put aside the things which seem perilous, while you are cautious at the same time in carrying the others into practice: — then you will have few occasions for repentance. When one gives few occasions for blame in his words, and few occasions for repentance in his conduct, he is in the way to get emolument."

The Duke Gae asked, saying: "What should be done in order to secure the submission of the people?" Confucius replied: "Advance the upright and set aside the crooked, then the people will submit. Advance the crooked and set aside the upright, then the people will not submit."

Ke K'ang asked how to cause the people to reverence their ruler, to be faithful to him, and to urge themselves to virtue. The Master said: "Let him preside over them with gravity; then they will reverence him. Let him be filial and kind to all; then they will be faithful to him. Let him advance the good and teach the incompetent; then they will eagerly seek to be virtuous."

Some one addressed Confucius saying: "Sir, why are you not engaged in the government?"

The Master said: "What does the Shoo-king say of filial piety? — 'You are filial, you discharge your brotherly duties. These qualities are displayed in government.' This then also

constitutes the exercise of government. Why must there be that to make one be in the government?"

The Master said: "I do not know how a man without truthfulness is to get on. How can a large carriage be made to go without the cross-bar for yoking the oxen to, or a small carriage without the arrangement for yoking the horses?"

Tsze-chang asked whether the affairs of ten ages after could be known.

Confucius said: "The Yin dynasty followed the regulations of the Hea: wherein it took from or added to them may be known. The Chow dynasty has followed the regulations of the Yin: wherein it took from or added to them may be known. Some other may follow the Chow, but though it should be at the distance of a hundred ages, its affairs may be known."

The Master said: "For a man to sacrifice to a spirit which does not belong to him is flattery. To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage."

Book III. Complete. From the «Analects,» Translation of James Legge, D. D., Honkong, 1861.

MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY

(1832–)

MONCURE D. CONWAY, one of the most prolific and interesting American essayists of his generation, was born in Stafford County, Virginia, March 17th, 1832. He has been at various periods of his intensely active life both a Methodist and a Unitarian clergyman, but is so free from professional prejudice that after writing the most popular history of the Devil extant, he edited what has become the standard edition of the works of Thomas Paine. During his professional career in the pulpit and in literature, he has lived in Virginia, Ohio, London, and New York. Among his published works are "Idols and Ideals"; "Demonology and Devil Lore"; "The Wandering Jew"; "Carlyle"; "George Washington and Mount Vernon"; "Tracts for To-Day," etc., in addition to several novels.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE DEVIL

NOT more surely are the little coral insects under the waters building the reefs which already foreshow the physical connection of Florida with the Indies, at a remote period, than that all the experiences of life, the accumulation of knowledge, grain by grain though it is, have decided that as mythologies, witchcraft, fairy realms have been appropriated, so prodigies, special providences, fire and brimstone, devils, shall be joined to the solid continent of our many-sided human nature. Also, that beautiful golden Isle of the Blest, so far out on the Sea of the Unknown, that it seems a beautiful cloud-bar of Heaven, we shall one day see, from the outlook of self-knowledge, to be the fairer realm of the heart, to which all breezes blow for the soul which launches bravely forth, content on earth with nothing less than Heaven.

That these doctrines and superstitions are part of us, incidental to the organic development of the human race, is proved by the variety of conceptions of a Devil which have existed. His phases vary with the race Different countries have as dis-

tinctive fauna of imps as of animals. The rule of races is unswerving and universal: some races do not have consumption, nor the measles, and other diseases which are so common with the Anglo-Saxon. So we rarely have the tapeworm and goitre, which some peoples are afflicted with. Certain connections are decided to subsist between certain people and their diseases. So each race has a special and distinct Devil related to its temperament. We have already seen what a severe and dignified Greek Pluto was. But he was not a generalization of all evil. The Greek mind, fond of definition, gave each department of evil to a special representative. The Furies were an instance of this precision in the distribution of labor.

The Oriental mind, less philosophical but more poetic, either resolved all into one all-enfolding being, as Brahma, to whom good and evil were alike pleasing; or, as with the Persians, had a good and an evil being, Ormuzd and Ahriman. This Ahriman, the Persian Satan, was in all the Universe in deadly grip with Ormuzd,—they, and only they, met in every atom or event, as sea meets shore. Thus we see these Devils were but projections of the respective characteristics of the two races,—that men make their own Devils.

But there are instances more to our hand, in the Devils which still live in our classic literature. Here is the English Devil, delineated by Milton. He is an aristocratic Devil, full of importance and will, out-spoken and natural,—the Devil of common sense; with a constant undertone of truthfulness in all he says, which at times easily rises to heroism, as where he cries, carrying in sympathy every Englishman who reads: "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven!"

The German Devil is as different as the complexion of the German is different. In the national legend of the Devil and Dr. Faustus, we have a much more philosophical being altogether. The temptation which the Evil Spirit offers his victim, is (if we follow the most ancient legend), knowledge. An Englishman or Yankee would think a Devil very surely an ass, as the proverb says he is, if he should think to purchase their souls with a promise of knowledge. If it were a throne, as Milton's Devil would offer, the Englishman would be tempted; and the American might sell his soul perhaps for Cuba or Nicaragua,—but knowledge! what but a transcendental German Devil would ever think of inveigling a soul by any such thing as that!

When we read the old legend of St. Anthony tempted by the Devil in the form of a lean monk, who supposes that it was anything more than an outward shape given by the old man's creed to an apprehension that in the desert he would be himself only a lean monk, having all the inconveniences attached thereunto?

George Herbert (and I wish history bore witness to more souls of his high insight among the old English Churchmen) has said: "Devils are our sins in perspective." The whole of his ode on sin is of such depth and truth that I gladly quote it here:—

"Oh, that I could a sin once see!
We paint the Devil foul; yet he
Hath some good in him all agree;
Sin is flat opposite to the Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of Virtue and of Being.

"But God more care of us hath had.
If apparitions make us sad,
By sight of sin we should go mad;
Yet, as in sleep, foul death we see and live,
So devils are our sins in perspective."

Sin is negative, privative, not real and absolute; it wants, as Herbert says, the good of Being. It does not exist; it is so much death. It is that hard block of stone which has not yet crumbled off beneath the sun to form the stems of plants and bones of animals. Sin in us is as impenetrability in matter.

We have already suggested the reason of our thus personifying our evil tendencies as Devils. First, there is the law that forces are always personified until analyzed. Superstition is the counterpart of ignorance; for men feel that they are systematically ruled by what they understand not: the disposition to do wrong arises without seeming exercise of the will, and against all convictions and traditions. The old Latin poet states the case well enough:—

"I see the right, and I approve it too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

There is an unconsciousness of the door, whereby such desires enter; and when the force of the moral nature is not sufficient to resist this spiritual highwayman, we do not feel that the whole burden of the evil should rest on ourselves, so we divide the guilt with the Devil. Men can never believe that they are so

wicked as the appearances would make out. Adam, when asked, says, "It was the woman"; Eve says, "It was the serpent," and so on. We see the same law of unconsciousness working in the other direction, in inspiration. Socrates, unable to trace the secret trapdoors by which his wisdom entered, was accustomed to speak of his Daimon; when we have insight, the logical steps of which cannot be traced, we call it intuition, which is also only one remove from the Daimon of Socrates; and both are confessions of our ignorance of metaphysical processes. But because these presentiments, prejudices, impressions, intuitions are so inevitably upon us, not coming through will or coercion, men are all the more convinced of their truth; they are the structural action of the nature given us, and so we say: "Thus saith the Lord"; since he gave us the constitution which reports thus and so.

There is nothing acrid to be said to those who have taught this doctrine of a Devil: it grew naturally, and its root is not bitter but sweet. It was a strong and successful effort to maintain a God in the universe. The first doubt which impeded the natural flow of the reason from an effect — such as the world — to a cause, was a moral one, and was inspired by the existence of evil. If there be a God or Good, whence come plagues, tempests, afflictions, passions, villains, imperfections? So an Evil Spirit was evoked as a relief of God from an imagined stigma. But this was only a truce between the human reason and the problem which it was called to contend with and solve. It was soon found that the difficulty returned in another shape. Who made the Devil, and empowered or permitted him to have this great power on earth? But when this stage of the difficulty arrived, the human mind had advanced sufficiently to contend with the problem of evil in itself, and not as affecting God. It did not relieve men from the pestilence to say there is no God.

And from this first effort to enter the central fact of evil, the Devil began to be less hated and abused, indeed, it was felt that he had been treated in an ungentlemanly manner, and the world was eager under the revulsion to make the *amende honorable*. So arose several proverbs of the same spirit with the familiar one, "Give the Devil his due." It was said, "The Devil is not so black as he is painted." There was thus the dawn of a grand truth that there was method in this seeming madness of evil, whose result has been to convince thinkers that just as surely as every wind and storm, hitherto symbols of freedom, has

had its necessary path mapped out, and is demonstrated to be confined to its channel as is the Ohio, so these uncontrollable storms of passion and currents of evil shall one day find the Maury to make their chart.

It were a curious investigation to mark the development of this embryo which shows where our philosophy of evil began. The popular instinct, as we have seen, had given the direction. More especially might it be expected that a people whose mythology related that when the beautiful Balder, child of the sun, was dead, Hela, the goddess of the Underworld, agreed that he should be restored if there should be found on earth those who wept for him, should presently have a Burns who, instead of venting curses on "Auld Nickie Ben," should appeal affectionately: "Ah, wad ye tak a thought an mend!" and that it should produce a less genial, more philosophic brain in Goethe to state the truth frankly. I may refer particularly to the question and answer which passed between Faust and Mephistophiles, when the latter met him in the guise of a traveling student: —

"*Faust*— Who then are you?

"*Meph.*— Part of that power which still produceth good, while it deviseth ill.

"*Faust*— What hidden mystery in your riddle lies?

"*Meph.*— The spirit I, which evermore denies."

And is it not true that death is as good as birth; that lower forms must die that higher may be developed from them; that seed must rot that the full ear may appear; that because all that is lower must die, it must have the evil element in it, which is its sealed bond to that nothingness which men call Satan?

Was it not reverence for the highest which made Carlyle call this phantom, evil, Satan, the great Second-Best?

Unless we say thus, how is reason satisfied? We have only to answer those who would maintain the dogma of the existence of a powerful spirit completely malicious and absolutely evil, how are they to answer poor Friday's obvious question to Crusoe, "Why not God kill debbil?" Either it must be said: "God is not able," or "there is a good reason for the existence of evil." Thus alone could it exist under an Omnipotent Being, who is also purely good.

It is a metaphysical impossibility to conceive of the existence of an absolute evil intelligence anywhere; for that would imply

the eternity of evil in the universe, and affirm the existence of some portion of his creation where God is forever dethroned and powerless. But David cried: "If I make my bed in Hell, thou art there."

It seems to me that the doctrine known as "arrested development," which has had such a tremendous influence in natural history, will also apply here. Every animal is a man in this arrested development. The quadruped develops more and becomes an ape; arrested there for an *æon* the development rises to the savage; the next wave of the onflowing tide of life rises to man,—no longer arrested and bound to the earth by his forefeet, as in the wolf, nor only partially released as in the orang-outang, nor held by passion and ignorance, as in the savage. The harelip which we see in men at times is the arrest of the lip in its development; but every lip is, at one stage of its embryonic growth, a harelip. Sometimes the hand is arrested, and remains more like that of an ape. But the animals also have dispositions which enter man to partake his spiritual development, —ferocity, passion, meanness, deceit, and so on. Here, too, is "arrested development"; one man does not get beyond the serpent; another finds that he has difficulty in passing the condition of a bear; another is arrested at the hyena. How familiar is the class of calves and donkeys walking on two feet around us! This is the path we all travel, even though at length we beat down the animal beneath our feet; and evil is only the living out among men of their arrested developments.

A hard and long way is this we are journeying from the confines of our being to the centre,—from outlooks to insight,—from seeing ourselves in the huge, vague, distorted mirage forms of legends, superstitions, and dreams, to all those grand and glowing heights and depths which are really within us, of which the others are but first faint hints. "Go on, my son," said the old man to his son, who feared to go alone into the dark, "go on; thou shalt see nothing worse than thyself." To man, we say: Enter the universe here from thy earth threshold bravely, cheerfully; nothing shalt thou find worse than thyself: and, thyself being right, thou shalt see, with old Nailor the Quaker, the end of all destruction, of all evil; above the sea of darkness, beneath a greater sea of light, all-victorious light which, filling thee in that instant, filleth all without and beyond.

From "Tracts for To-Day" 1859.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

(1789–1851)

COOPER'S "Sketches of Switzerland" contains the best work he has done as an essay writer. As a rule the sketches are descriptive and discursive, but a number of them show something of the quality which gives an enduring charm to Irving's sketches of rural England. Besides his immortal novels, Cooper wrote "Notions of the Americans," 1828; a "History of the Navy of the United States," 1839; "The Battle of Lake Erie," 1842; and "Lives of American Naval Officers." His fondness for the sea is explained by his education as a midshipman in active service (1808–11). He was born at Burlington, New Jersey, September 15th, 1789, and educated at Yale College. After three years' service in the navy he married and resigned. His first novel, "Precaution," was published anonymously, and the reception given it encouraged him to publish "The Spy," 1821. Its unprecedented popularity decided his career. "The Pioneers" and "The Pilot" appeared in 1823; "The Last of the Mohicans" in 1826; "The Prairie" in 1827; "The Pathfinder" in 1840; and "The Deerslayer" in 1841. He died at Cooperstown, New York, September 14th, 1851.

AT THE CASTLE OF BLONAY

THE Swiss castles, with few exceptions, are built on the breasts, or spurs, of mountains. The immediate foundation is usually a rock, and the sites were generally selected on account of the difficulties of the approach. This latter peculiarity, however, does not apply so rigidly to Blonay as to most of the other holds of the country, for the rock which forms its base serves for little else than a solid foundation. I presume one of the requisites of such a site was the difficulty or impossibility of undermining the walls, a mode of attack that existed long before gunpowder was known.

The buildings of Blonay are neither extensive nor very elaborate. We entered by a modest gateway, in a retired corner, and found ourselves at once in a long, narrow, irregular court. On

the left was a *corps de batiment* that contained most of the sleeping apartments, and a few of the others, with the offices; in front was a still older wing in which was the knight's hall and one or two other considerable rooms; and on the right was the keep, an old solid tower, that was originally the nucleus and parent of all the others, as well as a wing that is now degraded to the duties of a storehouse. These buildings form the circuit of the court and complete the edifice; for the side next the mountain, or that by which we entered, had little besides the ends of the two lateral buildings and the gate. The latter was merely a sort of chivalrous back door, for there was another between the old tower and the building of the knight's hall, of more pretension and much larger. The great gate opens on a small, elevated terrace that is beautifully shaded by fine trees, and which commands a view second, I feel persuaded, to but few on earth. I do not know that it is so perfectly exquisite as that we got from the house of Cardinal Rufo at Naples, and yet it has many admirable features that were totally wanting to the Neapolitan villa. I esteem these two views as much the best that it has ever been my good fortune to gaze at from any dwelling, though the beauties of both are, as a matter of course, more or less shared by all the houses in their respective neighborhoods. The great carriage road, as great carriage roads go on such a mountain side, comes up to this gate; though it is possible to enter also by the other.

Blonay, originally, must have been a hold of no great importance, as neither the magnitude, strength, nor position of the older parts is sufficient to render the place one to be seriously assailed, or obstinately defended. Without knowing the fact, I infer that its present interest arises from its great antiquity, coupled with the circumstance of its having been possessed by the same family for so long a period. Admitting a new owner for each five and twenty years, the present must be somewhere about the twenty-fifth De Blonay who has lived on this spot!

A common housemaid showed us through the building, but, unfortunately, to her it was a house whose interest depended altogether on the number of floors there were to be scrubbed and windows to be cleaned. This labor-saving sentiment destroys a great deal of excellent poetry and wholesome feeling, reducing all that is venerable and romantic to the level of soap and house-cloths. I dare say one could find many more comfortable resi-

dences than this within a league of Vevey; perhaps Mon Repos has the advantage of it in this respect: but there must be a constant, quiet, and enduring satisfaction with one whose mind is properly trained, in reflecting that he is moving, daily and hourly, through halls that have been trodden by his fathers, for near a thousand years. Hope is a livelier, and, on the whole, a more useful, because a more stimulating, feeling, than that connected with memory; but there is a solemn and pleasing interest clinging about the latter, that no buoyancy of the first can ever equal. Europe is fertile of recollections; America is pregnant with hope. I have tried hard, aided by the love which is quickened by distance, as well as by the observations that are naturally the offspring of comparison, to draw such pictures of the latter for the future as may supplant the pictures of the past that so constantly rise before the mind in this quarter of the world; but, though reasonably ingenious in castle building, I have never been able to make it out. I believe laziness lies at the bottom of the difficulty. In our moments of enjoyment we prefer being led to racking the brain for invention. The past is a fact; while, at the best, the future is only conjecture. In this case the positive prevails over the assumed, and the imagination finds both an easier duty, and all it wants, in throwing around the stores of memory the tints and embellishments that are wanting to complete the charm. I know little of the history of Blonay, beyond the fact of its great antiquity, nor is it a chateau of remarkable interest as a specimen of the architecture and usages of its time; and yet I never visited a modern palace, with half the intense pleasure with which I went through this modest abode. Fancy had a text in a few unquestionable facts and it preached copiously on their authority. At Caserta or St. Cloud we admire the staircases, friezes, salons, and marbles, but I never could do anything with your kings, who are so much mixed up with your history, as to leave little to the fancy; while here, one might imagine not only time, but all the various domestic and retired usages that time brings forth.

The Ritter Saal, or Knight's Hall, of Blonay has positive interest enough to excite the dullest mind. Neither the room nor its ornaments are very peculiar of themselves, the former being square, simple, and a good deal modernized, while the latter was such as properly belonged to a country gentleman of limited means. But the situation and view form its great features; for

all that has just been said of the terrace can be better said of this room. Owing to the formation of the mountain, the windows are very high above the ground, and at one of them is a balcony, which, I am inclined to think, is positively without a competitor in this beautiful world of ours. Cardinal Rufo has certainly no such balcony. It is *le balcon des balcons.*

I should despair of giving you a just idea of the mingled magnificence and softness of the scene that lies stretched before and beneath the balcony of Blonay. You know the elements of the view already,—for they are the same mysterious glen, or valley, the same blue lake, the same cotes, the some solemn and frowning rocks, the same groupings of towers, churches, hamlets, and castles, of which I have had such frequent occasion to speak in these letters. But the position of Blonay has about it that peculiar nicety which raises every pleasure to perfection. It is neither too high, nor too low; too retired, nor too much advanced; too distant, nor too near. I know nothing of M. de Blonay beyond the favorable opinion of the observant Jean, the boatman, but he must be made of flint, if he can daily, hourly, gaze at the works of the Deity as they are seen from this window, without their producing a sensible and lasting effect on the character of his mind. I can imagine a man so far blasé, as to pass through the crowd of mites, who are his fellows, without receiving or imparting much; but I cannot conceive of a heart, whose owner can be the constant observer of such a scene, without bending in reverence to the hand that made it. It would be just as rational to suppose one might have the Communion of St. Jerome hanging in his drawing-room, without ever thinking of Domenichino, as to believe one can be the constant witness of these natural glories without thinking of God.

From «Sketches of Switzerland.»

AMERICAN AND SWISS DEMOCRACY COMPARED

It is a besetting error with those who write of America, whether as travelers, political economists, or commentators on the moral features of ordinary society, to refer nearly all that is peculiar in the country to the nature of its institutions. It is scarcely exaggerated to say that even its physical phenomena are ascribed to its democracy. Reflecting on this subject, I have been

struck by the fact that no such flights of the imagination are ever indulged in by those who speak of Switzerland. That which is termed the rudeness of liberty and equality, with us becomes softened down here into the frankness of mountaineers, or the sturdy independence of republicans; what is vulgarity on the other side of the Atlantic is unsophistication on this; and truculence in the States dwindles to be earnest remonstrances in the cantons!

There undeniably exist marked points of difference between the Swiss and the Americans. The dominion of a really popular sway is admitted nowhere here, except in a few unimportant mountain cantons that are but little known, and would not exercise a very serious influence on any but their own immediate inhabitants. With us the case is different. New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio, for instance, with a united population of near five millions of souls, are as pure democracies as can exist under a representative form of government, and their trade, productions, and example, so far connect them with the rest of Christendom as to render them objects of deep interest to all who look beyond the present moment in studying the history of man.

We have States, however, in which the franchise does not materially differ from those of many of the cantons, and yet we do not find that strangers make any material exceptions even in their favor. Few think of viewing the States in which there are property qualifications in a light different from those just named, nor is a disturbance in Virginia deemed to be less the consequence of democratic effervescence than it is in Pennsylvania.

There must be reasons for all this. I make no doubt they are to be found in the greater weight of the example of a large and growing community, of active commercial and political habits, than in one like this, which is satisfied with simply maintaining a quiet and secure existence; in our total rejection of the usual aristocratical distinctions which still exist, more or less, all over Switzerland; in the jealousy of commercial and maritime power, and in the recollections which are inseparable from the fact that the parties once stood to each other, in the relation of principals and dependants. This latter feeling, an unavoidable consequence of metropolitan sway, is more general than you may imagine, for, as nearly all Europe once had colonies, the feelings of superiority they uniformly excite have as naturally led to jealousy of the rising importance of our hemisphere. You may smile at the sug-

gestion, but I do not remember a single European in whom, under proper opportunities, I have not been able to trace some lingering feeling of the old notion of the moral and physical superiority of the man of Europe over the man of America. I do not say that all I have met have betrayed this prejudice, for in not one case in ten have I had the means to probe them; but such, I think, has uniformly been the case, though in very different degrees, whenever the opportunity has existed.

Though the mountain or the purely rural population here possess more independence and frankness of manner than those who inhabit the towns and advanced valleys, neither has them in so great a degree as to leave plausible grounds for believing that the institutions are very essentially connected with the traits. Institutions may depress men below what may be termed the natural level of feeling, in this respect, as in the case of slavery, but, in a civilized society, where property has its influence, I much question if any political regulations can raise them above it. After allowing for the independence of manner and feeling that are incident to easy circumstances, and which are the result of obvious causes, I know no part of America in which this is not also the fact. The employed is, and will be everywhere, to a certain point, dependent on his employer, and the relat ons between the two cannot fail to bring forth a degree of authority and submission that will vary according to the character of individuals and the circumstances of the moment.

I infer from this that the general aspects of society, after men cease to be serfs and slaves, can never be expected to vary essentially from each other, merely on account of the political institutions, except, perhaps, as those institutions themselves may happen to affect their temporal condition. In other words, I believe that we are to look m re to property and to the absence or presence of facilities of living, for effects of this nature, than to breadth or narrowness of constitutions.

From «Sketches of Switzerland.»

THE EARL OF CORK

(JOHN BOYLE, EARL OF CORK AND ORRERY)

(1707–1762)

ALTHOUGH the Earl of Cork (born January 2d, 1707), devoted his life to literature, he is remembered chiefly by the few essays he contributed to the Connoisseur when it was being published by Colman and Thornton. He wrote "A Life of Swift" and "Memoirs of Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth." His translation of the "Letters of Pliny the Younger" was published in 1751. His "Letters from Italy," edited by Rev. J. Duncombe, were not published until after his death, which occurred November 16th, 1762. His essays in the Connoisseur are chiefly valuable for the side light they throw on English habits in what was certainly an age of bad manners.

ON LADIES WHO LAUGH

——— Tum in lecto quoque videres
Stridere secretâ divisos aure susurros.
Nullos his mallem ludos spectasse. Sed illa
Redde age, quæ deinceps risisti.
—Horace.

"Imparted to each laughter-loving fair,
The whizzing whisper glides from chair to chair:
And e'er the conscious ear receives it half,
With titterings they betray the stifled laugh.
Such giggling glee!—what farce so full of mirth!
But tell the tickling cause which gave it birth."

AS THE ladies are naturally become the immediate objects of your care, will you permit a complaint to be inserted in your paper, which is founded upon a matter of fact? They will pardon me, if by laying before you a particular instance I was lately witness to of their improper behavior, I endeavor to expose a reigning evil, which subjects them to many shameful imputations.

I received last week a dinner card from a friend, with an intimation that I should meet some very agreeable ladies. At my arrival I found that the company consisted chiefly of females, who indeed did me the honor to rise, but quite disconcerted me in paying my respects by their whispering each other and appearing to stifle a laugh. When I was seated, the ladies grouped themselves up in a corner, and entered into a private cabal, seemingly to discourse upon points of great secrecy and importance, but of equal merriment and diversion.

The same conduct of keeping close to their ranks was observed at table, where the ladies seated themselves together. Their conversation was here also confined wholly to themselves, and seemed like the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*, in which men were forbidden to have any share. It was a continued laugh and whisper from the beginning to the end of dinner. A whole sentence was scarce ever spoken aloud. Single words, indeed, now and then broke forth; such as "odious," "horrible," "detestable," "shocking," "humbug." This last new-coined expression, which is only to be found in the nonsensical vocabulary, sounds absurd and disagreeable whenever it is pronounced: but from the mouth of a lady it is "shocking, detestable, horrible, and odious."

My friend seemed to be in an uneasy situation at his own table; but I was far more miserable. I was mute, and seldom dared to lift up my eyes from my plate, or turn my head to call for small beer, lest by some awkward gesture I might draw upon me a whisper or a laugh. Sancho when he was forbid to eat a delicious banquet set before him could scarce appear more melancholy. The rueful length of my face might possibly increase the mirth of my tormentors: at least their joy seemed to rise in exact proportion with my misery. At length, however, the time of my delivery approached. Dinner ended, the ladies made their exit in pairs, and went off hand in hand, whispering, like the two kings of Brentford.

Modest men, Mr. Town, are deeply wounded when they imagine themselves the objects of ridicule or contempt; and the pain is the greater when it is given by those whom they admire, and from whom they are ambitious of receiving any marks of countenance and favor. Yet we must allow that affronts are pardonable from ladies, as they are often prognostics of future kindness. If a lady strikes our cheek, we can very willingly follow the precept of the Gospel and turn the other cheek to be smitten. Even a

blow from a fair hand conveys pleasure. But this battery of whispers is against all legal rights of war: — poisoned arrows and stabs in the dark are not more repugnant to the general laws of humanity.

If the misconduct which I have described had been only to be found, Mr. Town, at my friend's table, I should not have troubled you with this letter; but the same kind of ill breeding prevails too often and in too many places. The gigglers and the whisperers are innumerable: they beset us wherever we go; and it is observable that, after a short murmur of whispers, out comes the burst of laughter: like a gunpowder serpent, which, after hissing about for some time, goes off in a bounce.

Modern writers of comedy often introduce a pert witling into their pieces who is very severe upon the rest of the company; but all his waggery is spoken aside. These gigglers and whisperers seem to be acting the same part in company that this arch rogue does in the play. Every word or motion produces a train of whispers; the dropping of a snuffbox, or spilling the tea, is sure to be accompanied with a titter; and upon the entrance of any one with something particular in his person or manner, I have seen a whole room in a buzz like a beehive.

This practice of whispering, if it is anywhere allowable, may, perhaps, be indulged the fair sex at church, where the conversation can only be carried on by the secret symbols of a courtesy, an ogle, or a nod. A whisper in this place is very often of great use, as it serves to convey the most secret intelligence, which a lady would be ready to burst with, if she could not find vent for it by this kind of auricular confession. A piece of scandal transpires in this manner from one pew to another, then presently whizzes along the chancel, from whence it crawls up to the galleries, till at last the whole church hums with it.

It were also to be wished that the ladies would be pleased to confine themselves to whispering, in their *tête-à-tête* conferences at the opera or the playhouse; which would be a proper deference to the rest of the audience. In France, we are told, it is common for the *parterre* to join with the performers in any favorite air; but we seem to have carried this custom still further, as the company in our boxes, without concerning themselves in the least with the play, are even louder than the players. The wit and humor of a Vanbrugh or a Congreve is frequently interrupted by a brilliant dialogue between two persons of fash-

ion; and a love scene in the side box has often been more attended to than that on the stage. As to their loud bursts of laughter at the theatre, they may very well be excused when they are excited by any lively strokes in a comedy; but I have seen our ladies titter at the most distressful scenes in "Romeo and Juliet," grin over the anguish of a Monimia, or Belvidera, and fairly laugh King Lear off the stage.

Thus the whole behavior of these ladies is in direct contradiction to good manners. They laugh when they should cry, are loud when they should be silent, and are silent when their conversation is desirable. If a man, in a select company, was thus to laugh or whisper me out of countenance, I should be apt to construe it as an affront, and demand an explanation. As to the ladies, I would desire them to reflect how much they would suffer, if their own weapons were turned against them, and the gentlemen should attack them with the same arts of laughing and whispering. But, however free they may be from our resentment, they are still open to ill-natured suspicions. They do not consider what strange constructions may be put on these laughs and whispers. It were, indeed, of little consequence, if we only imagined that they were taking the reputations of their acquaintance to pieces, or abusing the company round; but when they indulge themselves in this behavior, some, perhaps, may be led to conclude that they are discoursing upon topics which they are ashamed to speak of in a less private manner.

Some excuse may perhaps he framed for this ill-timed merriment in the fair sex. Venus, the goddess of beauty, is frequently called the laughter-loving dame; and by laughing our modern ladies may possibly imagine that they render themselves like Venus. I have indeed remarked that the ladies commonly adjust their laugh to their persons, and are merry in proportion as it sets off their particular charms. One lady is never further moved than to a smile or a simper, because nothing else shows her dimples to so much advantage; another, who has a very fine set of teeth, runs into the broad grin; while a third, who is admired for a well-turned neck and graceful chest, calls up all her beauties to view, by breaking into violent and repeated peals of laughter.

I would not be understood to impose gravity or too great a reserve on the fair sex. Let them laugh at a feather; but let them declare openly that it is a feather which occasions their

mirth. I must confess that laughter becomes the young, gay, and the handsome, but a whisper is unbecoming at all ages, and in both sexes; nor ought it ever to be practiced, except in the round gallery at St. Paul's, or in the famous whispering place in Gloucester Cathedral, where two whisperers hear each other at the distance of five and twenty yards.

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

K. L.

MILES COVERDALE

(1488–1568)

T is said by Mr. James Miller Dodds that Coverdale "introduced into the English Bible that sweetness and melody never afterwards lost—'the true concord of well-tuned sounds'—to which it owes so much of its subtle and evanescent charm of style." It is hard to conceive a higher compliment of its kind than this, as the translator who is responsible for such psalms as "The Lord Is My Shepherd" in the King James Bible, had an almost Homeric ear for the melody of language. He is as truly a musical composer as he is a translator. Coverdale was born in Yorkshire in 1488. After leaving the college of the Augustine friars at Cambridge, he became a member of their order by ordination at Norwich in 1514. Adopting the opinions of the Reformers, he went abroad and assisted Tyndale in translating the Bible. His own version appeared first in 1535, when Henry VIII. had broken with the Pope. This was the first complete version from the Greek published in English. In 1540 the "Great [Cranmer's] Bible" was published under Coverdale's supervision. In 1551 he was appointed Bishop of Exeter, and on Mary's accession was imprisoned and exiled. Under Elizabeth he returned to England and died in 1568. His writings have been edited for the Parker Society.

ON TRANSLATING THE BIBLE

("Miles Coverdale to the Christian reader")

CONSIDERING how excellent knowledge and learning an interpreter of Scripture ought to have in the tongues, and pondering also my own insufficiency therein, and how weak I am to perform the office of a translator, I was the more loath to meddle with this work. Notwithstanding, when I considered how great pity it was that we should want it so long, and called to my remembrance the adversity of them which were not only of ripe knowledge, but would also with all their hearts have performed that they began, if they had not had impediment: considering, I say, that by reason of their adversity it could not so soon

have been brought to an end, as our most prosperous nation would fain have had it: these and other reasonable causes considered, I was the more bold to take it in hand. And to help me herein, I have had sundry translations, not only in Latin, but also of the Dutch interpreters, whom, because of their singular gifts and special diligence in the Bible, I have been the more glad to follow for the most part, according as I was required. But, to say the truth before God, it was neither my labor nor desire to have this work put in my hand: nevertheless it grieved me that other nations should be more plenteously provided for with the Scripture in their mother tongue, than we: therefore, when I was instantly required, though I could not do so well as I would, I thought it yet my duty to do my best, and that with a good will.

Whereas some men think now that many translations make division in the faith and in the people of God, that is not so: for it was never better with the congregation of God than when every church had the Bible of a sundry translation. Among the Greeks had not Origen a special translation? Had not Vulgarius one peculiar, and likewise Chrysostom? Beside the seventy interpreters, is there not the translation of Aquila, of Theodotio, of Symmachus, and of sundry other? Again, among the Latin men, thou findest that every one almost used a special and sundry translation; for insomuch as every bishop had the knowledge of the tongues, he gave his diligence to have the Bible of his own translation. The Doctors, as Hirenæus, Cyprianus, Tertullian, St. Hierome, St. Augustine, Hilarius, and St. Ambrose, upon divers places of the Scripture, read not the text all alike.

Therefore ought it not to be taken as evil, that such men as have understanding now in our time, exercise themselves in the tongues, and give their diligence to translate out of one language into another. Yea, we ought rather to give God high thanks therefore, which through his Spirit stirreth up men's minds so to exercise themselves therein. Would God it had never been left off after the time of St. Augustine! Then should we never have come into such blindness and ignorance, into such errors and delusions. For as soon as the Bible was cast aside, and no more put in exercise, then began every one of his own head to write whatsoever came into his brain, and that seemed to be good in his own eyes: and so grew the darkness of men's traditions. And this same is the cause that we have had so many writers, which

seldom made mention of the Scripture of the Bible: and though they sometimes alleged it, yet was it done so far out of season, and so wide from the purpose, that a man may well perceive how that they never saw the original. . . .

Now to conclude: forsomuch as all the Scripture is written for thy doctrine and ensample, it shall be necessary for thee to take hold upon it while it is offered thee, yea, and with thy hands thankfully to receive it. And though it be not worthily ministered unto thee in this translation, by reason of my rudeness; yet if thou be fervent in thy prayer, God shall not only send it thee in a better shape by the ministration of other that began it afore, but shall also move the hearts of them which as yet meddled not withal, to take it in hand, and to bestow the gift of their understanding thereon, as well in our language, as other famous interpreters do in other languages. And I pray God that through my poor ministration herein I may give them that can do better some occasion so to do; exhorting thee, most dear reader, in the meanwhile on God's behalf, if thou be a head, a judge, or ruler of the people, that thou let not the book of this law depart out of thy mouth, but exercise thyself therein both day and night, and be ever reading in it as long as thou livest: that thou mayest learn to fear the Lord thy God, and not to turn aside from the commandment, neither to the right hand nor to the left; lest thou be a knower of persons in judgment, and wrest the right of the stranger, of the fatherless, or of the widow, and so the curse to come upon thee. But what office soever thou hast, wait upon it, and execute it to the maintenance of peace, to the wealth of thy people, defending the laws of God and the lovers thereof, and to the destruction of the wicked.

If thou be a preacher, and hast the oversight of the flock of Christ, awake and feed Christ's sheep with a good heart, and spare no labor to do them good: seek not thyself, and beware of filthy lucre; but be unto the flock an ensample in the Word, in conversation, in love, in ferventness of the Spirit, and be ever reading, exhorting, and teaching in God's Word, that the people of God run not unto other doctrines, and lest thou thyself, when thou shouldest teach other, be found ignorant therein. And rather than thou wouldest teach the people any other thing than God's Word, take the book in thine hand, and read the words, even as they stand therein; for it is no shame so to do, it is more shame to make a lie. This I say for such as are not yet expert in the

Scripture; for I reprove no preaching without the book, as long as they say the truth.

If thou be a man that hast wife and children, first love thy wife, according to the ensample of the love wherewith Christ loved the congregation; and remember that so doing thou lovest even thyself: if thou hate her, thou hatest thine own flesh; if thou cherish her and make much of her, thou cherishest and makest much of thyself; for she is bone of thy bones and flesh of thy flesh. And whosoever thou be that hast children, bring them up in the nurture and information of the Lord. And if thou be ignorant, or art otherwise occupied lawfully, that thou canst not teach them thyself, then be even as diligent to seek a good master for thy children as thou wast to seek a mother to bear them; for there lieth as great weight in the one as in the other. Yea, better it were for them to be unborn than not to fear God, or to be evil brought up: which thing (I mean bringing up well of children), if it be diligently looked to, it is the upholding of all commonwealths; and the negligence of the same, the very decay of all realms.

Finally, whosoever thou be, take these words of Scripture into thy heart, and be not only an outward hearer, but a doer thereafter, and practice thyself therein; that thou mayest feel in thine heart the sweet promises thereof for thy consolation in all trouble, and for the sure stablishing of thy hope in Christ; and have ever an eye to the words of Scripture, that if thou be a teacher of other, thou mayest be within the bounds of the truth; or at the least, though thou be but an hearer or reader of another man's doings, thou mayest yet have knowledge to judge all spirits and be free from every error, to the utter destruction of all seditious sects and strange doctrines; that the Holy Scripture may have free passage, and be had in reputation, to the worship of the author thereof, which is even God himself; to whom for his most blessed word be glory and dominion now and ever! Amen.

From Coverdale's prologue to his translation of the Bible 1535.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

(1618–1667)

With Cowley the Elizabethan mode in lyric verse exhausted its force and fell into such complete disuse that it scarcely reappears at all as an influence in literature until it was revived by Austin Dobson and other writers of *vers de Societé* in the nineteenth century. With Cowley it was highly artificial, for it is said that in spite of the "violent amatory affectation" of his poems, he never ventured to talk love to a real woman during his entire lifetime. His poems are neglected, but he still keeps his place among the classical essayists of the English language. His style descends from Dante, whose habit of making the prose of an essay depend largely on the introduction in it or after it of an original poem, Cowley imitates sometimes with pleasing results.

He was born in London in 1618; and in 1633, while still at school, published "Poetical Blossoms," a volume of juvenile verses which made him famous. He was educated at Cambridge, but in 1643 left the university because of his strong Royalist sympathies. He followed the Stuarts into exile and returned as court poet after the Restoration, but soon retired to a country seat near Chertsey, where he died July 28th, 1667. His principal poetical works are "The Mistress," "Pindaric Odes," "Love's Riddle," and "Miscellanies."

ON A MAN'S WRITING OF HIMSELF

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise for him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return

back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercises out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish, but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
The unknown are better than ill-known:
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,

These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say each night,
"To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them,—I have lived to-day."

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace), and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me. They were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so easily is a hard question. I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there. For I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlor (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old. . . . With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university, but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses of the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant, for that was the state then of the English and French courts; yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with when, for aught I knew, it was

real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses, yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect: —

> Well then; I now do plainly see
> This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his Majesty's happy Restoration but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who, with no greater probabilities or pretenses, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it: —

> Thou, neither great at court, nor in the war,
> Nor at th' exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar.
> Content thyself with the small barren praise,
> Which neglected verse does raise.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it *à corps perdu*, without making capitulations or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man who says to his soul, "Take thy ease." I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum.* Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and

have now at last married, though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

"*Nec vos, dulcissima mundi*
Nomina, vos, Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique sylvæque, anima remanente, relinquam."

(Nor by me e'er shall you,
You, of all names the sweetest and the best,
You, Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.)

But this is a very pretty ejaculation. Because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humor to the last.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE AND UNCERTAINTY OF RICHES

If you should see a man who were to cross from Dover to Calais, run about very busy and solicitous, and trouble himself many weeks before in making provisions for the voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and discreet person, or laugh at him for a timorous and impertinent coxcomb? A man who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder with all conveniences and even superfluities, is to angels and wise men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his passage that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas, so narrow a strait betwixt the womb and the grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie* as well as the *Pas de Calais*. We are all ἐφήμεροι as Pindar calls us, creatures of a day, and therefore our Savior bounds our desires to that little space; as if it were very probable that every day should be our last, we are taught to demand even bread for no longer a time. The sun ought not to set upon our covetousness, no more than upon our anger; but as to God Almighty a thousand years are as one day, so, in direct opposition, one day to the covetous man is as a thousand years, *tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa*, so far he shoots beyond his butt. One would think he were of the opinion of the Millenaries, and hoped for so long a reign upon earth.

The patriarchs before the flood, who enjoyed almost such a life, made, we are sure, less stores for the maintaining of it; they who lived nine hundred years scarcely provided for a few days; we who live but a few days provide at least for nine hundred years. What a strange alteration is this of human life and manners! and yet we see an imitation of it in every man's particular experience, for we begin not the cares of life till it be half spent, and still increase them as that decreases. What is there among the actions of beasts so illogical and repugnant to reason? When they do anything which seems to proceed from that which we call reason, we disdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a natural instinct. If we could but learn to number our days (as we are taught to pray that we might) we should adjust much better our other accounts, but whilst we never consider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end too. Horace advises very wisely, and in excellent good words, *spatio brevi spem longam reseces* (from a short life cut off all hopes that grow too long). They must be pruned away like suckers that choke the mother plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit. And in another place to the same sense, *Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam*, which Seneca does not mend when he says, *Oh quanta dementia est spes longas inchoantium!* but he gives an example there of an acquaintaince of his named Senecio, who from a very mean beginning by great industry in turning about of money through all ways of gain, had attained to extraordinary riches, but died on a sudden after having supped merrily, *In ipso actu benè cedentium rerum, in ipso procurrentis fortunæ impetu;* in the full course of his good fortune, when she had a high tide and a stiff gale and all her sails on; upon which occasion he cries, out of Virgil:—

Insere nunc Melibœe pyros, pone ordine vites:

(Go to, Melibœus, now,
Go graff thy orchards and thy vineyards plant;
Behold the fruit!)

For this Senecio I have no compassion, because he was taken, as we say, in *ipso facto*, still laboring in the work of avarice; but the poor rich man in St. Luke (whose case was not like this) I could pity, methinks, if the Scripture would permit me, for he seems to have been satisfied at last he confesses he had enough

for many years; he bids his soul take its ease; and yet for all that, God says to him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, and the things thou hast laid up, whom shall they belong to?" Where shall we find the causes of this bitter reproach and terrible judgment; we may find, I think, two, and God perhaps saw more. First, that he did not intend true rest to the soul, but only to change the employments of it from avarice to luxury; his design is to eat and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he thought of resting; the fullness of his old barns had not sufficed him, he would stay till he was forced to build new ones, and God meted out to him in the same measure; since he would have more riches than his life could contain, God destroyed his life and gave the fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away sometimes the man from his riches, and no less frequently riches from the man: what hope can there be of such a marriage where both parties are so fickle and uncertain; by what bonds can such a couple be kept long together?

"Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thyself, when thou'rt to fly,
O man ordained to die?

"Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art underground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see;
For death, alas! is sowing thee."

The Essay complete. Several stanzas of the concluding poem omitted.

A SMALL THING, BUT MINE OWN

I NEVER had any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and study of nature.

"And there (with no design beyond my wall), whole and entire to lie,
In no inactive ease, and no unglorious poverty."

Or, as Virgil has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there *studiis florere ignobilis otî* (though I could wish that he had rather said *nobilis otî*, when he spoke of his own). But several accidents of my ill fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this world, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds and rubbish; and without that pleasantest work of human industry, the improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from Sodom, but I am not yet arrived at my little Zoar. "Oh, let me escape thither (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live." I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop and make too many halts. You may wonder, sir (for this seems a little too extravagant and Pindarical for prose), what I mean by all this preface; it is to let you know that though I have missed, like a chemist, my great end, yet I account my affections and endeavors well rewarded by something that I have met with by the by: which is, that they have procured to me some part in your kindness and esteem.

From Essays.

WILLIAM COWPER

(1731–1800)

COWPER'S essays in the Connoisseur, written just after he had completed his studies in the Temple and had been called to the Bar, are among the sprightliest of his writings. They have the same liveliness which so surprised the friends of this saddest of English poets when it appeared in "John Gilpin." As a poet, Cowper delivered England from what had become the intolerable singsong of the mechanical imitators of Pope. He prepared the way for Wordsworth who went so far to the other extreme, that while his best verse is as good as the best in the language, his worst is not even good prose. Cowper represents the mean between the fixed and virtually invariable rhythms of the pupils of Pope and the lack of rhythm into which Wordsworth sometimes degenerates.

The history of Cowper's attempts to do his work as a poet is painful in the extreme. He had the delicate nerves which belong to genius and are the necessary instrument of its expression. Sent, when only six years old, to a school where "fagging" was a part of the educational system, he was most brutally treated by an older boy, and he was so disordered by the outrages to which he was subjected that he began soon afterwards to develop the habitual melancholy which oppressed him during his whole life and from time to time became actual insanity. He was so sensitive that the thought of appearing before the House of Lords to be examined for an appointment drove him to an attempt at suicide. His best poems, including some of the most beautiful hymns in existence, are a result of his attempt to get the mastery of this fatal weakness, but when he died April 25th, 1800, after a blameless career of the highest usefulness, it was under the black shadow of the disease which had made his whole life a crucifixion.

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT

— Cœlebs quid agam?
— Horace.

"With an old bachelor how things miscarry!
What shall I do? go hang myself? or marry?"

TO MR. TOWN

Sir:—

No man is a sincerer friend to innocent pleasantry, or more desirous of promoting it, than myself. Raillery of every kind, provided it be confined within due bounds, is, in my opinion, an excellent ingredient in conversation; and I am never displeased, if I can contribute to the harmless mirth of the company, by being myself the subject of it: but, in good truth, I have neither a fortune, a constitution, nor a temper, that will enable me to chuckle and shake my sides, while I suffer more from the festivity of my friends than the spleen or malice of my enemies could possibly inflict upon me; nor do I see any reason why I should so far move the mirthful indignation of the ladies, as to be teased and worried to death in mere sport, for no earthly reason but that I am what the world calls an old bachelor.

The female part of my acquaintance entertain an odd opinion that a bachelor is not, in fact, a rational creature; at least, that he has not the sense of feeling in common with the rest of mankind; that a bachelor may be beaten like a stockfish; that you may thrust pins into his legs, and wring him by the nose; in short, that you cannot take too many liberties with a bachelor. I am at a loss to conceive on what foundation these romping philosophers have grounded their hypothesis, though at the same time, I am a melancholy proof of its existence, as well as of its absurdity.

A friend of mine, whom I frequently visit, has a wife and three daughters, the youngest of which has persecuted me these ten years. These ingenious young ladies have not only found out the sole end and purpose of my being themselves, but have likewise communicated their discovery to all the girls in the neighborhood: so that if they happen at any time to be apprised of my coming (which I take all possible care to prevent), they immediately despatch half a dozen cards to their faithful allies, to

beg the favor of their company to drink coffee, and help to tease Mr. Ironside. Upon these occasions my entry into the room is sometimes obstructed by a cord fastened across the bottom of the door case: which, as I am a little nearsighted, I seldom discover till it has brought me upon my knees before them. While I am employed in brushing the dust from my black rollers, or chafing my broken shins, my wig is suddenly conveyed away, and either stuffed behind the looking-glass, or tossed from one to the other so dexterously and with such velocity, that, after many a fruitless attempt to recover it, I am obliged to sit down bareheaded, to the great diversion of the spectators. The last time I found myself in these distressful circumstances, the eldest girl, a sprightly mischievous jade, stepped briskly up to me, and promised to restore my wig, if I would play her a tune on a small flute she held in her hand. I instantly applied it to my lips, and blowing lustily into it, to my inconceivable surprise, was immediately choked and blinded with a cloud of soot, that issued from every hole in the instrument. The younger part of the company declared I had not executed the conditions, and refused to surrender my wig; but the father, who had a rough kind of facetiousness about him, insisted on its being delivered up, and protested that he never knew the black joke better performed in his life.

I am naturally a quiet, inoffensive animal, and not easily ruffled; yet I shall never submit to these indignities with patience, till I am satisfied I deserve them. Even the old maids of my acquaintance, who, one would think, might have a fellow-feeling for a brother in distress, conspire with their nieces to harass and torment me; and it is not many nights since Miss Diana Grizzle utterly spoiled the only superfine suit I have in the world by pinning the skirts of it together with a red-hot poker. I own my resentment of this injury was so strong that I determined to punish it by kissing the offender, which in cool blood I should never have attempted. The satisfaction, however, which I obtained by this imprudent revenge, was much like what a man of honor feels on finding himself run through the body by the scoundrel who had offended him. My upper lip was transfixed with a large corking pin, which in the scuffle she had conveyed into her mouth; and I doubt not that I shall carry the *memorem labris notam* (the mark of this Judas kiss) from an old maid to the grave with me.

These misfortunes, or others of the same kind, I encounter daily; but at these seasons of the year, which give a sanction to this kind of practical wit, and when every man thinks he has a right to entertain himself at his friend's expense, I live in hourly apprehensions of some mortifying adventures. No miserable dunghill cock, devoted a victim to the wanton cruelty of the mob, would be more terrified at the approach of a Shrove Tuesday, were he endued with human reason and forecast, than I am at the approach of a merry Christmas or the first of April. No longer ago than last Thursday, which was the latter of these festivals, I was pestered with mortifying presents from the ladies; obliged to pay the carriage of half a dozen oyster barrels stuffed with brickbats, and ten packets by the post containing nothing but old newspapers. But what vexed me the most was the being sent fifty miles out of town, on that day, by a counterfeit express from a dying relation.

I could not help reflecting, with a sigh, on the resemblance between the imaginary grievance of poor Tom in the tragedy of "Lear," and those which I really experienced. I, like him, was led through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; and though knives were not laid under my pillow, minced horsehair was strewed upon my sheets: like him I was made to ride on a hard trotting horse through the most dangerous ways, and found, at the end of my journey, that I had only been coursing my own shadow.

As much a sufferer as I am by the behavior of the women in general, I must not forget to remark that the pertness and sauciness of an old maid is particularly offensive to me. I cannot help thinking that the virginity of these ancient misses is at least as ridiculous as my own celibacy. If I am to be condemned for having never made an offer, they are as much to blame for having never accepted one; if I am to be derided for having never married, who never attempted to make a conquest, they are more properly the objects of derision who are still unmarried, after having made so many. Numberless are the proposals they have rejected, according to their own account; and they are eternally boasting of the havoc they have formerly made among the knights, baronets, and squires, at Bath, Tunbridge, and Epsom; while a tattered madrigal perhaps, a snip of hair, or the portrait of a cherry-cheeked gentleman in a milk-white periwig, are the only remaining proofs of those beauties, which are now withered like

the short-lived rose, and have only left the virgin thorn remaining.

Believe me, Mr. Town, I am almost afraid to trust you with the publication of this epistle; the ladies whom I last mentioned will be so exasperated on reading it, that I must expect no quarter at their hands for the future, since they are generally as little inclined to forgiveness in their old age as they were to pity and compassion in their youth. One expedient, however, is left me, which, if put in execution, will effectually screen me from their resentment.

I shall be happy, therefore, if by your means I may be permitted to inform the ladies that as fusty an animal as they think me, it is not impossible but by a little gentler treatment than I have hitherto met with, I may be humanized into a husband. As an inducement to them to relieve me from my present uneasy circumstances, you may assure them that I am rendered so exceedingly tractable by the very severe discipline I have undergone, that they may mold and fashion me to their minds with ease; and, consequently, that by marrying me, a woman will save herself all that trouble which a wife of any spirit is obliged to take with an unruly husband, who is absurd enough to expect from her a strict performance of the marriage vow, even in the very minute article of obedience: that, so far from contradicting a lady, I shall be mighty well satisfied if she contents herself with contradicting me; that, if I happen at any time inadvertently to thwart her inclinations, I shall think myself rightly served if she box my ears, spit in my face, or tread upon my corns: that, if I approach her lips when she is not in a kissing humor, I shall expect she will bite me by the nose; or, if I take her by the hand at an improper season, that she will instantly begin to pinch, scratch, and claw, and apply her fingers to those purposes which they were certainly intended by nature to fulfill. Add to these accomplishments, so requisite to make the married state happy, that I am not much turned of fifty, can tie on my cravat, fasten a button, or mend a hole in my stocking without any assistance.

I am, sir, your humble servant,
CHRISTOPHER IRONSIDE.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK

(1826–1887)

THE author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," wrote few essays, and there were few written by any one else in her lifetime worthy to rank with her admirable disquisition on "The Oddities of Odd People." In spite of its humor there is an undercurrent of pathos in it, and before concluding it the reader may come almost to the opinion that deep down under everything else it has an inspiration of personal resentment.

Dinah Maria Mulock was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, England, in 1826. At the age of twenty-three she published her first novel, "The Ogilvies." "The Head of the Family" appeared in 1851 and "Agatha's Husband" in 1852. "John Halifax, Gentleman," published in 1857, left no doubt of her genius. Among her later works were "Two Marriages," "A Brave Lady," and "A Noble Life." Her marriage to Mr. George L. Craik, Jr., occurred in 1865; her death in October, 1887.

THE ODDITIES OF ODD PEOPLE

"For ye suffer fools gladly."

YES, because we recognize them as fools, and there is in our human nature a certain Pharisaical element which hugs itself in the thought that we are not "as other men are." Therefore we regard them and their folly with a self-contented and not unkindly pity. We understand them and put up with them, and it soothes our vanity to feel how very much we are above them.

But these other, the "odd" people, are somewhat different. We do not understand them; they keep us always in an uneasy uncertainty as to whether we ought to respect or despise them; whether they are inferior or superior to ourselves. Consequently we are often to them unjust, and always untender. They puzzle us, these people whom we designate as "unlike other people" (that is, unlike ourselves and our charming and highly respectable neighbors); whose motives we do not comprehend and whose

actions we can never quite calculate upon; who are apparently a law unto themselves, quite independent of us; who do not look up to us,—nay, we rather suspect look down upon us, or are at least calmly indifferent to us, and consequently more irritating a thousand times than the obvious and confessed fools.

An "odd" person! How often one hears the word, and generally in a tone of depreciation, as if it implied a misfortune or a disgrace, or both. Which it does, when the oddity or eccentricity is not natural but artificially assumed, as is frequently the case. Of all forms of egotism, that of being intentionally peculiar is the most pitiful. The man who is always putting himself in an attitude, physical or moral, in order that the world may stare at him; striving to make himself different from other folks under the delusion that difference constitutes superiority—such a man merits, and generally gets, only contempt. He who, not from conscientiousness but conceit, sets himself against the tide of public opinion deserves to be swept away by it, as most commonly he is, in a whirl of just derision. Quite different is the case of one who is neither a fool nor an egotist, but merely "odd," born such, or made such by inevitable, and often rather sad, circumstances and habits of life.

It is for these, worthy sometimes of much sympathy, respect, and tenderness, never certainly of contempt, that I wish to say a word.

I once knew a family who, having possessed a tolerable amount of brains in itself for more than one generation, had an overweening admiration for the same, and got into the habit of calling all commonplace, ordinary people "chuckie-stanes"—every Scotch schoolboy knows the word. It describes exactly those people exactly like everybody else whom one is constantly meeting in society, and without whom society could not get on at all, for they make a sort of background to the other people, who are not like everybody else.

But in all surface judgments and unkindly criticisms there is some injustice. No one is really a "chuckie-stane." Every human being has his own individuality, small or large, his salient and interesting points, quite distinct from his neighbors, if only his neighbors will take the trouble to find them out. One often hears the remark, especially from the young, that such a person is "a bore," and such a house is "the dullest house possible." For myself, I can only say that I wonder where the "dull

houses" are and where the "bores" go to, for I never succeed in finding either. Only once I remember a feeling of despair in having the companionship for two mortal hours of a not brilliant young farmer; but I plunged him at once into sheep and turnips, when he became so enthusiastic and intelligent that I gained from him information which will last me to the end of my days on agricultural subjects.

Very few people are absolutely uninteresting except those that are unreal. A fool is bearable, a humbug never.

Now "odd" people, whatever they are, are certainly not humbugs. Nor are they necessarily bad people — quite the contrary. Society, much as it dislikes them, is forced to allow this. Many men and women whom others stigmatize as "so very peculiar," are, the latter often confess, not worse, but much better, than themselves; capable of acts of heroism which they know they would shrink from, and of endurances which they would much rather admire than imitate. But then they are such odd people!

How? In what does their oddity consist?

Generally their detractors cannot exactly say. It mostly resolves itself into small things, certain peculiarities of manner or quaintnesses of dress, or an original way of looking at things, and a fearless fashion of judging them; independence of or indifference to the innumerable small nothings which make the sum of what the world considers everything worth living, worth dying for, but which these odd people do not consider of so much importance after all. Therefore the world is offended with them, and condemns them with a severity scarcely commensurate with their deserts.

Especially in things most apparent outside — their manners and their clothing.

Now, far be it from me to aver that either of these is of no consequence. Dress especially, as the "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," is of the utmost consequence. They who, by neglecting it, make themselves singular in the eyes of strangers, or unpleasant in those of friends, are strongly to blame.

But not less so are the people who wear out their own lives, and those of others, by fidgeting over trifles — bemoaning a misfitting coat or an unbecoming bonnet, and behaving as if the world had come to an end on account of a speck on a boot or a small rent in a gown. There is a proportion in things. Those

who worry themselves to death, and others too, over minute wrongs and errors, commit a still greater wrong and overlook a much more serious error. How many of us would prefer to dine upon potatoes and salt, and dress in a sack with sleeve holes, rather than be ceaselessly tormented, with the best of intentions, about what we eat, drink, and put on! "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

Yes; but society must have its meat and also its raiment, and that in the most decorous form which the general consensus of its members considers is decorous. To set oneself rampantly against this is, when not wrong, simply foolish. The obnoxious plebeian who insisted in vindicating that "a man's a man for a' that," by presenting himself at a patrician dinner in rough morning garb, the conceited young artist who appeared so picturesque and snobbish at a full-dress assembly in his velvet painting-coat, were certainly odd people; but their oddity was pure silliness — neither grand nor heroic in the least. Nor, I must say, can I consider much wiser the ladies, young and old, whom I see yearly at private views, dressed not like the ordinary gentlewomen of the day, but just as if they had "stepped out of a picture," only the pictures they choose to step out of are not always the most beautiful — often the most *bizarre* of their kind.

As a general rule, any style of dress, whether an exaggeration of the fashion of the time or a divergence from it, which is so different from other people as to make them turn round and look at it, is a mistake. This sort of eccentricity I do not defend. But I do defend the right of every man and woman to dress himself and herself in their own way; that is, the way which they find most comfortable, suitable, and tasteful, provided it is not glaringly obnoxious to the community at large. . . .

A gentleman who, hating the much-abused but still-endured chimney-pot hat, persists in going through life with his noble brows shaded by a wide-awake; a lady who has manfully resisted deformity in the shape of tight stays and high-heeled boots, has held out successfully against hoop petticoats and dresses tied up like umbrellas, who declined equally to smother her fresh young face under a coal-scuttle bonnet, or to bare her poor old cheeks to sun and wind and critical observation by a small stringless hat, good neither for use nor ornament — such people may be set down as "odd"; but they are neither culpable nor contemptible.

They do what they consider right and best for themselves; and what possible harm do they do to other people?

Besides — though this is no excuse for all oddities, but it is for some — the chances are that they are people no longer young, who have learnt the true value of life and the true proportions of things much better than their accusers or criticisers. Possibly, too, they are busy people, who have many other things to think of than themselves and their clothes. It is the young, the idle, the small-minded, who are most prone to vex themselves about small things and outside things. As years advance and interests widen we see with larger eyes, and refuse to let minute evils destroy in us, and in those dear to us, that equal mind which — accepting life as a whole, in all its earnestness and reality, its beauty and sadness combined — weighs calmly and strikes bravely the balance of good and ill.

Perfection even in the humblest and commonest details is to be striven after, but not to the sacrifice of higher and better things. I have known a young lady sulk through half a ball because her dress was not quite as tight fitting as the mode exacted; and an elderly gentleman make a happy family-party miserable for a whole dinner-time because there chanced to be too much salt in the soup. Such exactingly "even" folk as these drive one to appreciate those that are "odd."

The world still contains many who persist in tithing "mint, anise, and cummin," and neglecting "wisdom, justice, and the weightier matters of the law." It is they who are hardest upon the odd people. Their minds, absorbed in the mint, anise, and cummin of existence, cannot take in the condition, intellectual and moral, of a person upon whom those "weightier matters" weigh so heavily that he is prone to overlook lesser matters, and object to be tired and bound by certain narrow social laws, which, indeed, being of no real importance, he refuses to consider laws at all. Therefore he is set down as a law-breaker, laughed at as eccentric, or abused as conceited, when probably there is in him not an atom of either conceit or egotism, and his only eccentricity consists in the fact that his own large nature cannot comprehend the exceeding smallness of other people's. He gives Tom, Dick, and Harry credit for the same quick sympathies, high aims, and earnest purposes that he has himself, and is altogether puzzled to find in them nothing of the kind. They can no more understand him than if he spoke to them in Chinese. They only think

him "a rather odd sort of person" — smile at him and turn away. So he "shuts up" — to use a phrase out of that elegant slang which they are far more adepts at than he — and Tom, Dick, and Harry hate him for evermore with the relentless animosity of small souls towards another soul, into whose depths they cannot in the least penetrate, but sometimes suspect it to be a little deeper and larger than their own.

And occasionally, rather to their annoyance, the fact is discovered, even by the purblind world.

Take, for instance, that very "odd" person Don Quixote, whom successive generations have laughed at as a mere fool; but this generation begins to see in the poor old knight a pathetic type of that ideal Christian chivalry which spends itself in succoring the weak and oppressed, which believes the best of every human being, and is only led astray by its expectation of finding in others the purity, truthfulness, honor, and unselfishness which are to itself as natural as the air it breathes. But they are not the natural atmosphere of half the world, which accordingly sets down those who practice these virtues — who have a high ideal of life, and strive through endless difficulties and deficiences to carry it out — as "Quixotic," or, at best, rather "odd" people. Yet these are the people who mostly influence the world. It is they who do daring acts of generosity or heroism, while others are only thinking about it; and perpetrate philanthropic follies with such success, that society, which would utterly have scouted them had they failed, now praises them as possessing the utmost wisdom and most admirable common sense.

Again, many are odd simply because they are independent. That weak gregariousness which is content to "follow the multitude to do evil" (or good, as it happens, and often the chances are pretty equal both ways) is not possible to them. They must think, speak, and act for themselves. And there is something in their natures which makes them a law unto themselves, without breaking any other rational laws. The bondage of conventionality — a stronghold and safeguard to feebler folk — is to them unnecessary and irksome. They mean to do the right, and do it, but they cannot submit to the trammels of mere convenience or expediency. Being quite clear of their own minds, and quite strong enough to carry out their own purposes, they prefer to do so, without troubling themselves very much about what others think of them. Having a much larger bump of self-esteem, or

self-respect, than of love of approbation, outside opinion does not weigh with them as it does with weaker people, and they go calmly upon their way without knowing or asking what are their neighbors' feelings towards them.

Therefore their neighbors, seeing actions but not motives, and being as ignorant of results as they are of causes, often pronounce upon them the rashest judgments, denouncing the quiet indifference of true greatness as petty vanity, and the simplicity of a pure heart and single mind as mere affectation. For to the worldly unworldliness is so incredible, to the bad goodness is so impossible, that they will believe anything sooner than believe in either. Any one whose ideal of life is above the ordinary standard, and who persists in carrying it out after a fashion incomprehensible to society in general, is sure to be denounced by society as "singular," or worse.

It always was so, and always will be. That excellent Italian gentleman — I forget his name — who felt it necessary to apologize for Michael Angelo's manners, doubtlessly considered the old sculptor as an exceedingly "odd" person. Odder still he must have been thought by many an elegant Florentine, when, for some mere crotchet about the abolition of the republic, he abruptly quitted Florence and all his advantages there; nor ever returned, even though leaving unfinished those works which still remain unfinished in the Mausoleum of the Medici,— monuments of the obstinacy, or conscientiousness, or whatever you like to call it, of a poor artist, who set his individual opinion and will in opposition to the highest power in the land.

Poor old fellow, with his grim, saturnine face and broken nose! How very "peculiar" he must have appeared to his contemporaries! One wonders if any one, even Vittoria Colonna, had the sense to see into the deep heart of him, with all its greatness, sadness, and tenderness. There is a Pietà of his at Genoa, and another in St. Peter's, in which the Virgin Mother's gaze upon her dead Son lying across her lap seems to express all the motherhood and all the grief for the dead since the foundation of the world. And yet the sculptor might have been rough enough, and eccentric enough, outside, and his friend might have been quite excusable in craving pardon for his "manners."

There are cases in which eccentricity requires more than an apology,— a rebuke. Those peculiarities which cause people to become a nuisance or an injury to other people, such as unpunc-

tuality as to time, neglect or inaccuracy in business matters, and all those minor necessities or courtesies of life which make it smooth and sweet,— these failings, from whatever cause they spring, ought, even if forgiven, not to be pardoned without protest. They are wrong in themselves, and no argument or apology will make them right. The man who breaks his appointments, forgets his social engagements, leaves his letters unanswered, and his promises unfulfilled, is not merely an "odd," but a very erring, individual; and if he shelters himself for this breach of every-day duties and courtesies by the notion that he is superior to them, deserves instead of excuses sharp condemnation.

But the peculiarities which harm nobody, and are not culpable in themselves, though they may seem so to the "chuckie-stanes" of society who are afraid of anything which differs from their own smooth roundness,— these are often more worthy of respectful tenderness than of blame or contempt. For who can tell the causes from which they sprang? What human being knows so entirely his fellow-creature's inner and outer life that he dare pronounce upon many things, crotchety habits, peculiar manners or dress, eccentric ways of life or mode of thought, which may have resulted from the unrecorded, but never obliterated, history of years? For it is mostly the old who are "odd," and when the young laugh at them, how do they know that they are not laughing at what may be their own fate one day? Many an oddity may have sprung from warped nobility of nature, many an eccentricity may have originated in the silent tragedy of a lifetime.

Of necessity these "odd" people are rather solitary people. They may dwell in a crowd, and do their duty in a large family, but neither the crowd nor the family entirely understands, or has much sympathy with them; and they know it. They do not always feel it, that is, to the extent of keen suffering, for their very "oddity" makes them sufficient to themselves, and they have ceased to expect what they know they cannot get. Still, at one time probably they did expect it. That "pernickity" old maid whom her nieces devoutly hope they may never resemble, may have been the "odd" one — but the thoughtful and earnest one — in a tribe of light-minded sisters, who danced and dressed, flirted and married, while she — who herself might possibly have wished to marry once upon a time — never did, but has lived her solitary, self-contained life from then till now, and will live it to

the end. That man, who was once a gay young bachelor, and is now a grim old bachelor,—not positively disagreeable, but very peculiar, with all sorts of queer notions of his own, may have been, though the world little guesses it, a thoroughly disappointed man; beginning life with a grand ideal of ambition or philanthropy, striving hard to make himself, or to mend the world, or both, and finding that the task is something

> "Like one who strives in little boat
> To tug to him the ship afloat."

And so, though he has escaped being swamped, he at last gives up the vain struggle, folds his arms, and lets himself float mournfully on with the ebbing tide.

For the tide of life is almost sure to be at its ebb with those whom we call "odd" people. Therefore, we ask for them, not exactly compassion — they seldom need it, and would scorn to ask it for themselves — but that tenderness which is allied to reverence, and shows itself as such. Young people have, in a sense, no right to be odd. They have plenty of years before them, and will meet plenty of attrition in the world, so as to rub down their angles and make them polished and pleasant to all beholders. Early singularities are generally mere affectations. But when time has brought to most of us the sad "too late," which in many things more or less we all must find, the case is a little different. Then it becomes the generation still advancing to show to that which is just passing away tenderness, consideration, and respect, even in spite of many harmless weaknesses.

For they know themselves as none other can ever know them except God. Others see their failures; but he saw how they struggled, and conquered sometimes. Others count their gains and triumphs; they have to sit night and day face to face with their perpetual losses. The world distinguishes shrewdly enough all they have done or not done; they themselves only know what they meant to do and how far they have succeeded. If they are "odd," that is, if having strong individualities, they are not afraid or ashamed to show them, to speak fearlessly, to act independently, or possibly, plunging into the other extreme, to sink into morbid silence and neither look nor speak at all — what marvel? Better that, perhaps, than be exactly like everybody else, and go through life as evenly and as uselessly as a chuckie-stane.

For undoubtedly odd people have their consolations.

In the first place they are quite sure not to be weak people. Every one with a marked individuality has always this one great blessing — he can stand alone. In his pleasures and his pains he is sufficient to himself, and if he does not get sympathy he can generally do without it. Also, "peculiar" people, though not attractive to the many, by the few who do love them are sure to be loved very deeply, as we are apt to love those who have strongly salient points, and in whom there is a good deal to get over. And even if unloved, they have generally great capacity of loving; a higher and, it may be, a safer thing. For affection that rests on another's love often leans on a broken reed; love which rests on itself is founded on a rock and cannot move. The waves may lash, the winds may rave around it; but there it is, and there it will abide.

The loneliness of which I have spoken is also something like that of a rock in the great sea; which flows about it, around it, and over it, but cannot affect it, save in the merest outward way. This solitude, the possible lot of many, is to these few a lot absolutely inevitable. No use to murmur at it, or grieve over it, or shrink from it. It is in the very nature of things; and it must be borne.

They whose standard of right is not movable, but fixed, not dictated to them from the outside, but drawn from something within; whose ideal is nothing in themselves or what they have around them, but something above and beyond both; whose motives are often totally misapprehended because they belong not to the seen, but the unseen; and whose actions are alike misjudged from their fearlessness of and indifference to either praise or blame — such people will always seem "odd" in the eyes of the world — which knows its own and loves them so far as it can.

But these it never does love, though it is sometimes a little afraid of them. Now and then it runs after them for awhile, and then, being disappointed, runs back and leaves them stranded in that solitude which sooner or later they are sure to find. Yet this solitude, increasing more and more as years advance, has in it glimpses of divine beauty, an atmosphere of satisfied peace which outsiders can seldom comprehend. Therefore they had better leave it and the "odd" people who dwell in it with deep reverence, but without needless pity, in the hands of the Great Consoler.

Complete. From "Good Words."

THOMAS CRANMER

(1489–1556)

THOMAS CRANMER, the first Protestant primate of England, was so engrossed with theological controversy that he contributed nothing to general literature. From our more modern standpoint this is a misfortune — the more so because he had an imaginative faculty of the highest order and a vocabulary of pure, idiomatic English, adequate to its expression. His "Preface to the Bible" gives in a few graphic strokes such a cumulative suggestion of the vicissitudes of life as can hardly be found elsewhere in English literature, unless it be in Shakespeare's tragedies or John Bunyan's sermons.

Cranmer was born in Nottinghamshire, England, July 2d, 1489, and was burned at the stake by Queen Mary at Oxford, March 21st, 1556. In his relation to literature, he represents the quickening influence of the revival of classical learning as it inspired the Teutonic and Gothic peoples of northern Europe. The most notable effect of this revival in northern Europe was an irresistible desire to study more critically and completely the Greek and Hebrew versions of the Bible. Cranmer was a classical scholar of eminent attainments, but his style as a master of English comes chiefly from the Bible. He was largely instrumental in translating and arranging the English Prayer-Book, and Froude says of it that though the most beautiful portions of it are from the "Breviary," yet Cranmer impressed his individuality on the translation by "the silvery melody of his language."

THIS TROUBLESOME WORLD

THEY that be free and far from trouble and intermeddling of worldly things live in safeguard, and tranquillity, and in calm, within a sure haven. Thou art in the midst of the sea of worldly wickedness, and therefore thou needest the more of ghostly succor and comfort: they sit far from the strokes of battle, and far out of gunshot, and therefore they be but seldom wounded: thou that standest in the forefront of the host and nighest to thine enemies must needs take now and then many strokes, and be grievously wounded. And therefore thou hast more need to have thy remedies and medicines at hand. Thy

wife provoketh thee to anger, thy child giveth thee occasion to take sorrow and pensiveness, thine enemies lieth in wait for thee, thy friend (as thou takest him) sometime envieth thee, thy neighbor misreporteth thee, or pricketh quarrels against thee, thy mate or partner undermineth thee, thy lord judge or justice threateneth thee, poverty is painful unto thee, the loss of thy dear and well-beloved causeth thee to mourn; prosperity exalteth thee, adversity bringeth thee low. Briefly, so divers and so manifold occasions of cares, tribulations, and temptations, besetteth thee and besiegeth thee round about. Where canst thou have armor or fortress against thine assaults? Where canst thou have salve for thy sores, but of Holy Scripture? Thy flesh must needs be prone and subject to fleshly lusts, which daily walkest and art conversant amongst women, seest their beauties set forth to the eye, hearest their nice and wanton words, smellest their balm, civit, and musk, with other like provocations and stirrings, except thou hast in a readiness wherewith to suppress and avoid them, which cannot elsewhere be had, but only out of the Holy Scriptures. Let us read and seek all remedies that we can, and all shall be little enough. How shall we then do, if we suffer and take daily wounds, and when we have done, will sit still and search for no medicines? Dost thou not mark and consider how the smith, mason, or carpenter, or any other handicraftsman, what need soever he be in, what other shift soever he make, he will not sell or lay to pledge the tools of his occupation; for then how should he work his feat, or get a living thereby? Of like mind and affection ought we to be towards Holy Scripture; for as mallets, hammers, saws, chisels, axes, and hatchets be the tools of their occupation, so be the books of the prophets and apostles, and all Holy Writ inspired by the Holy Ghost, the instruments of our salvation. Wherefore, let us not stick to buy and provide us the Bible, that is to say, the books of Holy Scripture. And let us think that to be a better jewel in our house than either gold or silver. For like as thieves be loath to assault an house where they know to be good armor and artillery; so wheresoever these holy and ghostly books be occupied, there neither the devil nor none of his angels dare come near. And they that occupy them be in much safeguard, and having great consolation, and be the readier unto all goodness, the slower to all evil; and if they have done anything amiss, anon, even by the sight of the books, their consciences be admonished, and they wax sorry and ashamed of the fact.

From his «Preface to the Bible.»

SIR EDWARD SHEPHERD CREASY

(1812–1878)

THE work now famous as "Creasy's Battles" (Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World) appeared first as a series of essays published from time to time in English reviews. Their excellence was apparent from the first, and when they were collected and published in book form (1852) they at once took their permanent place among the most popular historical essays of the language. Their popularity is still so great that both in England and America new editions are constantly appearing. Creasy was born in Kent, England, September 12th, 1812. Among his works are "The Rise and Progress of the English Constitution," "History of the Ottoman Turks," etc.; but he is known to the general public only by his "Battles." The secret of their success lies primarily in the choice of subject and in the wealth of well-handled incident with which he illustrates and develops the subject. He died in London, January 27th, 1878.

THE OLD GUARD AT WATERLOO

BLUCHER and Bulow were beginning to press upon the French right; as early as five o'clock Napoleon had been obliged to detach Lobau's infantry and Domont's horse to check these new enemies. This was done for a time; but, as large numbers of the Prussians came on the field, they turned Lobau's left, and sent a strong force to seize the village of Planchenoit, which, it will be remembered, lay in the rear of the French right. Napoleon was now obliged to send his Young Guard to occupy that village, which was accordingly held by them with great gallantry against the reiterated assaults of the Prussian left under Bulow. But the force remaining under Napoleon was now numerically inferior to that under the Duke of Wellington, which he had been assailing throughout the day, without gaining any other advantage than the capture of La Haye Sainte. It is true that, owing to the gross misconduct of the greater part of the Dutch and Belgian troops, the duke was obliged to rely exclusively on his English and German soldiers, and the ranks of these

THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.

After the Painting by R. Ansdell.

RICHARD ANSDELL is celebrated chiefly for his work as an animal painter. Among his notable pictures of this class are "The Wounded Hound," "Retriever and Pheasant," "Morning," and "Ready for the Moor." "The Fight for the Standard" expresses the passion of struggle almost as much through the action of the horses as of their riders. Ansdell, who was born at Liverpool, England, in 1815, died there in 1885.

had been fearfully thinned; but the survivors stood their ground heroically, and still opposed a resolute front to every forward movement of their enemies. Napoleon had then the means of effecting a retreat. His Old Guard had yet taken no part in the action. Under cover of it, he might have withdrawn his shattered forces and retired upon the French frontier. But this would only have given the English and Prussians the opportunity of completing their junction; and he knew that other armies were fast coming up to aid them in a march upon Paris, if he should succeed in avoiding an encounter with them, and retreating upon the capital. A victory at Waterloo was his only alternative from utter ruin, and he determined to employ his Guard in one bold stroke more to make that victory his own.

Between seven and eight o'clock the infantry of the Old Guard was formed into two columns on the declivity near La Belle Alliance. Ney was placed at their head. Napoleon himself rode forward to a spot by which his veterans were to pass; and as they approached he raised his arm and pointed to the position of the allies as if to tell them that their path lay there. They answered with loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and descended the hill from their own side into that "valley of the shadow of death," while their batteries thundered with redoubled vigor over their heads upon the British line. The line of march of the columns of the Guard was directed between Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, against the British right centre; and at the same time, Donzelot and the French, who had possession of La Haye Sainte, commenced a fierce attack upon the British centre, a little more to its left. This part of the battle has drawn less attention than the celebrated attack of the Old Guard; but it formed the most perilous crisis for the allied army; and if the Young Guard had been there to support Donzelot, instead of being engaged with the Prussians at Planchenoit, the consequences to the allies in that part of the field must have been most serious. The French tirailleurs, who were posted in clouds in La Haye Sainte, and the sheltered spots near it, completely disabled the artillerymen of the English batteries near them; and, taking advantage of the crippled state of the English guns, the French brought some fieldpieces up to La Haye Sainte, and commenced firing grape from them on the infantry of the allies, at a distance of not more than a hundred paces. The allied infantry here consisted of some German brigades, who were formed in squares, as it was

believed that Donzelot had cavalry ready behind La Haye Sainte to charge them with, if they left that order of formation. In this state the Germans remained for some time with heroic fortitude, though the grapeshot was tearing gaps in their ranks, and the side of one square was literally blown away by one tremendous volley which the French gunners poured into it. The Prince of Orange in vain endeavored to lead some Nassau troops to their aid. The Nassauers would not or could not face the French; and some battalions of Brunswickers, whom the Duke of Wellington had ordered up as re-enforcement, at first fell back, until the duke in person rallied them and led them on. The duke then galloped off to the right to head his men who were exposed to the attack of the Imperial Guard. He had saved one part of his centre from being routed; but the French had gained ground here and the pressure on the allied line was severe, until it was relieved by the decisive success which the British in the right centre achieved over the columns of the Guard.

The British troops on the crest of that part of the position, which the first column of Napoleon's Guards assailed, were Maitland's brigade of British Guards, having Adam's brigade on their right. Maitland's men were lying down, in order to avoid, as far as possible, the destructive effect of the French artillery, which kept up an unremitting fire from the opposite heights, until the first column of the Imperial Guard had advanced so far up the slope toward the British position that any further firing of the French artillerymen would endanger their own comrades. Meanwhile, the British guns were not idle; but shot and shell ploughed fast through the ranks of the stately array of veterans that still moved imposingly on. Several of the French superior officers were at its head. Ney's horse was shot under him, but he still led the way on foot, sword in hand. The front of the massy column now was on the ridge of the hill. To their surprise, they saw no troops before them. All they could discern through the smoke was a small band of mounted officers. One of them was the duke himself. The French advanced to about fifty yards from where the British Guards were lying down, when the voice of one of the band of British officers was heard calling, as if to the ground before him, "Up, Guards, and at them!" It was the duke who gave the order; and at the words, as if by magic, up started before them a line of the British Guards four deep, and in the most compact and perfect order.

They poured an instantaneous volley upon the head of the French column, by which no less than three hundred of those chosen veterans are said to have fallen. The French officers rushed forward, and, conspicuous in front of their men, attempted to deploy them into a more extended line, so as to enable them to reply with effect to the British fire. But Maitland's brigade kept showering in volley after volley with deadly rapidity. The decimated column grew disordered in its vain efforts to expand itself into a more efficient formation. The right word was given at the right moment to the British for the bayonet charge, and the brigade sprang forward with a loud cheer against their dismayed antagonists. In an instant the compact mass of the French spread out into a rabble, and they fled back down the hill pursued by Maitland's men, who, however, returned to their position in time to take part in the repulse of the second column of the Imperial Guard.

This column also advanced with great spirit and firmness under the cannonade which was opened on it, and, passing by the eastern wall of Hougumont, diverged slightly to the right as it moved up the slope toward the British position, so as to approach the same spot where the first column had surmounted the height and been defeated. This enabled the British regiments of Adam's brigade to form a line parallel to the left flank of the French column, so that while the front of this column of French Guards had to encounter the cannonade of the British batteries and the musketry of Maitland's Guards, its left flank was assailed with a destructive fire by a four-deep body of British infantry extending all along it. In such a position all the bravery and skill of the French veterans were vain. The second column, like its predecessor, broke and fled, taking at first a lateral direction along the front of the British line toward the rear of La Haye Sainte, and so becoming blended with the divisions of French infantry, which, under Donzelot, had been pressing the allies so severely in that quarter. The sight of the Old Guard broken and in flight checked the ardor which Donzelot's troops had hitherto displayed. They, too, began to waver. Adam's victorious brigade was pressing after the flying Guard, and now cleared away the assailants of the allied centre. But the battle was not yet won. Napoleon had still some battalions in reserve near La Belle Alliance. He was rapidly rallying the remains of the first column of his Guards, and he had collected into one body the

remnants of the various corps of cavalry, which had suffered so severely in the earlier part of the day. The duke instantly formed the bold resolution of now himself becoming the assailant, and leading his successful though enfeebled army forward, while the disheartening effect of the repulse of the Imperial Guard on the French army was still strong, and before Napoleon and Ney could rally the beaten veterans themselves for another and a fiercer charge. As the close approach of the Prussians now completely protected the duke's left, he had drawn some reserves of horse from that quarter, and he had a brigade of hussars under Vivian fresh and ready at hand. Without a moment's hesitation, he launched these against the cavalry near La Belle Alliance. The charge was as successful as it was daring; and as there was now no hostile cavalry to check the British infantry in a forward movement, the duke gave the long-wished-for command for a general advance of the army along the whole line upon the foe. It was now past eight o'clock, and for nine deadly hours had the British and German regiments stood unflinching under the fire of artillery, the charge of cavalry, and every variety of assault that the compact columns or the scattered tirailleurs of the enemy's infantry could inflict. As they joyously sprang forward against the discomfited masses of the French, the setting sun broke through the clouds which had obscured the sky during the greater part of the day, and glittered on the bayonets of the allies, while they in turn poured down into the valley and toward the heights that were held by the foe. Almost the whole of the French host was now in irretrievable confusion. The Prussian army was coming more and more rapidly forward on their right, and the Young Guard, which had held Planchenoit so bravely, was at last compelled to give way. Some regiments of the Old Guard in vain endeavored to form in squares. They were swept away to the rear; and then Napoleon himself fled from the last of his many fields, to become in a few weeks a captive and an exile. The battle was lost by France past all recovery.

From «Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.»

JOHN WILSON CROKER

(1780–1857)

John Wilson Croker, one of the founders of the Quarterly Review, had an intellect which might have made his one of the greatest names of nineteenth-century literature had he devoted himself to constructive work instead of the vicious and malignant criticism which characterized the political "reviewing" of his time. As it is, though he did work of real excellence, he is remembered chiefly for a controversy with Macaulay in which both were wrong. The characteristic "critical review" of Croker's time is frequently mistaken for a genuine essay, but the differences between them are as vital as those between an edible mushroom and a toadstool. A genuine essay stands for some definite thought around which a constructive intellect has slowly accumulated the material for its expression. The typical reviews of the Quarterly frequently represent ignorance, impudence, malignity, and the worst form of literary grand larceny. The reviewer begins by attacking the author of a book which may have cost years of painful study, and in order to bolster up his own false pretenses of superior familiarity with the subject, ends by deliberately "assimilating" from the author he attacks whatever in the book promises to be of most interest to the public for whose pennies and approval he is appealing. This was a method with some of the most celebrated "cut and slash" reviewers of the first half of the nineteenth century. It had a most unfortunate effect on the morals of literature, and it so corrupted style that it is hard to find anywhere worse examples of turgid and pompous diffuseness than frequently appear in the most pretentious of the critical reviews.

Croker's best work was done when he was handling some subject in which he felt himself a pioneer. His "History of the Guillotine" is still read, and perhaps nothing he has written does him more credit.

He was born in Galway, Ireland, December 20th, 1780, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Elected to Parliament in 1808, he held office until 1832, when he retired permanently in fulfillment of the pledge or protestation that he would never sit in any Parliament chosen under the Reform Bill. His edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" was attacked by Macaulay, and he retorted with an attack

on Macaulay's "History of England." He wrote poems, sketches, and historical works, but his chief reputation in his own generation depended on his work in politics and as a political reviewer. He died August 10th, 1857.

THE GUILLOTINE IN FRANCE

THE guillotine remained in the Place de la Révolution till the eighth of June, 1794, when the inhabitants of the streets through which these batches (fournées), as they were called, of sufferers used to pass, became at last tired of that agreeable sight, and solicited its removal. This would probably have been not much regarded; but there was a more potent motive. Robespierre seems at this time to have adopted a new policy, and to have formed some design of founding a dictatorial authority in his own person on the basis of religion and morals. On the seventh of June he made his famous report acknowledging "l'Etre Supréme," and appointing the twentieth of June for the great fête in the garden of the Tuileries, which was to celebrate this recognition. Of this fête Robespierre was to be the Pontifex Maximus, and it can hardly be doubted that it was to remove the odious machine from the immediate scene of his glorification that it was — the day after the decree and ten days before the féte — removed to the Place St. Antoine, in front of the ruins of the Bastile; but that a day might not be lost, it was removed on a Decadi, the republican Sabbath. It stood, however, but five days in the Place St. Antoine, for the shopkeepers even of that patriotic quarter did not like their new neighbor; and so, after having in these five days executed ninety-six persons, it was removed still further to the Barrière du Tróne, or, as it was called in the absurd nomenclature of the day, Barrière Renversée.

There it stood from the ninth of June to the fall of Robespierre, 9th Thermidor (July 27th, 1794). So say all the authorities; but an incident in the trial of Fouquier-Tinville seems to prove that, in the early part of July at least, the scaffold stood in the Place de la Révolution, and that the instrument was dismounted every evening. A lady, the Marquise de Feuquières, was to be tried on the first of July; the whole evidence against her was a document which had been placed under the seals of the law at her country house near Versailles, and Fouquier sent off the night before a special messenger to bring it up; the mes-

senger was delayed by the local authorities, and could not get back to Paris till half-past four on the evening of the first, when, "on arriving at the Place de la Révolution, he found the executioner dismounting the engine, and was informed that the Marquise de Feuquières had been guillotined an• hour before," — having been tried and condemned without a tittle of any kind of evidence; and this fact, attested by his own messenger, Fouquier could not deny — though we cannot reconcile it with the other evidence as to the locality of the guillotine at that particular period. In all the lists *des Condamnes* Madame de Feuquières and twenty-three other persons are stated to have suffered on the first of July at the Barrière du Tróne.

In the forty-nine days in which it is said to have stood at the Barrière du Tróne it despatched one thousand two hundred and seventy persons of both sexes, and of all ages and ranks, and it became necessary to build a kind of sanguiduct to carry off the streams of blood; and on the very last day, when the tyrant had already fallen, and that the smallest interruption would had sufficed to have stopped the fatal procession, forty-nine persons passed almost unguarded through the stupefied streets to the place of execution. And here we have the last occasion to mention Sanson; and it is to his credit, as indeed all the personal details related of him seem to be. On the 9th Thermidor there was, about half-past three in the afternoon, just as the last batch of victims was about to leave the Conciergerie, a considerable commotion in the town, caused by the revolt against Robespierre. At that moment Fouquier, on his way to dine with a neighbor, passed through the courts where the prisoners were ascending the fatal carts. Sanson, whose duty it was to conduct the prisoners to execution, ventured to stop the Accusateur Public to represent to him that there were some rumors of a commotion, and to suggest whether it would not be prudent to postpone the execution till at least the next morning. Fouquier roughly replied that the law must take it course. He went to dinner, and the forty-nine victims went to the scaffold, whither in due time he followed them!

The next day the guillotine was removed back to the scene of its longest triumphs — the Place de la Révolution — where on the twenty-eighth of July it avenged humanity on Robespierre and twenty-one of his followers; on the next day sixty-nine, and on the day after thirteen more of his associates fell, amongst whom

were most of the judges, juries, and officers of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and a majority of the Commune of Paris — greater monsters, if possible, than the members of the Tribunal. Here indeed the trite quotation,—

"*Neque enim lex æquior ulla*
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua," —

may be applied with incomparable propriety.

Of the operations of the guillotine in the departments during the Parisian Reign of Terror we have very scanty information. We only know that in most of the great towns it was in permanent activity, and that in some remarkable instances, as at Avignon, Nantes, and Lyons, its operations were found too slow for "the vengeance of the people," and were assisted by the wholesale massacres of fusillades and noyades. At Nantes, and some other places, the Conventional Proconsuls carried M. de Clermont Tonnere's principle to the extreme extent of ostentatiously inviting the Executioner to dinner.

For some months after the fall of Robespierre the Parisian guillotine was, though not permanently, yet actively, employed against his immediate followers; and, subsequently, against the tail (as it was called) of his faction, who attempted to revive the Reign of Terror; but we have no distinct details of these proceedings; the numbers, though great, were insignificant in comparison with the former massacres, and no one, we believe, suffered who did not amply deserve it — Fouquier-Tinville himself and the remainder of his colleagues, the judges and jury of the tribunal, included. His and their trial is the most extraordinary document that the whole revolution has produced, and develops a series of turpitudes and horrors such as no imagination could conceive. But that does not belong to our present subject, and we must hasten to conclude.

Under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, we do not find that any immoderate use was made of the guillotine; — the very name had become intolerably odious, and the ruling powers were reluctant to use it even on legitimate occasions. During the Restoration it was rarely employed, and never, as far as we recollect, for any political crime. When occasion for its use occurred, it was brought forth and erected in the Place de Greve, and removed immediately after the execution; and we ourselves can bear witness — though we could not bring ourselves

to see it — that one of these tragedies, which occurred while we happened to be in Paris, appeared to throw a kind of gloom and uneasiness over the whole city, that contrasted very strongly and very favorably with our recollection of the events of twenty years before.

After the accession of Louis Philippe, for whom the guillotine must have been an object of the most painful contemplation, sentences of death were also very rare, and certainly never executed where there was any possible room for mercy. The executions, too, when forced upon him, took place at early hours and in remote and uncertain places; and every humane art was used to cover the operations of the fatal instrument with a modest veil, not only from motives of general decency and humanity, but also, no doubt, from national pride and personal sensibility. What Frenchman would not wish that the name and memory of the guillotine could be blotted from the history of mankind? "The word Guillotine," says the author of "Les Fastes de l'Anarchie," "should be effaced from the language." But the revolutionary horrors which France is naturally so anxious to forget, it the more behooves us and the rest of Europe to remember and meditate. Such massacres as we have been describing will probably never be repeated; they will, no doubt, stand unparalleled in the future, as they do in the former annals of the world; but they should never be forgotten as an example of the incalculable excesses of popular insanity.

From "History of the Guillotine."

RICHARD CUMBERLAND

(1732–1811)

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, dramatist, novelist, and author of the essays collected in the Observer, was born at Cambridge, England, February 19th, 1732. He was a grandson of the famous Richard Bentley, to whom he owed his taste for the classics and also, as it is said, much of the material he drew on in illustrating it. He wrote poems, comedies, novels, tracts, and biographies, as well as essays. Among his best-known miscellaneous works are "Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain." He died May 7th, 1811.

FALSTAFF AND HIS FRIENDS

WHEN it had entered into the mind of Shakespeare to form an historical play upon certain events in the reign of Henry IV. of England, the character of the Prince of Wales recommended itself to his fancy, as likely to supply him with a fund of dramatic incidents; for what could invention have more happily suggested than this character, which history presented ready to his hands? a riotous, disorderly young libertine, in whose nature lay hidden those seeds of heroism and ambition, which were to burst forth at once to the astonishment of the world and to achieve the conquest of France. This prince, whose character was destined to exhibit a revolution of so brilliant a sort, was not only in himself a very tempting hero for the dramatic poet, who delights in incidents of novelty and surprise, but also offered to his imagination a train of attendant character, in the persons of his wild comrades and associates, which would be of themselves a drama. Here was a field for invention wide enough even for the genius of Shakespeare to range in. All the humors, passions, and extravagances of human life might be brought into the composition, and when he had grouped and personified them to his taste and liking, he had a leader ready to place at the head of the train, and the truth of history to give life and interest to his drama.

With these materials ready for creation, the great artist sat down to his work; the canvas was spread before him, ample and capacious as the expanse of his own fancy; Nature put her pencil into his hand and he began to sketch. His first concern was to give a chief or captain to this gang of rioters; this would naturally be the first outline he drew. To fill up the drawing of this personage, he conceived a voluptuary in whose figure and character there should be an assemblage of comic qualities; in his person he should be bloated and blown up to the size of a Silenus, lazy, luxurious; in sensuality a satyr; in intemperance a bacchanalian. As he was to stand in the post of a ringleader amongst thieves and cutpurses, he made him a notorious liar, a swaggering coward, vainglorious, arbitrary, knavish, crafty, voracious of plunder, lavish of his gains, without credit, honor, or honesty, and in debt to everybody about him. As he was to be the chief seducer and misleader of the heir apparent of the crown, it was incumbent on the poet to qualify him for that part in such a manner as should give probability and even a plea to the temptation; this was only to be done by the strongest touches and the highest colorings of a master; by hitting off a humor of so happy, so facetious, and so alluring a cast as should tempt even royalty to forget itself and virtue to turn reveler in his company. His lies, his vanity, and his cowardice, too gross to deceive, were to be so ingenious as to give delight; his cunning evasions, his witty resources, his mock solemnity, his vaporing self-consequence, were to furnish a continual feast of laughter to his royal companion; he was not only to be witty himself, but the cause of wit in other people; a whetstone for raillery; a buffoon whose very person was a jest. Compounded of these humors, Shakespeare produced the character of Sir John Falstaff; a character which neither ancient nor modern comedy has ever equaled, which was so much the favorite of its author as to be introduced in three several plays, and which is likely to be the idol of the English stage as long as it shall speak the language of Shakespeare.

This character almost singly supports the whole comic plot of the first part of "Henry the Fourth"; the poet has, indeed, thrown in some auxiliary humors in the persons of Gadshill, Peto, Bardolph, and Hostess Quickly; the first two serve for little else except to fill up the action, but Bardolph as a butt to Falstaff's raillery, and the hostess in her wrangling scene with him when

his pockets had been emptied as he was asleep in the tavern, give occasion to scenes of infinite pleasantry. Poins is contrasted from the rest of the gang, and as he is made the companion of the prince, is very properly represented as a man of better qualities and morals than Falstaff's more immediate hangers-on and dependants.

The humor of Falstaff opens into full display upon his very first introduction with the prince; the incident of the robbery on the highway, the scene in Eastcheap, in consequence of that ridiculous encounter, and the whole of his conduct, during the action with Percy, are so exquisitely pleasant, that upon the renovation of his dramatic life in the second part of "Henry the Fourth," I question if the humor does not, in part, evaporate by continuation; at least I am persuaded that it flattens a little in the outset, and though his wit may not flow less copiously, yet it comes with more labor and is further fetched. The poet seems to have been sensible how difficult it was to preserve the vein as rich as at first, and has therefore strengthened his comic plot in the second play with several new recruits, who may take a share with Falstaff, to whom he no longer intrusts the whole burden of the humor. In the front of these auxiliaries stands Pistol, a character so new, whimsical, and extravagant, that if it were not for a commentator now living, whose very extraordinary researches, amongst our old authors, have supplied us with passages to illuminate the strange rhapsodies which Shakespeare has put into his mouth, I should, for one, have thought Ancient Pistol as wild and imaginary a being as Caliban; but I now perceive, by the help of these discoveries, that the character is made up in great part of absurd and fustian passages from many plays, in which Shakespeare was versed, and, perhaps, had been a performer. Pistol's dialogue is a tissue of old tags of bombast, like the Middle Comedy of the Greeks, which dealt in parody. I abate of my astonishment at the invention and originality of the poet, but it does not lessen my respect for his ingenuity. Shakespeare founded his bully in parody, Jonson copied his from nature, and the palm seems due to Bobadil, upon a comparison with Pistol; Congreve copied a very happy likeness from Jonson, and, by the fairest and most laudable imitation, produced his Noll Bluff, one of the pleasantest humorists on the comic stage.

Shallow and Silence are two very strong auxiliaries to this second part of Falstaff's humors, and though they do not abso-

lutely belong to his family, they are nevertheless near of kin, and derivatives from his stock. Surely, two pleasanter fellows never trod the stage; they not only contrast and play upon each other, but Silence sober and Silence tipsy make the most comical reverse in nature; never was drunkenness so well introduced or so happily employed in any drama. The dialogue between Shallow and Falstaff, and the description given by the latter of Shallow's youthful frolics, are as true nature and as true comedy as man's invention ever produced. The recruits are also, in the literal sense, the recruits of the drama. These personages have the further merit of throwing Falstaff's character into a new cast, and giving it the seasonable relief of variety.

Dame Quickly also, in this second part, resumes her rôle with great comic spirit, but with some variation of character, for the purpose of introducing a new member into the troop in the person of Doll Tearsheet, the common trull of the times. Though this part is very strongly colored, and though the scene with her and Falstaff is of a loose as well as ludicrous nature, yet if we compare Shakespeare's conduct of this incident with that of the dramatic writers of his time, and even since his time, we must confess he has managed it with more than common care, and exhibited his comic hero in a very ridiculous light, without any of those gross indecencies which the poets of his age indulged themselves in without restraint.

The humor of the Prince of Wales is not so free and unconstrained as in the first part; though he still demeans himself in the course of his revels, yet it is with frequent marks of repugnance and self-consideration, as becomes the conqueror of Percy, and we see his character approaching fast towards a thorough reformation; but though we are thus prepared for the change that is to happen, when this young hero throws off the reveler and assumes the king, yet we are not fortified against the weakness of pity, when the disappointment and banishment of Falstaff takes place, and the poet executes justice upon his inimitable delinquent, with all the rigor of an unrelenting moralist. The reader or spectator, who has accompanied Falstaff through his dramatic story, is in debt to him for so many pleasant moments, that all his failings, which should have raised contempt, have only provoked laughter, and he begins to think they are not natural to his character, but assumed for his amusement. With these impressions we see him delivered over to mortification and disgrace,

and bewail his punishment with a sensibility that is only due to the sufferings of the virtuous.

As it is impossible to ascertain the limits of Shakespeare's genius, I will not presume to say he could not have supported his humor, had he chosen to have prolonged his existence through the succeeding drama of "Henry the Fifth"; we may conclude that no ready expedient presented itself to his fancy, and he was not apt to spend much pains in searching for such. He therefore put him to death, by which he fairly placed him out of the reach of his contemporaries, and got rid of the trouble and difficulty of keeping him up to his original pitch, if he had attempted to carry him through a third drama, after he had removed the Prince of Wales out of his company, and seated him on the throne. I cannot doubt but there were resources in Shakespeare's genius, and a latitude of humor in the character of Falstaff, which might have furnished scenes of admirable comedy by exhibiting him in his disgrace, and both Shallow and Silence would have been accessories to his pleasantry. Even the field of Agincourt, and the distress of the king's army before the action, had the poet thought proper to have produced Falstaff on the scene, might have been as fruitful in comic incidents as the battle of Shrewsbury. This we can readily believe from the humors of Fluellen and Pistol, which he has woven into his drama; the former of whom is made to remind us of Falstaff, in his dialogue with Captain Gower, when he tells him that: "As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat Knight with the great pelly-doublet. He was full of jests and gypes and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.—Sir John Falstaff.—That is he." This passage has ever given me a pleasing sensation, as it marks a regret in the poet to part with a favorite character, and is a tender farewell to his memory. It is also with particular propriety that these words are put into the mouth of Fluellen, who stands here as his substitute, and whose humor, as well as that of Nym, may be said to have arisen out of the ashes of Falstaff.

Complete. Number 73 of the Observer.

ON CERTAIN VENERABLE JOKES

—Singula lætus
Exquiritque, auditque virûm monumenta priorum.
—Virg. Æn. VIII. 311.

Of all our dealers in second-hand wares, few bring their goods to so bad a market as those humble wits who retail other people's worn-out jokes. A man's good sayings are so personally his own, and depend so much upon manner and circumstances, that they make a poor figure in other people's mouths, and suffer even more by printing than they do by repeating. It is also a very difficult thing to pen a witticism; for by the time we have adjusted all the descriptive arrangements of this man said, and t'other man replied, we have miserably blunted the edge of the repartee. These difficulties, however, have been happily overcome by Mr Joseph Miller and other facetious compilers, whose works are in general circulation, and may be heard of in most clubs and companies where gentlemen meet, who love to say a good thing without the trouble of inventing it. We are also in a fair train of knowing everything that a late celebrated author said, as well as wrote, without an exception even of his most secret ejaculations. We may judge how valuable these diaries will be to posterity, when we reflect how much we should now be edified, had any of the Ancients given us as minute a *collectanea* of their illustrious contemporaries.

We have, it is true, a few of Cicero's table jokes; but how delightful would it be to know what he said, when nobody heard him! How piously he reproached himself when he lay in bed too late in a morning, or ate too heartily at Hortensius's or Cæsar's table. We are told, indeed, that Cato the Censor loved his jest, but we should have been doubly glad to have partaken of it; what a pity it is that nobody thought it worth their while to record some pleasanter specimen than Macrobius has given us of his retort upon Q. Albidius, a glutton and a spendthrift, when his house was on fire—"What he could not eat, he has burnt," said Cato; where the point of the jest lies in the allusion to a particular kind of sacrifice, and the good-humor of it with himself. It was better said by P. Syrus the actor, when he saw one Mucius, a malevolent fellow, in a very melancholy mood—"Either

some ill fortune has befallen Mucius, or some good has happened to one of his acquaintance." . . .

Cicero, it is well known, was a great joker, and some of his good sayings have reached us; it does not appear as if his wit had been of the malicious sort, and yet Pompey, whose temper could not stand a jest, was so galled by him that he is reported to have said with great bitterness: "Oh! that Cicero would go over to my enemies, for then he would be afraid of me." If Cicero forgave this sarcasm, I should call him not only a better tempered, but a braver man than Pompey.

But of all the ancient wits, Augustus seems to have had the most point, and he was as remarkable for taking a jest as for giving it. A country fellow came to Rome who was so like the emperor that all the city ran after him; Augustus heard of it, and ordering the man into his presence — "Harkye, friend!" says he, "when was your mother in Rome?" "Never, an please you!" replied the countryman, "but my father has been here many a time and oft." The anecdote of the old soldier is still more to his credit; he solicited the emperor to defend him in a suit; Augustus sent his own advocate into court; the soldier was dissatisfied and said to the emperor, "I did not fight for you by proxy at Actium." Augustus felt the reproof, and condescended to his request in person. When Pacuvius Taurus greedily solicited a largess from the emperor and, to urge him to the greater liberality, added that all the world would have it that he had made him a very bountiful donation — "But you know better," said Augustus, "than to believe the world," and dismissed the sycophant without his errand. I shall mention one more case, where, by a very courtly evasion, he parried the solicitation of his captain of the guard who had been cashiered, and was petitioning the emperor to allow him his pay; telling him that he did not ask that indulgence for the sake of the money which might accrue to him, but that he might have it to say he had resigned his commission, and not been cashiered. "If that be all your reason," said the emperor, "tell the world that you have received it, and I will not deny that I have paid it."

Vatinius, who was noted to a proverb as a common slanderer, and particularly obnoxious for his scurrility against Cicero, was pelted by the populace in the amphitheatre whilst he was giving them the Gladiators; he complained to the Ædiles of the insult, and got an edict forbidding the people to cast anything into the

area but apples. An arch fellow brought a furious large fir-apple to the famous lawyer Cascellius and demanded his opinion upon the edict. "I am of opinion," says Cascellius, "that your fir-apple is literally and legally an apple, with this proviso, however, that you intend to throw it at Vatinius's head."

As there is some danger in making too free with old jokes, I shall hold my hand for the present; but if these should succeed in being acceptable to my readers, I shall not be afraid of meeting Mr. Joseph Miller and his modern witticisms with my Ancients.

From number 52 of the Observer.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

(1784–1842)

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, December 7th, 1784, from a peasant family, and during his boyhood was apprenticed to a stone mason. He had the faculty of setting words to music so developed that some of the songs he wrote in his youth have a most exquisite melody. The same faculty appears in his prose — even where his critics pronounce it "too ambitious." Leaving Scotland for London, he earned a living first as a stone worker in a sculptor's studio and afterwards as a newspaper reporter and writer for London publishers. His "Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern" are still in print. His "Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters" afford examples of the best style of essay writing — that in which ideas are developed by the picturesque handling of fact and incident. His "Critical History of the Last Fifty Years" was greatly admired by Sir Walter Scott. In addition to his work as an editor he wrote numerous poems, sketches, and several novels. He died October 30th, 1842.

THE HABITS OF HOGARTH

IT WAS Hogarth's custom to sketch out on the spot any remarkable face which struck him, and of which he wished to preserve an accurate remembrance. He was once observed in the Bedford coffeehouse drawing something with a pencil on the nail of his left thumb,— he held it up to a friend who accompanied him,— it was the face, and a very singular one, of a person in the same room: the likeness was excellent. He had dined with some friends at a tavern, and as he threw his cloak about him to be gone he observed his friend Ben Read sound asleep, and presenting a most ridiculous physiognomy. Hogarth eyed him for a moment, and saying softly, "Heavens, what a character!" called for pen and ink, and drew his portrait without sitting down: — a curious and clever likeness, and still existing.

It was in a temporary summer residence at Isleworth that he painted the "Rake's Progress." The crowd of visitors to his study

was immense. He often asked them if they knew for whom one or another figure in the picture was designed, and when they guessed wrong he set them right. It was generally believed that the heads were chiefly portraits of low characters well known in town. In the "Miser's Feast" he introduced Sir Isaac Shard, a person proverbially avaricious; his son, a young man of spirit, heard of this, and calling at the painter's requested to see the picture. The young man asked the servant whether that old figure was intended for any particular person, who answered it was thought to be very like one Sir Isaac Shard, whereupon he drew his sword and slashed the canvas. Hogarth heard the bustle, and was very angry. Young Shard said: "You have taken an unwarrantable license; I am the injured party's son, and ready to defend my conduct at law." He went away, and was never afterwards molested.

With a dissatisfied sitter the artist was more fortunate. A nobleman of ungainly looks and a little deformed sat for his picture; Hogarth made a faithful likeness according to the receipt of Oliver Cromwell; the peer was offended with this want of courtesy in a man by profession a flatterer, and refused to pay for the picture, or to take it home. Hogarth was nettled, and informed his lordship that unless he sent for it within three days he should dispose of it, with the addition of a tail, to Hare the wild-beast man. The picture was instantly paid for, removed, and destroyed. A similar story is related of Sir Peter Lely.

Concerning Hogarth's vanity, Mr. Belchior, a surgeon of some note, told the following story to Nichols, whose ear was a little too open to anything that confirmed Steevens's theory of the artist's ignorance and want of delicacy: "Hogarth, being at dinner with Dr. Cheseldon and some other company, was informed that John Freke, surgeon of St. Bartholomew's hospital, had asserted in Dick's coffeehouse that Greene was as eminent in composition as Handel. 'That fellow, Freke,' cried Hogarth, 'is always shooting his bolt absurdly one way or another. Handel is a giant in music, Greene only a light Florimel kind of composer.' 'Aye, but,' said the other, 'Freke declared you were as good a portrait painter as Vandyke.' 'There he was in the right,' quoth Hogarth; 'and so I am, give me but my time and let me choose my subject.'"

With Dr. Hoadley, who corrected the manuscript of the "Analysis of Beauty" for the press, Hogarth was on such friendly

terms that he was admitted into one of the private theatrical exhibitions which the doctor loved, and was appointed to perform, along with Garrick and his entertainer, a parody on that scene in "Julius Cæsar" where the ghost appears to Brutus. Hogarth personated the spectre; but so unretentive (we are told) was his memory, that though the speech consisted of only two lines he was unable to get them by heart, and his facetious associates wrote them on an illuminated lantern that he might read them when he came upon the stage. Such is the way in which anecdotes are manufactured, and conclusions of absence or imbecility drawn. The speech of the ghost written on the paper lantern formed part of the humor of the burlesque. Men, dull in comprehending the eccentricities of genius, set down what passes their own understanding to the account of the other's stupidity.

His thoughts were so much employed on scenes which he had just witnessed, or on works which he contemplated, that he sometimes had neither eyes nor ears for anything else; this has subjected him to the charge of utter absence of mind. "At table," says Nichols, "he would sometimes turn his chair round as if he had finished eating, and as suddenly would re-turn it and fall to his meal again." According to this writer — soon after our artist set up his carriage, he went to visit Beckford, who was then Lord Mayor; the day became stormy during the interview, and when Hogarth took his leave, he went out at a wrong door — forgot that he had a carriage — could not find a hackney coach, and came home wet to the skin, to the astonishment of his wife. This is a good story — and it may be true. When Fonthill, the residence of Beckford, was burnt, five out of six of the paintings of "The Harlot's Progress" were unfortunately consumed. The whole series of the "Rake's Progress" escaped into the safe keeping of John Soane, the architect, together with "The Four Election Pictures." For the former he gave 570 guineas — for the latter £1,732.

Accompanying the prints of Hogarth's favorite works, appeared explanations in verse, sometimes with the names of the authors, but oftener without, and all alike distinguished by weakness and want of that graphic accuracy which marked the engravings. London was at that time infested with swarms of wandering verse-makers, who wrote rhymes on occasions of public mourning or private distress, and who supplied printsellers with jingling commendations of the works which they published.

They wrote epigrams for half a crown each — a fair price for four wretched lines. From such men Hogarth is supposed to have obtained many of the verses which are attached to his prints. But less charitable persons have ascribed them all to himself.

Heidegger, a Swiss, and the Thersites of his day, had a face beyond the reach of caricatura. His portrait by Hogarth is nature without addition or exaggeration, and it appears in all its hideousness —

"Something between a Heidegger and owl" —

in the little humorous print of the "Masquerade." This man obtained the management of the Opera House, was countenanced by the court, and amassed a fortune. Being once asked in company what nation had the greatest ingenuity — "The Swiss!" exclaimed Heidegger. "I came to England without a farthing, where I gain five thousand a year, and spend it: now I defy the cleverest of you all to do the same in Switzerland."

Hogarth was fond of making experiments in his profession. He resolved to finish the engraving of the first print of the "Election," without taking a proof, to ascertain the success of his labors. He had nearly spoiled the plate, and was so affected with the misadventure that he exclaimed, "I am ruined." He soon, however, proceeded to repair the damage which his haste or obstinacy had caused, and with such good fortune that the print in question is one of the clearest and cleverest of all his productions.

"When Barry, the painter," says Smith, "was asked if he had ever seen Hogarth, 'Yes — once,' he replied, 'I was walking with Joe Nollekens through Cranbourne Alley, when he exclaimed, "There! there's Hogarth."' 'What,' said I, 'that little man in a sky-blue coat?' Off I ran, and though I lost sight of him only for a moment or two, when I turned the corner into Castle Street, he was patting one of two quarreling boys on the back, and looking steadfastly at the expression in the coward's face, cried: 'Damn him, if I would take it of him — at him again.'"

The character of William Hogarth as a man is to be sought for in his conduct, and in the opinions of his more dispassionate contemporaries; his character as an artist is to be gathered from numerous works, at once original and unrivaled. His fame has flown far and wide; his skill as an engraver spread his reputation as a painter; and all who love the dramatic representation of

actual life — all who have hearts to be gladdened by humor — all who are pleased with judicious and well-directed satire — all who are charmed with the ludicrous looks of popular folly — and all who can be moved with the pathos of human suffering — are admirers of Hogarth. That his works are unlike those of other men is his merit, not his fault. He belonged to no school of art; he was the product of no academy; no man living or dead had any share in forming his mind, or in rendering his hand skillful. He was the spontaneous offspring of the graphic spirit of his country, as native to the art of England as independence is, and he may be fairly called, in his own walk, the firstborn of her spirit.

From «Lives of the Painters.»

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND HIS FRIENDS

By what course of study he attained his skill in art, Reynolds has not condescended to tell us; but of many minor matters we are informed by one of his pupils with all the scrupulosity of biography. His study was octagonal, some twenty feet long, sixteen broad, and about fifteen feet high. The window was small and square, and the sill nine feet from the floor. His sitter's chair moved on castors, and stood above the floor a foot and a half; he held his palettes by a handle, and the sticks of his brushes were eighteen inches long. He wrought standing, and with great celerity. He rose early, breakfasted at nine, entered his study at ten, examined designs or touched unfinished portraits till eleven brought a sitter; painted till four; then dressed and gave the evening to company.

His table was now elegantly furnished, and round it men of genius were often found. He was a lover of poetry and poets; they sometimes read their productions at his house, and were rewarded by his approbation and occasionally by their portraits. Johnson was a frequent and a welcome guest; Percy was there too, with his ancient ballads and his old English lore; Goldsmith with his latent genius, infantine vivacity, and plum-colored coat; and Sterne with his witty and licentious conversation. Burke and his brothers were constant guests; and Garrick was seldom absent, for he loved to be where greater men were. It was honorable to this distinguished artist that he perceived the worth of

such men, and felt the honor which their society shed upon him. But it stopped not here: he often aided them with his purse, nor insisted upon repayment. It has, indeed, been said that he was uncivil to Johnson, and that once, on seeing him in his study, he turned his back on him and walked out; but to offer such an insult was as little in the nature of the courtly painter as to forgive it was in that of the haughty author. Reynolds seems to have loved the company of literary men more than that of artists; he had little to learn in his profession, and he naturally sought the society of those who had knowledge to impart. They have rewarded him with their approbation; he who has been praised by Burke and who was loved by Johnson has little chance of being forgotten.

He obtained the more equivocal approbation of Sterne, of whom he painted a very clever portrait, with the finger on the brow and the head full of thought. The author of "Tristram Shandy," speaking of his hero's father, says: "Then his whole attitude had been easy, natural, unforced. Reynolds himself, great and graceful as he paints, might have painted him as he sat." The death of Sterne is said to have been hastened by the sarcastic raillery of a lady whom he encountered at the painter's table. He offended her by the grossness of his conversation, and, being in a declining state of health, suffered, if we are to believe the story, so severely from her wit — that he went home and died. That man must be singularly sensitive whose life is at the mercy of a woman's sarcasm: the most of us are content to live long after we are laughed at.

From "Lives of the Painters."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

(1824–1892)

"The Potiphar Papers," on which George William Curtis's reputation as an essayist chiefly depends, were published separately between 1850 and 1856. In the latter year they were collected in a volume which continues to be reprinted from time to time. "Our Best Society" is often printed as a separate volume. The inspiration for these "papers" was drawn from Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," and Curtis does his master no discredit. Occasionally he passes the limits which separate the essay from the story and Mrs. Potiphar and her friends become characters of fiction. Addison, however, is often guilty of the same charming transgression — else we would never have had Sir Roger de Coverley as he is.

Curtis was born in Providence, Rhode Island, February 24th, 1824. He was for many years editor of Harper's Weekly and of the "Easy Chair" in Harper's Magazine. He played a most important part in politics as well as in literature. Among his works are "Nile Notes of a Howadji," "Lotus-Eating," and "Prue and I." He died at Staten Island, August 31st, 1892. With his death New York city lost not merely an accomplished writer, but a brave and steadfast gentleman with that quality of conscience which alone can make educated brains serviceable to humanity.

OUR BEST SOCIETY

If gilt were only gold, or sugar-candy common sense, what a fine thing our society would be! If to lavish money upon *objets de vertu*, to wear the most costly dresses, and always to have them cut in the height of the fashion; to build houses thirty feet broad, as if they were palaces; to furnish them with all the luxurious devices of Parisian genius; to give superb banquets, at which your guests laugh, and which make you miserable; to drive a fine carriage and ape European liveries, and crests, and coats of arms, to resent the friendly advances of your baker's wife, and the lady of your butcher (you being yourself a cobbler's daughter); to talk much of the "old families" and of

your aristocratic foreign friends; to despise labor; to prate of "good society"; to travesty and parody, in every conceivable way, a society which we know only in books and by the superficial observation of foreign travel, which arises out of a social organization entirely unknown to us, and which is opposed to our fundamental and essential principles; if all this were fine, what a prodigiously fine society would ours be!

This occurred to us upon lately receiving a card of invitation to a brilliant ball. We were quietly ruminating over our evening fire, with Disraeli's Wellington speech, "all tears," in our hands; with the account of a great man's burial, and a little man's triumph across the channel. So many great men gone, we mused, and such great crises impending! This democratic movement in Europe; Kossuth and Mazzini waiting for the moment to give the word; the Russian bear watchfully sucking his paws; the Napoleonic empire *redivivus;* Cuba, and annexation, and slavery; California and Australia, and the consequent considerations of political economy; dear me! exclaimed we, putting on a fresh hodful of coal, we must look a little into the state of parties.

As we put down the coal scuttle, there was a knock at the door. We said, "Come in," and in came a neat Alhambra-watered envelop, containing the announcement that the queen of fashion was "at home" that evening week. Later in the evening, came a friend to smoke a cigar. The card was lying upon the table, and he read it with eagerness. "You'll go, of course," said he, "for you will meet all the 'best society.'"

Shall we, truly? Shall we really see the "best society of the city," the picked flower of its genius, character, and beauty? What makes the "best society" of men and women? The noblest specimens of each, of course. The men who mold the time, who refresh our faith in heroism and virtue, who make Plato, and Zeno, and Shakespeare, and all Shakespeare's gentlemen, possible again. The women, whose beauty, and sweetness, and dignity, and high accomplishment, and grace make us understand the Greek mythology, and weaken our desire to have some glimpse of the most famous women of history. The "best society" is that in which the virtues are most shining, which is the most charitable, forgiving, long-suffering, modest, and innocent. The "best society" is, by its very name, that in which there is the least hypocrisy and insincerity of all kinds, which recoils from,

and blasts, artificiality, which is anxious to be all that it is possible to be, and which sternly reprobates all shallow pretense, all coxcombry and foppery, and insists upon simplicity as the infallible characteristic of true worth. That is the "best society" which comprises the best men and women.

Had we recently arrived from the moon we might, upon hearing that we were to meet the "best society," have fancied that we were about to enjoy an opportunity not to be overvalued. But, unfortunately, we were not so freshly arrived. We had received other cards, and had perfected our toilette many times to meet this same society, so magnificently described, and had found it the least "best" of all. Who compose it? Whom shall we meet if we go to this ball? We shall meet three classes of persons: firstly, those who are rich, and who have all that money can buy; secondly, those who belong to what are technically called "the good old families," because some ancestor was a man of mark in the state or country, or was very rich, and has kept the fortune in the family; and, thirdly, a swarm of youths who can dance dexterously, and who are invited for that purpose. Now these are all arbitrary and factitious distinctions upon which to found so profound a social difference as that which exists in American, or, at least in New York, society. First, as a general rule, the rich men of every community who make their own money are not the most generally intelligent and cultivated. They have a shrewd talent which secures a fortune, and which keeps them closely at the work of amassing from their youngest years until they are old. They are sturdy men of simple tastes often. Sometimes, though rarely, very generous, but necessarily with an altogether false and exaggerated idea of the importance of money. They are a rather rough, unsympathetic, and, perhaps, selfish class, who, themselves, despise purple and fine linen, and still prefer a cot bed and a bare room, although they may be worth millions. But they are married to scheming, or ambitious or disappointed women, whose life is a prolonged pageant, and they are dragged hither and thither in it, are bled of their golden blood, and forced into a position they do not covet and which they despise. Then there are the inheritors of wealth. How many of them inherit the valiant genius and hard frugality which built up their fortunes; how many acknowledge the stern and heavy responsibility of their opportunities; how many refuse to dream their lives away in a Sybarite luxury; how many are

smitten with the lofty ambition of achieving an enduring name by works of a permanent value; how many do not dwindle into dainty dilettanti, and dilute their manhood with factitious sentimentality instead of a hearty, human sympathy; how many are not satisfied with having the fastest horses and the "crackest" carriages, and an unlimited wardrobe, and a weak affectation and puerile imitation of foreign life?

And who are these of our secondly, these "old families"? The spirit of our time and of our country knows no such thing, but the habitué of "society" hears constantly of "a good family." It means simply the collective mass of children, grandchildren, nephews, nieces, and descendants of some man who deserved well of his country, and whom his country honors. But sad is the heritage of a great name! The son of Burke will inevitably be measured by Burke. The niece of Pope must show some superiority to other women (so to speak), or her equality is inferiority. The feeling of men attributes some magical charm to blood, and we look to see the daughter of Helen as fair as her mother, and the son of Shakespeare musical as his sire. If they are not so, if they are merely names, and common persons — if there is no Burke, nor Shakespeare, nor Washington, nor Bacon, in their words, or actions, or lives, then we must pity them, and pass gently on, not upbraiding them, but regretting that it is one of the laws of greatness that it dwindles all things in its vicinity which would otherwise show large enough. Nay, in our regard for the great man, we may even admit to a compassionate honor, as pensioners upon our charity, those who bear and transmit his name. But if these heirs should presume upon that fame, and claim any precedence of living men and women because their dead grandfather was a hero — they must be shown the door directly. We should dread to be born a Percy, or a Colonna, or a Bonaparte. We should not like to be the second Duke of Wellington, nor Charles Dickens, Jr. It is a terrible thing, one would say, to a mind of honorable feeling, to be pointed out as somebody's son, or uncle, or granddaughter, as if the excellence were all derived. It must be a little humiliating to reflect that if your great uncle had not been somebody, you would be nobody — that, in fact, you are only a name, and that, if you should consent to change it for the sake of a fortune, as is sometimes done, you would cease to be anything but a rich man. "My father was President, or Governor of the State," some pompous man may

say. But, by Jupiter! king of gods and men, what are you? is the instinctive response. Do you not see, our pompous friend, that you are only pointing your own unimportance? If your father was Governor of the State, what right have you to use that fact only to fatten your self-conceit? Take care, good care; for whether you say it by your lips or by your life, that withering response awaits you — "then what are you?" If your ancestor was great, you are under bonds to greatness. If you are small, make haste to learn it betimes, and, thanking heaven that your name has been made illustrious, retire into a corner and keep it, at least, untarnished.

Our thirdly, is a class made by sundry French tailors, bootmakers, dancing masters, and Mr. Brown. They are a *corps de ballet*, for the use of private entertainments. They are fostered by society for the use of young debutantes, and hardier damsels, who have dared two or three years of the "tight" polka. They are cultivated for their heels, not their heads. Their life begins at ten o'clock in the evening and lasts until four in the morning. They go home and sleep until nine; then they reel, sleepy, to countinghouses and offices, and doze on desks until dinner-time. Or, unable to do that, they are actively at work all day, and their cheeks grow pale, and their lips thin, and their eyes bloodshot and hollow, and they drag themselves home at evening to catch a nap until the ball begins, or to dine and smoke at their club, and be very manly with punches and coarse stories; and then to rush into hot and glittering rooms and seize very décolleté girls closely around the waist, and dash with them around an area of stretched linen, saying in the panting pauses: "How very hot it is!" "How very pretty Miss Podge looks!" "What a good redowa!" "Are you going to Mrs. Potiphar's?"

Is this the assembled flower of manhood and womanhood, called "best society," and to see which is so envied a privilege? If such are the elements, can we be long in arriving at the present state, and necessary future condition of parties? . . .

We went to the brilliant ball. There was too much of everything. Too much light, and eating, and drinking, and dancing, and flirting, and dressing, and feigning, and smirking, and much too many people. Good taste insists first upon fitness. But why had Mrs. Potiphar given this ball? We inquired industriously, and learned it was because she did not give one last year. Is it then essential to do this thing biennially? inquired we with some

trepidation. "Certainly," was the bland reply, "or society will forget you." Everybody was unhappy at Mrs. Potiphar's, save a few girls and boys, who danced violently all the evening. Those who did not dance walked up and down the rooms as well as they could, squeezing by nondancing ladies, causing them to swear in their hearts as the brusque broadcloth carried away the light outworks of gauze and gossamer. The dowagers, ranged in solid phalanx, occupied all the chairs and sofas against the wall, and fanned themselves until supper-time, looking at each other's diamonds, and criticising the toilettes of the younger ladies, each narrowly watching her peculiar Polly Jane, that she did not betray too much interest in any man who was not of a certain fortune. It is the cold, vulgar truth, madam, nor are we in the slightest degree exaggerating. Elderly gentlemen, twisting single gloves in a very wretched manner, came up and bowed to the dowagers, and smirked, and said it was a pleasant party, and a handsome house, and then clutched their hands behind them, and walked miserably away, looking as affable as possible. And the dowagers made a little fun of the elderly gentlemen, among themselves, as they walked away. . . .

From these groups we passed into the dancing room. We have seen dancing in other countries, and dressing. We have certainly never seen gentlemen dance so easily, gracefully, and well, as the American. But the style of dancing, in its whirl, its rush, its fury, is only equaled by that of the masked balls at the French opera, and the balls at the *Salle Valentino*, the *Jardin Mabille*, the *Chateau Rouge*, and other favorite resorts of Parisian grisettes and lorettes. We saw a few young men looking upon the dance very soberly, and, upon inquiry, learned that they were engaged to certain ladies of the *corps de ballet*. Nor did we wonder that the spectacle of a young woman whirling in a décolleté state, and in the embrace of a warm youth, around a heated room induced a little sobriety upon her lover's face, if not a sadness in his heart. Amusement, recreation, enjoyment! There are no more beautiful things. But this proceeding falls under another head. We watched the various toilettes of these bounding belles. They were rich and tasteful. But a man at our elbow, of experience and shrewd observation, said with a sneer for which we called him to account: "I observe that American ladies are so rich in charms that they are not at all chary of them. It is certainly generous to us mis-

erable black coats. But, do you know, it strikes me as a generosity of display that must necessarily leave the donor poorer in maidenly feeling." We thought ourselves cynical, but this was intolerable; and in a very crisp manner we demanded an apology.

"Why," responded our friend, with more of sadness than satire in his tone, "why are you so exasperated? Look at this scene! Consider that this is really the life of these girls. This is what they 'come out' for. This is the end of their ambition. They think of it, dream of it, long for it. Is it amusement? Yes, to a few possibly. But listen and gather, if you can, from their remarks (when they make any) that they have any thought beyond this and going to church very rigidly on Sunday. The vigor of polking and church-going are proportioned; as is the one so is the other. My young friend, I am no ascetic, and do not suppose a man is damned because he dances. But life is not a ball (more's the pity, truly, for these butterflies), nor is its sole duty and delight dancing. When I consider this spectacle,—when I remember what a noble and beautiful woman is, what a manly man,—when I reel, dazzled by this glare, drunken by these perfumes, confused by this alluring music, and reflect upon the enormous sums wasted in a pompous profusion that delights no one, —when I look around upon all this rampant vulgarity in tinsel and Brussels lace, and think how fortunes go, how men struggle and loose the bloom of their honesty, how women hide in a smiling pretense, and eye with caustic glances their neighbor's newer house, diamonds, or porcelain, and observe their daughters, such as these,—why, I tremble, and tremble, and this scene to-night, every 'crack' ball this winter, will be, not the pleasant society of men and women, but—even in this young country—an orgie such as rotting Corinth saw, a frenzied festival of Rome in its decadence." . . .

And what, think you, is the influence of this extravagant expense and senseless show upon these same young men and women? We can easily discover. It saps their noble ambition, assails their health, lowers their estimate of men, and their reverence for women, cherishes an eager and aimless rivalry, weakens true feeling, wipes away the bloom of true modesty, and induces an ennui, a satiety, and a kind of dilettante misanthropy, which is only the more monstrous because it is undoubtedly real. You shall hear young men of intelligence and cultivation, to whom the unprecedented circumstances of this country offer

opportunities of a great and beneficent career, complaining that they were born within this blighted circle; regretting that they were not bakers and tallow chandlers, and under no obligation to keep up appearances; deliberately surrendering all the golden possibilities of that future which this country, beyond all others, holds before them; sighing that they are not rich enough to marry the girls they love, and bitterly upbraiding fortune that they are not millionaires; suffering the vigor of their years to exhale in idle wishes and pointless regrets; disgracing their manhood by lying in wait behind their "so gentlemanly" and "aristocratic" manners, until they can pounce upon a "fortune" and ensnare an heiress into matrimony: and so, having dragged their gifts — their horses of the sun — into a service which shames out of them all their native pride and power, they sink in the mire; and their peers and emulators exclaim that they have "made a good thing of it." . . .

Venice in her purple prime of luxury, when the famous law was passed making all gondolas black, that the nobles should not squander fortunes upon them, was not more luxurious than New York to-day. Our hotels have a superficial splendor, derived from a profusion of gilt and paint, wood and damask. Yet, in not one of them can the traveler be so quietly comfortable as in an English inn, and nowhere in New York can the stranger procure a dinner, at once so neat and elegant and economical, as at scores of cafés in Paris. The fever of display has consumed comfort. A gondola plated with gold was no easier than a black wooden one. We could well spare a little gilt upon the walls for more cleanliness upon the public table; nor is it worth while to cover the walls with mirrors to reflect a want of comfort. One prefers a wooden bench to a greasy velvet cushion, and a sanded floor to a soiled and threadbare carpet. An insipid uniformity is the Procrustes bed, upon which "society" is stretched. Every new house is the counterpart of every other, with the exception of more gilt, if the owner can afford it. The interior arrangement, instead of being characteristic, instead of revealing something of the tastes and feelings of the owner, is rigorously conformed to every other interior. The same hollow and tame complaisance rules in the intercourse of society. Who dares say precisely what he thinks upon a great topic? What youth ventures to say sharp things of slavery, for instance, at a polite dinner-table? What girl dares wear curls, when Martelle pre-

scribes puffs or bandeaux? What specimen of young America dares have his trowsers loose or wear straps to them? We want individuality, heroism, and, if necessary, an uncompromising persistence in difference.

This is the present state of parties. They are wildly extravagant, full of senseless display; they are avoided by the pleasant and intelligent, and swarm with reckless regiments of "Brown's men." The ends of the earth contribute their choicest products to the supper, and there is everything that wealth can purchase, and all the spacious splendor that thirty feet front can afford. They are hot, and crowded, and glaring. There is a little weak scandal, venomous, not witty, and a stream of weary platitude, mortifying to every sensible person. Will any of our Pendennis friends intermit their indignation for a moment, and consider how many good things they have said or heard during the season? If Mr. Potiphar's eyes should chance to fall here, will he reckon the amount of satisfaction and enjoyment he derived from Mrs. Potiphar's ball, and will that lady candidly confess what she gained from it beside weariness and disgust? What eloquent sermons we remember to have heard in which the sins and the sinners of Babylon, Jericho, and Gomorrah were scathed with holy indignation. The cloth is very hard upon Cain, and completely routs the erring kings of Judah. The Spanish Inquisition, too, gets frightful knocks, and there is much eloquent exhortation to preach the Gospel in the interior of Siam. Let it be preached there and God speed the Word! But also let us have a text or two in Broadway and the Avenue.

The best sermon ever preached upon society, within our knowledge, is "Vanity Fair." Is the spirit of that story less true of New York than of London? Probably we never see Amelia at our parties, nor Lieutenant George Osborne, nor good gawky Dobbin, nor Mrs. Rebecca Sharp Crawley, nor old Steyne. We are very much pained, of course, that any author should take such dreary views of human nature. We, for our parts, all go to Mrs. Potiphar's to refresh our faith in men and women. Generosity, amiability, a catholic charity, simplicity, taste, sense, high cultivation, and intelligence, distinguish our parties. The statesman seeks their stimulating influence; the literary man, after the day's labor, desires the repose of their elegant conversation; the professional man and the merchant hurry up from down town to shuffle off the coil of heavy duty, and forget the drudgery of life

in the agreeable picture of its amenities and graces presented by Mrs. Potiphar's ball. Is this account of the matter, or "Vanity Fair," the satire? What are the prospects of any society of which that tale is the true history?

There is a picture in the Luxembourg gallery at Paris, "The Decadence of the Romans," which made the fame and fortune of Couture, the painter. It represents an orgy in the court of a temple, during the last days of Rome. A swarm of revelers occupy the middle of the picture, wreathed in elaborate intricacy of luxurious posture, men and women intermingled; their faces, in which the old Roman fire scarcely flickers, brutalized with excess of every kind; their heads of dishevelled hair bound with coronals of leaves, while, from goblets of an antique grace, they drain the fiery torrent which is destroying them. Around the bacchanalian feast stand, lofty upon pedestals, the statues of old Rome, looking, with marble calmness and the severity of a rebuke beyond words, upon the revelers. A youth of boyish grace, with a wreath woven in his tangled hair, and with red and drowsy eyes, sits listless upon one pedestal, while upon another stands a boy insane with drunkenness, and proffering a dripping goblet to the marble mouth of the statue. In the corner of the picture, as if just quitting the court — Rome finally departing — is a group of Romans with careworn brows, and hands raised to their faces in melancholy meditation. In the foreground of the picture, which is painted with all the sumptuous splendor of Venetian art, is a stately vase, around which hangs a festoon of gorgeous flowers, its end dragging upon the pavement. In the background, between the columns, smiles the blue sky of Italy — the only thing Italian not deteriorated by time. The careful student of this picture, if he have been long in Paris, is some day startled by detecting, especially in the faces of the women represented, a surprising likeness to the women of Paris, and perceives, with a thrill of dismay, that the models for this picture of decadent human nature are furnished by the very city in which he lives.

From "The Potiphar Papers" 1856.

ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST

(1821–)

ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST, celebrated as an essayist on Oriental subjects, was born in Bedfordshire, England, in 1821. At the age of twenty-two he entered the civil service of the British government in India, remaining in it until 1869, when he retired and returned to England. He is an Oriental scholar of great learning and a writer of much better prose than the average scientific student of word roots. Among his works are "Linguistic and Oriental Essays," 1880–91; "Africa Rediviva," 1891; "Notes on Missionary Subjects," etc.

BUDDHA AND HIS CREED

SIDDHARTHA was a Rajput, son of the Raja of Kapilavastu, a state small in dimensions, somewhere betwixt Oudh, Gorakpur, and Nepal. His birth was accompanied by miracles, which are striking from their strange resemblance to Gospel story, though the event to which they are attached happened centuries earlier. They are striking also in themselves. We mention one only. Immediately after his birth the child took seven steps to each quarter of the horizon, using the following words: "In all this world I am very chief; from this day forth my births are finished." Up to the age of twenty-nine he lived a virtuous but an ordinary life, married, and had a son. One day in his drive he encountered an old man, and on inquiry was informed that old age and decrepitude were the lot of all. On a second day he met a man oppressed with disease, and was informed that sickness was the lot of all. On a third day he met a dead body being carried out amidst mourning and lamentation, and was informed that death was the lot of all. Overwhelmed with the sense of the calamities of poor humanity, he returned to his palace, loathing its splendor and comfort, and dwelling on the mutability of human happiness. It is the old sad story, and is told in the different versions of the legends with romantic beauty,

and in itself would form the theme of a poet or the saw of a moralist. But he was an actor, not a dreamer. Once again he went forth and met a beggar, serene of countenance, simple in habit, one whom the world had left and who had left the world; who moved free from anger, lust, and sorrow, and in him he recognized the type of his new development.

He left his father's house, and for fifty years he wandered about within a restricted circle. After much meditation he became a "Buddha," or "enlightened," and founded a new society. His peculiarity was, that he adopted the method of itinerary preaching in the vernacular dialect to all classes, without respect of caste. He admitted the existence of no God, and therefore abolished sacrifice, but instituted the practice of confession. There being no God, there could be no idol or image or priesthood. His followers congregated in monasteries, with the power of leaving at pleasure, and the risk of being expelled for some fault of a moral nature. Each year they itinerated to preach their doctrines; those who were unwilling to enter for the high prize of becoming Buddha could remain in the paths of ordinary life, practicing virtue, and looking for higher things in a future birth. At the age of eighty, in the year 543 B. C., the great master passed away at Kusinagara in Bahar. He died as he lived, conscious of the approach of death, in the midst of his disciples, and his last words were: "No doubt can be found in the mind of a true disciple, beloved; that which causes life causes also decay and death. Never forget this; let your minds be filled with this truth. I called you to make it known to you." Such dignity in leaving life, as an office filled with honor, for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, will not fear a comparison with that of Socrates or John the Evangelist.

After his death, councils were held to collect his precepts, and establish his church and propagate it beyond the confines of India. The volumes which contain his doctrines are known as the Tripitaka or three baskets; the first being the Sutra, which contains the doctrinal and practical discourses; the second is the Vinaya, or ecclesiastical discipline; the third is the Abhidharma, or metaphysics and philosophy. We may presume that as fixed by the council they have come down to us, as the entire separation of the Northern and Southern Buddhists has this advantage, that we are able to contrast the documents by critical juxtaposition. While free allusion is made to other of the Brahmanical

deities, there is no mention of Krishna, which fixes the period. The foundations of his doctrine have been summed up in the very ancient formula, probably invented by the founder himself, which is called the Four Great Truths. I. Misery always accompanies existence. II. All modes of existence result from passions and desires. III. There is no escape from existence except destruction of desire. IV. This may be accomplished by following the fourfold path to Nirvana. These paths are the following: First comes the awakening of the heart; the second stage is to get rid of impure desires and revengeful feelings; the third and last stage is to get free from evil desires, ignorance, doubt, heresy, unkindliness, and vexation, culminating in universal charity.

How it came to pass that this passionless, hopeless form of atheistic morality should have touched the heartstrings of one-fifth of the human race is a great mystery; it is as if the Bible consisted of the single book of Ecclesiastes. "Vanity, vanity," said the preacher; "all is vanity." And yet the world is a beautiful world, and the faculties of man are capable of goodness and greatness and virtue, and the immortality of the soul seems to be an inherent idea of mankind. Religion, as a great author has written, cannot be without hope. To worship a being, who did not speak to us, love us, recognize us, is not religion: it might be a duty, might be a merit, but man's instinctive notion of religion is a soul's response to a God who has taken notice of the soul; it is a loving intercourse or a mere name. At any rate, whatever opinion we may form of this strange system, which has taken such very deep root in the affections of men, there can be no doubt that Buddha stands out as the greatest hero of humanity, and that the more mankind are made acquainted with this exalted type of what the human race can unaided attain to, the better it will be.

There are strange analogies betwixt Buddhism and its founder and Christianity. We mark the same progress of the human intellect in the total abolition of sacrifices. When Brahmanism recovered its power, the old method of vicarious sacrifice, except in very rare instances, was not renewed; it was felt that this conception had had its day. In Mahometanism it had totally disappeared.

From «Linguistic and Oriental Essays.»

BRAHMAN ETHICS

THE Bhagavata Purana has been curiously analyzed, and numerous passages selected as manifest loans from the Evangelists. It is forgotten by such critics that mere coincidences of language go for nothing; and coincidences of thought may be explained by reflecting on the common fount of Oriental maxims and ideas and conceptions which can be traced back to a period long anterior to the Christian era.

Others have traced in the legend the struggle of the Brahmanical system against the Buddhists, or of the Vaishnavists against the Saivites. Others have found in the strange license a reaction against the severity of Buddhist manners. The lascivious and carnal fancy of the poet dwelt on the love of the shepherdesses to their lord, while the more cautious theologians asserted that these shepherdesses were but incarnations of the Vedic hymns. The song of Jayadeva is strangely parallel to the song of Solomon; and the instructed reader is expected to understand by Krishna the human body, by the shepherdesses the allurements of sense, and by Rádhá, the favorite, the knowledge of divine things; or the whole is said to be an allegory of God and prayer, the human soul and the Divine Being typified in the lover and the beloved. Amidst the mysticism of the Sufis, and such approximation of good and evil, it requires to advance with a very firm step; and with such doctrines in the sanctuary, disguised under the semblance of heavenly love, we may expect to find the greatest licentiousness among the ignorant multitude, every Anomian abomination, and a justification of admitted crimes committed by a divinity under the convenient theory of illusion or máyá. The downfall of morals, religion, and conscience is not then far off.

Perhaps something of the same character has wandered through all religious history, and crops out in the allegories of the bridegroom, and the espousal, and the dreams of young women like St. Catherine and St. Agnes, that they are espoused to their Lord, and the same feeling underlies the idea of nunneries. The Premsagar of Krishna is but the Ocean of Love of Keble; love in heaven and heaven in love: there is a bitter and dangerous contrast of word and sense, and more dangerous among an Oriental people. We read the lines of Sadi, the Persian poet, with

startled amazement, when we are told that the wine cup and the sweetheart represent something so totally different from their usual meaning; the Hebrew prophets are not free from these dangerous ambiguities and figures of speech. The incongruous mingling of things human and divine is far less felt in Greek mythology; for the Indian theologians had worked out such sublime ideas of the Divinity, that the conscience is shocked, when a justification is put in for the gross immorality of God incarnate in the flesh, by the assertion that the actions of Vishnu must be believed, and his mode of procedure not questioned, as it was a mystery, and the Supreme Being could not be liable to sin. Blasphemy can go no greater lengths than this, and we shall see the consequences in the vagaries of the Vallabha.

But the conception of faith was marvelous, as illustrated by the story in the Vishnu Purana of the sage, who, having gone through certain stages of transmigration, could recollect the events of a preceding birth, and remembered also immediately after his last death, as he lay half unconscious, overhearing the King of Death charging his servants not to lay their hands on any who had died with faith in Vishnu.

"'Touch not, I charge thee, any one
Whom Vishnu has let loose;
On Madhu-Sudan's followers
Cast not the fatal noose.
For he who chooses Vishnu
As spiritual guide,
Slave of a mightier lord than me
Can scorn me in my pride.'
'But tell us, Master,' they replied,
'How shall thy slaves descry
Those who with heart and soul upon
The mighty lord rely?'
'Oh! they are those who truly love
Their neighbors; them you'll know,
Who never from their duty swerve,
And would not hurt their foe.'
Such were the orders that the King
Of Death his servants gave;
For Vishnu his true followers
From death itself can save."

From "Linguistic and Oriental Essays."

CHARLES ANDERSON DANA

(1819–1897)

CHARLES ANDERSON DANA was born at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, August 8th, 1819, and educated at Harvard. As a young man, he joined the Brook Farm Association and was in keen sympathy with the most active idealists and reformers of New England. Later, he became more conservative; but no matter what his opinions were, he knew how to enforce them with clear and vigorous English. From 1847 to 1862 he was managing editor of the New York Tribune. Serving during a greater part of the Civil War as assistant Secretary of State, he returned after the close of the war to journalism, and in 1868 became editor of the New York Sun,—a position he held until his death, October 17th, 1897. He was one of the editors of the "American Cyclopædia," and a "Book of Household Poetry" edited by him is still a standard. He stands in journalism for the editorial essay, expressing a decided opinion in emphatic language. His editorials are often true essays of a high order of literary merit.

ON THE DEATH OF ROSCOE CONKLING

THE most picturesque, striking, and original figure of American politics disappears in the death of Roscoe Conkling. Alike powerful and graceful in person, he towered above the masses of men in the elasticity of his talents and the peculiarities and resources of his mental constitution as much as he did in form and bearing. Yet his career cannot be called a great success, and he was not a great man.

But he was an object of love and admiration to an extraordinary circle of friends, including not alone those who shared his opinions, but many who were utterly opposed to them. He was by nature a zealous partisan, and it was his inclination to doubt the good sense and the disinterestedness of those who were on the other side; but, nevertheless, the strongest instinct of his nature was friendship, and his attachments stood the test of every trial except such as trenched upon his own personality. This he

guarded with the swift jealousy of most intense selfhood, and no one could in any way impinge upon it and remain his friend. Then, his resentments were more lasting and more unchangeable than his friendships. This, in our judgment, was the great weakness of the man. Who can say that in his inmost heart Conkling did not deplore it? At any rate, the candid observer who sums up his history, must deplore it for him. "And the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever."

For a long period Mr. Conkling was a great political power in New York and in the country. This was during the culmination of General Grant. Originally Conkling was not friendly to Grant, and when the latter appointed his first Cabinet, the Senator's condemnation was unreserved and stinging. This attitude was maintained during nearly the whole of Grant's first year in the presidency. At that time Senator Fenton stood near the President and dispensed the political bounty of the administration. This Conkling could not endure, and when Congress met in December, 1869, he was full of war. But it soon got abroad that Fenton was a candidate for the presidency. This settled the difficulty and brought the rival Senator into intimate relations with the President. This position he ever afterward maintained, and it formed the most successful, and to himself the most satisfactory, portion of his life. When Grant was finally defeated at Chicago in 1880, and all hopes of his restoration to the White House were obliterated, the Senator soon abandoned the field of his renown, and went back to the disappointments and struggles of private life.

As we have said, friendship was the greatest positive force in Mr. Conkling's character, and there never was any hesitation or any meanness in his bestowal of it. In this respect he was the most democratic of men. He was just as warmly devoted to persons holding low places in the social scale as to the great and powerful, and he was just as scrupulous in his observation of all the duties of a friend toward the one kind of people as toward the other. There was nothing snobbish about him. He would go as far and exert himself as greatly to serve a poor man who was his friend, as to serve one who was rich and mighty. This disposition he carried into politics. He had very little esteem for office-giving as a political method; but if a friend of his wanted a place he would get it for him if he could. But

no important politician in New York ever had fewer men appointed on the ground that they were his friends or supporters. His intense and lofty pride could not thus debase itself.

It is esteemed a high thing that with all the power he wielded, and the opportunities opened to him under a President the least scrupulous ever known in our history as regards jobbery and corruption, Mr. Conkling never pocketed a copper of indecent and dishonorable gain in the course of his public life. It is a high thing, indeed, and his bitterest enemies cannot diminish the lustre of the fact. The practice of public robbery was universal. Thievery was rampant everywhere in the precincts of the administration. The Secretary of the Navy plundered millions. The Secretary of War sold public places and put the swag in his pocket. The Secretary of the Interior was forced by universal indignation to resign his ill-used office. The private secretaries of the President dealt in whisky that defrauded the revenue. The vast gambling scheme of Black Friday had its fulcrum within the portals of the White House, and counted the President's own family among its conspirators. It was a period of shameless, ineffable, unblushing villainy pervading the highest circles of public power. And while all Republican statesmen, leaders, and journalists knew it, condoned it, defended it even, the best they could, Mr. Conkling was the special spokesman, advocate, and orator of the Administration which was the creator of a situation so unprecedented and revolting. But while he thus lived and moved in the midst of corruption, he was not touched by it himself. The protector of brigands and scoundrels before the tribunal of public opinion, he had no personal part in their crimes and no share in their spoils. As the poet went through hell without a smutch upon his garments, so the proud Senator, bent chiefly upon the endurance of the Republican party, came out of that epoch of public dishonesty as honest and as stainless as he entered it.

In the records of the higher statesmanship it cannot be said that there is very much to the credit of Mr. Conkling's account. As a parliamentary champion he had perhaps no superior; but others appear to have originated and perfected the measures to which in either House of Congress he gave the support of his potent logic, fertile illustration, aggressive repartee, and scathing sarcasm. We do not now recall a single one of the great and momentous acts of Congress which were passed in his time of

which he can certainly be pronounced the author. Yet his activity was prodigious, and it was a strange freak of his complicated character to bring before the House or Senate, through others, propositions which he thought essential. His hand could often be recognized in motions and resolutions offered on all sides of the chamber, and often by members with whom he was not known to be familiar.

The courage of Mr. Conkling, moral as well as personal, was of a heroic strain. After his mind was made up he feared no odds and he asked no favor. He dared to stand out against his own party, and he, a Republican, had the nerve to confront and defy the utmost power of a Republican administration. There was something magnanimous, too, in the way he bore misfortune. After the death of a distinguished man with whom he had been very intimate, it was ascertained that his estate, instead of being wealthy, was bankrupt. Mr. Conkling was an indorser of his notes for a large sum of money, and saying calmly, "He would have done as much for me," he set himself to the laborious task of earning the means to pay off the debt. He paid it in no long time, and we don't believe that any man ever heard him murmur at the necessity.

In social life Mr. Conkling endeared himself to his intimates, not only by the qualities which we have endeavored to describe and indicate, but by the richness of his conversation, and the wit and humor — sometimes rather ponderous — with which it was seasoned, and by the stores of knowledge which he revealed. His reading had been extensive, especially in English literature, and his memory was surprisingly tenacious. Many of the most impressive passages of oratory and of literature he could repeat by heart. He was fond of social discussion on all sorts of questions and liked no one the less who courteously disagreed with him.

As a lawyer, we suppose that his great ability was in cross-examination and with juries. The exigencies and the discursive usage of political life prevented that arduous, persevering application to pure law which is necessary to make a great jurist; but his intellectual powers were so vigorous and so accurate that he made up the deficiencies of training and habit, and no one can doubt that if he had given himself to the law alone, he would have gained a position of the very highest distinction. As it was, the most eminent counsel always knew that he had a formidable antagonist when Mr. Conkling was against him; and every court

listened to his arguments, not merely with respect, but with instruction.

We shall be told, of course, that the supreme fault of this extraordinary mind was imperfection of judgment; and when we consider how largely his actions were controlled by pride and passion, and especially by resentment, we must admit that the criticism is not wholly without foundation. There was also in his manner too much that might justify the belief that often he was posing for effect, like an actor on the stage; and we shall not dispute that so at times it may have been. But there are so few men who are entirely free from imperfection, and so many who inherit from their ancestors characteristics which ought to be disapproved, that we may well overlook them when they are combined with noble and admirable gifts. And after all has been said, even those whom he opposed most strenuously, and scorned or resisted most unrelentingly, may remember that we all are human, while they let fall a tear and breathe a prayer to heaven as the bier of Roscoe Conkling passes on its way to the grave.

Complete. From the New York Sun 1888.

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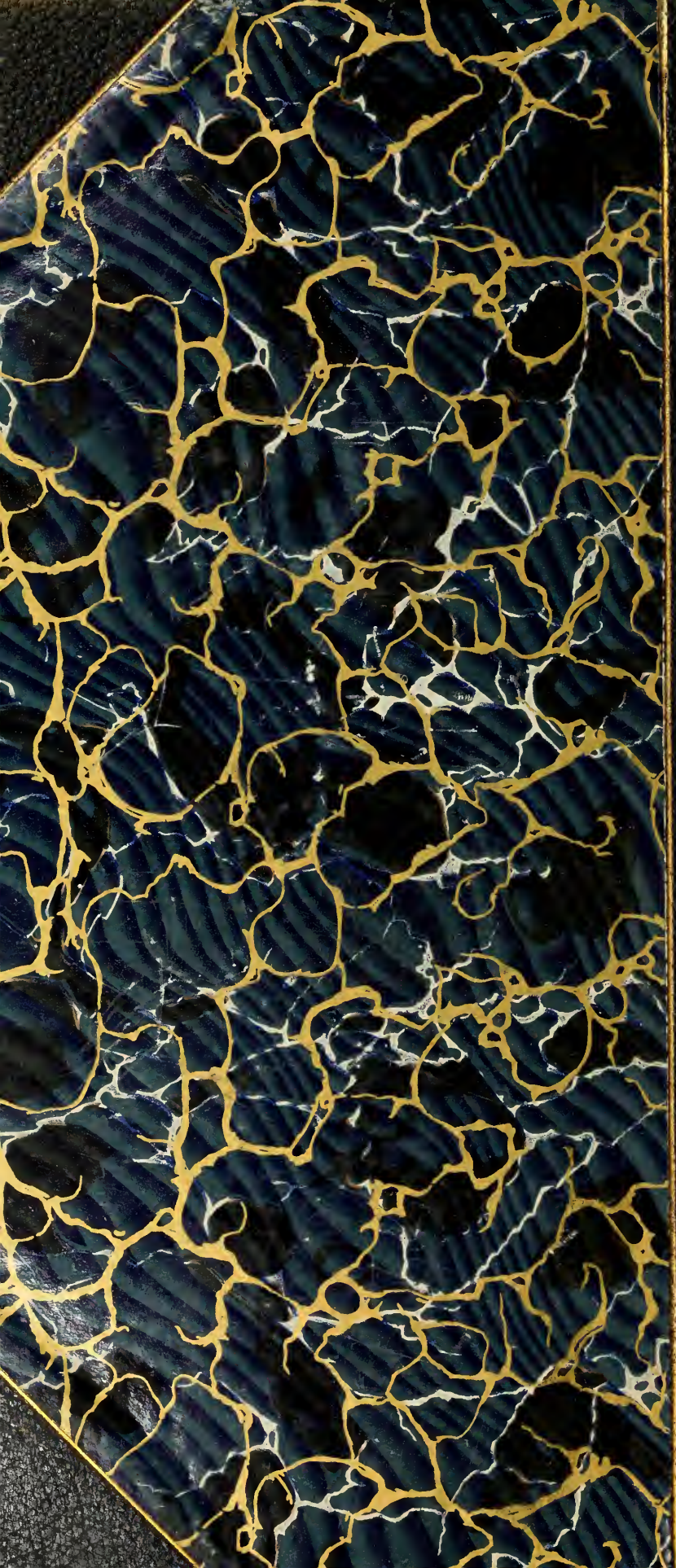
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